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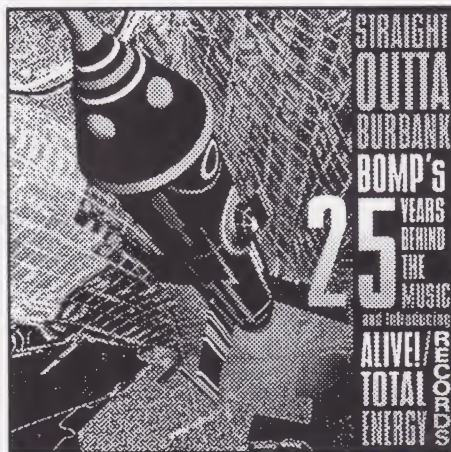
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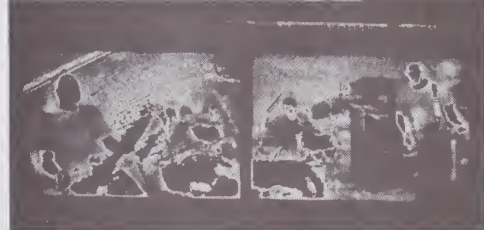
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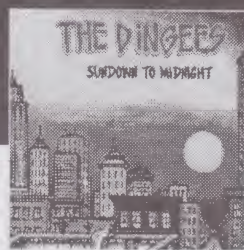


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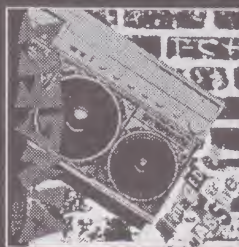


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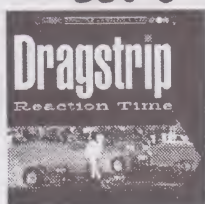
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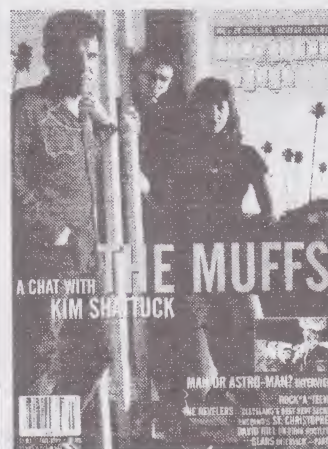
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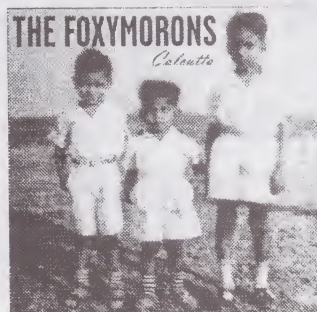
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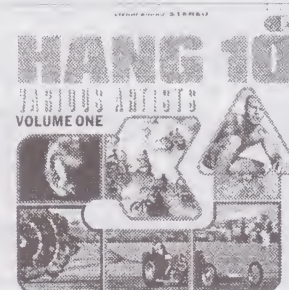
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Yikes! It's Mykel Board!

Yo Jeff:

I figure it's time to responded to *Hit List* in more than a casual way. You've got an impressive zine— and I'd be the last person to only consider size. The writing is (mostly) higher quality than in any "alternative" publication this side of *NY Press*. Bob Black's piece on the academic Indian was fascinating. The Whiskey Rebel's column on wrestling was pure genius. But I'm not the kind of person who writes letters of praise. Besides, though I've never had a close-up view of your ass, from the rest of you, I doubt it's an organ I'd like to kiss. Instead, I want to respond to two things about the zine. One general, and one specific.

In issue one, and to a lesser extent in issue two, columnists all talk about how *Hit List* is supposed to be anti-PC, obnoxious, contentious, anti-liberal anti-multicultural, blah blah blah. The writers are supposed to offend, piss-off, and otherwise challenge the readers. Nice idea, but one that self-defeats.

Consider the audience. If you buy a publication because it's writers are anti-PC obnoxious loudmouths, then the chances are you LIKE anti-PC obnoxious loudmouths. You'll agree with what they say, nodding your head like a liberal listening to Noam Chomsky. There's no challenge. You've developed a party line as clear as any Marxist one, only different.

It's a challenge calling women "bitches" at a NOW convention. It's no challenge calling them that at a Gansta Rap show. *Hit List* suffers the same problem as *MRR* or *the Nation*. You preach to those who already agree. If you want a real challenge, find a persuasive Marxist-Feminist to write a column— that'd be obnoxious and contentious.

Next, I want to talk about some sloppy thinking in one specific column. This one by ShitEd on the abortion question. He refers to abortion as "killing a baby." Later, he says that pro-lifers have no right to bring in the cops to stop it. Huh? Don't people have the right to call the cops to stop a murder? Besides, why, if a mother can murder the child in her womb, doesn't she have a right to kill it AFTER it's born? What difference does it make where the kid is, if it's another human being? Does ShitEd think you shouldn't be able to call the cops if mom is toast-ing her toddler?

The only legitimate argument in the abortion debate is whether or not the fetus is human. If it is, then abortion should be illegal and deserves to be stopped. It is murder. On the other hand, if the fetus is part of the mother, NOT an independent human being, then a mother has as much right to abort as to cut her fingernails. (The latter is my posi-

tion, by the way.)

In an incredible line ShitEd says, "Enlisting the strong arm of the government to enforce morality is chickenshit, to say the least." What about the morality of me shoving barbed wire up his ass? Should he be able to "enlist the strong arm of the government" (call the cops) to prevent that? If so, then certainly you should be able to call the cops to prevent murder.

OK, that's it for this time. Good luck on the future of the zine. Basically, you're doing a good job. It ain't perfect, but if it were, you'd have to stop doing it. It wouldn't be punk.

Bayartai,
Mykel Board
mykelB@ix.netcom.com

Dear Mykel:

Thanks for the constructive criticism, though I was somewhat offended by your pejorative remark about my ass. Although I wouldn't want you or any other male to go anywhere near my ass, I'd have thought that anyone who liked slim, smooth, relatively hairless bodies (such as yourself) would have liked my ass. Then again, I'm not Thai and you're apparently not a "size queen".

As for your general criticisms, they are partially valid. (I presume ShitEd will want to respond to your specific criticisms concerning his stance on abortion.) Every magazine has a certain character, and to the extent that it develops one that is distinctive it will inevitably attract a core of readers who appreciate its characteristic qualities. Any magazine that tries to appeal to everyone will be so bland that it ends up appealing to no one, and frankly I'm not at all interested in appealing to whiners or idiots. I've never made any secret of my hostility towards political correctness and other sorts of doctrinaire thinking, regardless of where they fall on the political spectrum, and for this very reason I have no intention of recruiting people as writers who are simple-minded and dogmatic—including, I hope, simple-minded, dogmatic "anti-PC" types. Aside from this, the only criteria I demand from our writers is that they be literate, that they have a sense of humor, and that they not be afraid to offend our readers. I've always been open to recruiting people on all sides of the political spectrum, and indeed have already gone out of my way to do so. As a result, I think that our magazine is almost impossible to pigeonhole from a political standpoint. After all, our writers currently range from people who are clearly on the left (such as self-described "PC guy with a sense of humor" Al Quint, Jack Rabid, Vic Bondi, East Bay Ray, Ramsey Kanaan, and "Nick Homicides"/aka "Lefty Hooligan") to others who are considerably more right-leaning (such as ShitEd and LMNOP), but in truth most

of them—myself included—don't fit comfortably anywhere along the conventional political spectrum. How, when all is said and done, would you characterize the politics of Gregg Turner, Bob Black, the Whiskey Rebel, Leslie Goldman, Richard Tater, Frank Discussion, Michelley QueenofQueens, Mel Cheplowitz, Tesco Vee, Tony Slug, Claude Bessy, Frank Kozik, or Larry Livermore, much less solipsistic weirdos like the Rev. Nørb and Russell Quan? I sure as hell don't know. Perhaps more importantly, I actually prefer it that way. The only thing they all seem to have in common is that they hate sanctimonious leftists and sanctimonious rightists. Hence I don't see how you can justifiably complain about the absence of leftists or even feminists in our mag (since I know that both Leslie C14 and Michelley consider themselves to be feminists, albeit rational ones). If anything, at this point *HL* doesn't have enough contributors with clearly right-wing views.

Of course, to the PC left (both within and outside of the punk scene), anyone who doesn't pay slavish lip service to knee-jerk anti-Americanism, race-baiting multiculturalism, lunatic varieties of feminism, queer theory, and radical "deep ecology" is viewed as some sort of "fascist" oppressor regardless of whether they are left-wing, libertarian, liberal, conservative, or right-wing. We have no interest in trying to appease such fanatics, any more than we are interested in appeasing fundamentalist Christians, authoritarian conservatives, or anyone else who substitutes moral puritanism and mindless rhetoric for genuine critical thinking. Fuck 'em all. I would have thought that a proudly acknowledged "degenerate" such as yourself would heartily approve of such a stance, Mykel. After all, it's not as if these whiny, self-righteous assholes don't have plenty of other forums in which to express and promote their censorious views. If anything, their supposedly "suppressed" voices are nowadays omnipresent, if not predominant, in the most influential intellectual and cultural spheres.

In any event, we plan to recruit additional writers in the future who have all sorts of unconventional views, but we're certainly not going to do so on the basis of any quotas, political or otherwise. *HL* will inevitably undergo a natural process of growth and development, and no one—least of all me—can at this point foresee exactly where we are heading. The only people who will be banned from our pages in perpetuity will be the aforementioned varieties of fanatics and those with low IQs. For that no apologies will be proffered, nor should any be necessary.

-Jeff Bala

P.S. When are you going to start writing for *Hit List*?

Jeffrey Are You Queer?

Dear Jeff Bale,

You say that, "By extending the use of the term 'faggot' to someone he disliked who wasn't even gay, he was attaching the stigma normally associated with that word to a heterosexual and thereby subtly shifting its meaning and significance." I have rarely read anything so stooped in my entire life! The stigma isn't associated with the "word" but it is associated with the *meaning* of the word, i.e., that it is referring to someone being a homosexual.

Speaking as a faggot myself, let me tell you that whether the person being insulted is gay or straight does not matter. The use of the word suggests that the person saying it considers homosexuals to be inferior. If you use this word as an insult you are insulting every homosexual. When words like this are used as in insult it legitimizes anti-gay violence, including both the continued use of vocal abuse and physical abuse. Someone's blood is on your hands.

You are very good at talking about "freedom of expression" but if you're going to put that into "actual practice" then at least wait until you have something worthwhile to say.

Murray Abisch
55 Mowatt Close
N19 3XY
London
ENGLAND

Dear Murray:

If the stigma attached to the word "faggot" is due to its current association with homosexuals, as it self-evidently is, what do you think that the longterm effects of regularly using it to refer to people who aren't homosexuals will be? Since neither the word "faggot" nor societal hostility to homosexuality are ever likely to be fully eradicated (even if queer activists and their supporters manage to seize power and establish a totalitarian state), you've really got only two choices here. Either the word "faggot" is going to evolve over time into a general term of abuse (or perhaps even a term of affection—who knows?) and thereby gradually take on an entirely new meaning, like "jagoff" or "motherfucker" before it, or it's going to continue to be an insulting term restricted exclusively to homosexuals. Personally, if I was gay I'd much prefer the former, since the more the term is extended to refer to people other than homosexuals (or is used in less pejorative contexts), the more it will lose its specific meaning as an insult applying solely to homosexuals. At this point, for example, no one in their right mind associates the word "motherfucker" with the action

of "fucking one's mother", and to the degree that its current meaning is progressively altered the word "faggot" will likewise no longer be specifically associated with homosexuality in the future. But you, for reasons that are obscure to me, seem bound and determined to continue restricting its pejorative meaning exclusively to homosexuals. If your essential point is that the term "faggot" is still considered offensive by homosexuals, and that as such it's insensitive to use it, I would agree with you. That's why I don't use it myself. But I don't get all bent out of shape about it when someone else uses it, especially when they're not using it in the standard anti-gay way. Fortunately, "insensitivity" is not yet a crime, despite the efforts of people like you to make it into one.

This became abundantly clear when you got all hysterical and claimed that "someone's blood is on [my] hands." You seem to subscribe to the same lunatic logic as the MacKinnon/Dworkin faction of feminists, "critical" race theorists like Delgado, and hypersensitive GLAAD activists, namely, that "words=deeds". Yeah, right. I assume that you're familiar with the hoary old cliché, "sticks and stones can break my bones, but names will never hurt me." This is a very shrewd observation, in the sense that although you can't prevent a swinging baseball bat from damaging your skull, you can control how much you allow insults to affect you. After all, they are only words. For example, since I was one of the first longhairs in my high school, and later on one of the first punks (and this was in Chicago, mind you, a very tough working class town), I've probably been called a "faggot" far more often than you ever will be. How did all that verbal abuse tangibly affect me? Not at all. I just thought the people calling me that and other insulting names were imbeciles. In contrast, when on certain (other) occasions I was chased down the street by macho idiots wielding knives or chains, I wasn't nearly so sanguine about it. No one with any common sense could fail to differentiate clearly between these two types of actions. Furthermore, if you're not actually suggesting that words are equivalent to deeds, something which is patently ridiculous, but merely that insulting words alone are going to precipitate violent attacks on homosexuals, that too is hyperbolic rubbish. If an individual doesn't already hate homosexuals, nothing anyone else says is going to prompt him to launch an attack on one, and if someone already hates homosexuals that much, they certainly don't need to hear the word "faggot" before initiating such an attack. In short, save that sort of guilt-tripping nonsense for someone who is stupid enough to allow themselves to be bamboozled by it.

Finally, thanks for clarifying the newly-

established limits on "freedom of expression". I'm sure that people the world over will be thrilled to learn that they can now say anything they want—as long as Murray Abisch, a self-described "faggot" from N19, considers it "worthwhile". I can't speak for others, but henceforth I'll be submitting everything I write to you for "vetting".

-Jeff Bale

Mixing Punk and Politics

Dear Jeff Bale,

I like your rag, which is far more interesting (to me) than *MRR*. You have a much better attitude, though I agree more with their politics. I just wanted to add my two cents to the debate about "what is punk."

The first show I attended was a DKs gig at the Mab in '80 or '81, so my perspective comes from there. I always thought punk was about hard-rockin' music AND rebellion. Without rebellion, punk would just be another form of music, albeit an extreme one. What different punks rebel against varies greatly, but I don't think one can remove that element from punk without hollowing it out and making it shallow. After all, if one doesn't have any angst, where does the desire to hear or play punk-sounding music come from? If that angst doesn't cause a feeling of rebellion inside someone, that person is just another one of your mindless sheep.

I also want to say something about freedom of expression: while I agree that it is more important to minorities than majorities, I don't think it should take precedence over everything else. For example, the whole planet would be better off without advertising (with the exception of those who profit from it), and I do not in any way support expression that causes harm to people, cultures, other species, or the Earth.

Finally, I wanted to say something about the Anti-Heros interview. It seems that the interviewer (Jeff Clark) is awfully right wing (as you noticed, Clinton a socialist?). This is the band whose Nazi fans from Sacramento started the riot that led to the Berkeley Square being shut down. I don't agree that one shouldn't blame a band for their fans, especially if those fans are causing trouble at every show. There must be something about a band that causes them to acquire a Nazi following in the first place. When I saw the Anti-Heros at the Trocadero, the singer was quoting the lyrics before the songs and I found them to be repulsive. I think they are clearly a right-wing band, and while they didn't come across as Nazis, I hated their politics. Having said that, please understand that I'm not against interviewing them or

anyone else. Jeff Clark and the band expressed their opinions, and this is mine.

Congrats on a great zine, and I hope to see you at our wedding, if not before. (By the way, you were awfully drunk at the Jeff Dahl show; I hope you got home OK.)

xxoo

Jeff Hoffman
San Francisco, CA

Dear Hef:

Thanks for the kind words about *HL*. If I may, I'd like to respond briefly to two of the points you raised above. First, I am in total agreement with you that the expression of angst, alienation, and rebellion is intrinsic to punk. Otherwise, as you say, punk would merely be another form of music, however extreme. How's that for brief?

Second, I do think that freedom of expression should take precedence over virtually everything else, since it constitutes the very essence of personal freedom. Any meaningful definition of "freedom" would have to include the freedom of the individual to express his or her own opinions about controversial matters, regardless of whether others might find them "offensive" or "harmful". How could restricting that most fundamental of individual freedoms benefit anyone other than government censors, moral puritans, and authoritarians of various stripes? And what exactly do you mean when you say that you don't support expression that "harms" others? How can words, in and of themselves, harm anyone? Only actions can actually harm people. Even if one accepted your basic premise, in the final analysis who should be allowed to establish the criteria for determining that which is "harmful"? You? Clinton? Andrea Dworkin? Jerry Falwell? Jesse Jackson? The ADL? The most hypersensitive whiners in every human group? Let's face it, anyone who (sought to acquire or) was actually granted that sort of power would inevitably be tempted to abuse it, possibly at your expense. The basic problem with the term "harm" is that it is highly imprecise and subjective. What one person may find harmful another may see as expressing important truths about taboo subjects. Is criticizing or poking fun at someone or something equivalent to "harming" it? If so, you'd better not make any more "harmful" remarks about, say, pro-lifers, the police, the NRA, or advertisers. If you think you have the right to criticize and satirize those groups, surely you can't deny others the same right to criticize and satirize pro-choicers, political activists, or pressure groups like the NAACP, GLAAD, Earth First, or NOW. Why should the First Amendment apply only to groups and causes that you personally approve of or sympathize with? The same applies to everyone else. After all, what's good for the gander should also be good for the geese, especially in matters as important as

this.

As for the Anti-Heros, I'm not entirely clear what their political views are. I must admit, however, that I found it rather bizarre (to say the least) when Mark described Clinton's policies as "socialistic".

In any event, thanks for writing.

—Jeff Bale

P.S.—I will indeed see you at your wedding (providing I can find your invitation and there isn't a dress code). And yes, I did make it home after the Jeff Dahl show (although I almost didn't after a recent *Gearhead* party, since Mike Lavella kept giving me drink tickets for insidiously powerful Mai Tais). I'm almost always pretty drunk when I go to punk rock shows (which I do about once a week, on average), so much so that people who only see me at gigs probably think I'm an alcoholic. But the not-so-punk truth is that 1) I didn't start drinking until I was 27 (since I've always hated the taste of alcohol), and 2) the *only* time I ever drink alcohol is when I go to rock 'n' roll shows—the rest of the time I'm strictly a Coca Cola Classic drinker. I never drink booze at home, and I'm definitely not a social drinker.

—Jeff Bale

More Black Metal Mayhem...And Maybe Some Burzum, Too...

First of all, let me congratulate you on putting out the best "punk" mag I've read in a long time — if not ever. I've gotten all the issues so far and read all three of them from start to finish (which happened the last time with *Answer Me* — which wasn't really concerned with punk). Enough praise...if there's any justice in the world (which, of course, there isn't), you must have received hundreds of letters telling you what a great bunch of guys you are, how much *Hit List* hit a nerve, and so on...keep up the good work!

The main reason why I'm writing is the Black Metal article in Issue 1...yes, yes, Black Metal and no end in sight, but what the heck...YOU started it. The biggest problem I have with the article is its title (or, to be more accurate, the way it was presented on the cover) — the discussion of the actual "Politics of Black Metal" took a back seat to the analysis of Mr. Moynihan's political position and its possible influence on his judgments about Black Metal...which is, of course, also a very interesting point but has little bearing on the post-Vikernes-incarceration Black Metal scene, methinks. In addition, much of Coogan's argument is lost on

those poor souls who haven't read *Lords Of Chaos* yet.

In my humble opinion, *LOC* gives a fairly accurate and balanced account of the Black Metal scene (as it was in the days of the Norwegian churchburnings), as much as an outsider (I'm talking about myself and not Moynihan or Coogan) gathering information from various (fanzine and Internet) sources can judge this. (As for Vikernes' plans to bomb the BLITZ squat — which I learned of only in the pages of your magazine — I'd really be interested in what Moynihan (on a less evasive day) would have to say on this point.)

As Jeff Bale wrote at the end of his introduction: "...it would be far more surprising and inexplicable if the underlying values of the author had not influenced the interpretations in his book." Be that as it may, there are some points in the last paragraph of Coogan's article that I couldn't help commenting on: It is true that *LOC* doesn't tell us how many Black Metal "fascists" there are, but let me assure you that in the "true Black Metal Underground", as those involved would have it, there are quite a few bands that are openly "National Socialist" (Jew-and-"nigger"-hating, Hitler-loving, whiter-than-thou...it's all there). If you want to have a look at some of it yourself, the "Darker than Black" homepage is a "nice" starting point

(<http://www.freespeech.org/dtb/dtbweb-site/index2.htm>...oh, and in case you are wondering what the term NSBM, which pops up all over their pages, stands for, it's "National Socialist Black Metal"). DTB, if I'm not completely mistaken, is affiliated with the guys in ABSURD (yes, of East German-high school-killer fame), who have recently replaced the pentagram and inverted cross on their logo with a swastika and Thor's hammer. So it's really not true at all that "...Vikernes actually helped to rob black metal of its dark soul. Since then, it has largely been just show biz and record deals." The latter is only true of the more visible Cradle of Filth/Dimmu Borgir fraction of BM — and they are only catering to teenage Goths who like a bit of guitar with their vampire stories, anyway.

I think Vikernes served as a sort of catalyst for the splitting up of the BM scene. One (less visible and admittedly minor) part of the BM scene walked, in many cases quite consciously, in Vikernes footsteps, concerning both their politics and — to a lesser degree — their actions (there have even been church arsons in Russia, of all places, (cf. <http://www.burzum.com/russia.htm>). Thus, at least a sub-section of BM became even "blackier". Whether "black metal and fascism walk hand in hand" by nature, I

are not judge - all I'm saying is that in a significant number of cases they do.

So long, my bed's calling me.

Jürgen

drop me a line at:

sucker4666@aol.com

Dear Jürgen:

Thanks for the complimentary words about *HL*. We do in fact receive lots of letters complimenting us about our zine, but what I personally find to be most satisfying about all this is that so many of them are sent in by people (like yourself) who actually have some insight and intelligence. If only dummies appreciated what we were doing, I'd be forced to take their words of praise as an insult rather than a compliment.

As for your points about black metal (BM), as far as I'm concerned they are basically valid. First, you are quite right to point out that Coogan's article, which was really an extended book review, focussed primarily on the interpretations of BM presented by Michael Moynihan in *LOC* and only secondarily on the overall "politics of BM", a much broader issue. Second, neither myself nor Coogan would disagree with your verifiable statement that certain BM circles are imbued with radical right-wing political values, or that such values at times cause them to commit acts of criminal violence. (Indeed, in my capacity as an historian, I myself have been accumulating press reports about sociopathic and/or politically extreme BM fans who have been linked to church burnings, murderous pagan rituals, cannibalism, and other sordid activities throughout the world, especially in parts of eastern Europe where youthful alienation seems to be particularly acute these days.) Coogan and I would also concur that the extremist activities of Vikernes, most notably his murder of Euronymous, had the effect of seriously dividing and factionalizing the BM counterculture. Some BM fans were undoubtedly so appalled by these actions that they openly denounced them and distanced themselves completely from them, whereas others were apparently inspired by them and became even more extreme.

The crux of the matter can be reduced to two simple questions: what percentage of BM fans are right-wing ultras, and what percentage of them actually engage in these gruesomely violent, politically-motivated actions? Although nobody can say for certain, since we don't know exactly how many people in various parts of the world are serious BM aficionados, my own view is that the number of BM fans who are actively involved in committing such crimes is quite small. The number who maintain racist and/or radically anti-Christian sentiments is undoubtedly much higher, but I think it's fair to hypothe-

size that this larger group is itself dwarfed by the number of image- or music-oriented BM fans, who are undoubtedly perceived as little more than corpse-painted "poseurs" by the ultras. No doubt there are also many truly dedicated BM fans who reject racist and radically ethnocentric values. I think we would all agree that the actual situation is both fluid and very complex, but I don't think that any of this undermines Coogan's fundamental argument — that Moynihan's own political values influenced his portrayal and interpretation of BM in *LOC* in various ways. How conscious this process was is another debatable matter.

Finally, it should be mentioned that *LOC* won the Firecracker award for the best independent book on music in 1998. In my opinion it richly deserved to win this award, which was presented to Moynihan at a ceremony in LA by none other than El Vez, "the Mexican Elvis" (who our more astute readers will know as Robert Lopez, a former member of the late, great ZEROS). Whatever one may think of Moynihan's politics, *LOC* remains an extraordinarily interesting, informative, and provocative book about the most extreme elements within the BM counterculture.

-Jeff Bale

[Ed. note: The following letter is a full version of my response to an article by Joe Conason entitled "Hitler Youth?", which concerned the Littleton massacre and appeared in the trendy online magazine Salon on 4 May 1999. An edited version of my reply was reprinted in that same magazine's 11 May 1999 edition, but for the sake of completeness we are reprinting the unedited version below. A copy of the original article by Conason, also a writer for the New York Observer who used to contribute articles on aspects of right-wing politics to the Village Voice, can be accessed in the archives section of Salon at www.salon.com. Alas, his article demonstrates that even ostensibly "hipper" leftist political and cultural critics are generally unable to identify the characteristic features of contemporary countercultures or to recognize crucial distinctions between them. To his credit, however, Conason did not advocate taking repressive measures against such groups, even those with an allegedly Satanic or Nazi orientation.]

Dear Salon:

The mainstream media has as yet failed to provide accurate coverage of the recent massacre in Littleton, much less to explain the

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motives of the two killers, in part because they are seemingly incapable of identifying precisely which specialized subcultural or countercultural milieu—if any—the duo were actually associated with. (After all, referring to them as the "Trench Coat Mafia", a pejorative term devised by their "jock" tormentors, hardly helps to clarify the real situation.) While I very much appreciated the fact that Joe Conason urged people to read "eerily prescient" magazines such as *Hit List* in order to better understand such countercultural phenomena, it was disheartening to discover that he exhibited almost as much confusion about such groups as the rest of the media—apparently even after reading Kevin Coogan's article on "The Politics of Black Metal" in the February/March 1999 issue of our magazine. Indeed, Mr. Conason not only was unable to differentiate clearly between such radically distinct music-oriented countercultures as punk, industrial, and black metal, but also to distinguish between diverse currents of the radical right and various "underground" religions.

This confusion is displayed at a number of points in his article. For example, Conason claims that black metal is a "smaller subset of industrial music", when in fact it is a subset of Heavy Metal music. He further suggests that today's "fascistic youth subcultures" are the heirs—at least insofar as "fascist fetishism" is concerned—of the punk rock counterculture, whereas the overwhelming majority of punks (even those who wore swastikas along with other "offensive" symbols, including hammers and sickles, iron crosses, and circled anarchist A's, precisely in order to shock "squares") have always been extremely individualistic and radically anti-authoritarian, hence by definition "anti-fascist". He then describes Throbbing Gristle as a "post-punk" group, when in fact they were a seminal "industrial" band. More seriously, he labels Michael Moynihan, the principal author of *Lords of Chaos*, as a "Nazi-Satanist", when in reality he is neither a Nazi nor (at present) a Satanist but rather an adherent of the elitist ideas associated with the pagan "nouvelle droite", certain aristocratic "conservative revolutionary" doctrines, and various currents of Odinism. Finally, *Hit List* is not so much a magazine covering "punk, metal, and other countercultural categories" as a punk-oriented rock 'n' roll magazine that regularly includes feature articles on a variety of broader political, social, and cultural topics.

Perhaps Conason would be better able to make such crucial cultural distinctions if he did not have such a condescending attitude toward all forms of what he refers to as "screeching, atonal music" and other "offensive crap". Only after overcoming such prejudices will he be in a position to discuss such topics more objectively, and in the process to transcend the biases of the mainstream media.

Jeff Bale, Editor
Hit List Magazine
PO Box 8345
Berkeley, CA 94707

Will That Be a Bloody Mary, Mr. Moynihan?

[Ed note: In the Sept-Oct 1999 issue of Eye magazine (#23), Cletus Nelson penned an article whose main thesis was that Kevin Coogan's article on black metal in the debut issue of Hit List precipitated a witch-hunt by anti-fascist watchdog groups against Michael Moynihan, the principal author of *Lords of Chaos*. Nelson's piece also included an extensive interview with Moynihan himself, who used that forum to attack the credibility and motivations of Coogan. Below we have reprinted Coogan's reply, along with a letter to the editor, which I sent to Eye magazine in response to Cletus' article.]

Dear Eye:

I very much appreciated the interesting assortment of features, not to mention the kind review of *Hit List* #2, in the September/October 1999 issue of Eye. It is always refreshing when a magazine regularly deals with unconventional or taboo subjects,

especially in this era of widespread "political correctness" and censorious moral puritanism.

I would, however, like to make a few observations concerning Cletus Nelson's feature on Michael Moynihan, since it was in part generated in response to an article by Kevin Coogan that appeared in the debut issue of *Hit List*. First, let me say that I completely support Michael Moynihan's view that speech should be totally free. Indeed, the more unconventional and "offensive" it is, the more it deserves to be protected, both from the "tyranny of the majority" and from the totalitarian impulses of various sanctimonious political lobbying groups. Second, I have a very low regard for the bulk of the "anti-fascist" watchdog groups, who carelessly employ emotionally-loaded terms like "fascist" and regularly conduct journalistic (or even legal) witch-hunts against anyone who has the temerity to express controversial views about social issues that they don't approve of. Third, I think *Lords of Chaos* deserved to win the award for best alternative book on music in 1998, and am glad that Feral House saw fit to publish such an interesting and provocative tome.

For these very reasons, I must take issue with several claims made in Cletus' article. As much as I'd like to claim that *Hit List* lay at the epicenter, not of a scurrilous watchdog cam-

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paign against Moynihan, but rather of a lively intellectual debate concerning his analysis in *LOC*, it simply isn't true. First, let's examine the actual chronology of events: a) Coogan's article was published two months before the Columbine massacre; b) the only journalist who actually cited Coogan's article in a retrospective analysis of Columbine was Joe Conasan in the online magazine *Salon*, and he explicitly argued *against* suppressing cultural phenomena (including black metal) which he suspected might have exerted some indirect influence on the behavior of the two young killers. As far as I've been able to ascertain—and I have looked into the matter—that is the full extent of the media fallout from Coogan's article (until the appearance of Cletus' own piece). Second, "anti-fascist" watchdog groups have been monitoring the activities of Moynihan for years, as he himself has admitted in the course of several interviews. Hence it is absurd to suggest that *Hit List* inspired such groups to monitor him or to initiate a slanderous campaign against him. The most that can be said is that certain of these groups may have selected certain bits of information they found in Coogan's article and then incorporated them into their own denunciatory post-Columbine press releases, releases which were based almost entirely on information they obtained from other sources. Third, all anyone who wished to tar Moynihan with the "far right" brush would have to do to obtain sufficient ammunition is to have a look at Blood Axis' own website (<http://welcome.to/bloodaxis>), which reprints several interviews with Moynihan. Thus the idea that *Hit List* was inadvertently, much less intentionally, responsible for launching some witch-hunt against Moynihan (or his publisher Feral House) is entirely fanciful.

Beyond this, there are several disingenuous statements made in the *Eye* article. For instance, Cletus inexplicably accepts Moynihan's claim to be beyond left and right at face value. Even if one readily acknowledges that the traditional left-right political spectrum is severely limited in its usefulness, and that Moynihan is an eccentric and unconventional character who doesn't fit comfortably into standard political categories, no one familiar with political theory could fail to recognize that most of his intellectual mentors and professed political ideas are historically associated with the right or the extreme right. Does Cletus honestly believe that Moynihan's views are so unique that they are unclassifiable, or that he could be legitimately characterized as a leftist, a centrist, or a moderate? Would Moynihan, who is currently distributing a double 7" EP featuring songs and marches of the Rumanian Iron Guard (through Storm), describe himself thusly? The article also implies that *Hit List*'s effort to associate Moynihan with a diffuse

transnational "countercultural fascist underground" is unwarranted conspiracy-mongering (even though in my introduction I went out of my way to qualify, if not deny, the ascription of the term "fascist" to Moynihan). Some of his documented connections were mentioned in Coogan's article, and still others could be enumerated. In the course of identifying such associations, however, no one here at *Hit List* has suggested that there is anything sinister, subversive, dangerous, or illegal about Moynihan's activities. Allow me to provide a counterexample for illustrative purposes. I think it would be fair to characterize *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll* as being part of a diffuse transnational "countercultural left-wing underground", but that by no means implies that the magazine is involved in any way in sordid, criminal, or violent activities that warrant censure or suppression. In other words, a simple statement of fact should not be equated with a moral indictment.

However, the most offensive aspect of the *Eye* article was the attempt to characterize Coogan as a "know-nothing" with some sort of hidden "agenda" comparable to that of the left-wing watchdogs or the Christian right. Moynihan repeatedly suggests that Coogan is either an ignoramus or a liar, yet (as per usual) fails to provide any actual evidence to support his bald-faced assertion that Coogan's article is filled with errors and unfounded speculation. (The only two examples he mentions of Coogan's alleged mistakes—the blood-drinking incident and Vikernes' possible involvement in a plot to bomb Blitz House—will be dealt with in some detail in *Hit List* #4.) As to the larger question of Coogan's expertise, I would be the first to admit that Moynihan and Didrik Soderlind know more about the minutiae of the black metal scene than Coogan or myself—after having spent five years researching and writing their book, how could they not? But Coogan is extremely knowledgeable about the diverse currents of the radical right (not to mention the multifaceted currents of the radical left), and is thus eminently qualified to try and evaluate the extent to which Moynihan's own political values may have (consciously or unconsciously) influenced his interpretations in *LOC*. The fact that most other reviewers haven't even considered this possibility is an indication of *their* ignorance, not Coogan's. In any case, the falsity of Moynihan's claim that Coogan is not an expert on fascism will become apparent to everyone as soon as Coogan's book (*Dreamer of the Day: Francis Parker Yockey and the Postwar Fascist International*) is published later this fall.

Finally, I wish to point out that I have no personal animosity whatsoever toward any of the parties involved in this debate. I have spoken on several occasions with Cletus Nelson, Michael Moynihan, and Adam Parfrey, have

found them all to be thoughtful, intelligent, interesting, and unconventional characters, and hope to maintain open channels of communication with them in the future. As far as I'm concerned, all of us are in various ways engaged in challenging current intellectual orthodoxies, defending free speech, and opposing the imbecility of both the orthodox left and the orthodox right. In that sense we're all in the same (relatively small) boat, and consequently I'd be the last person to try and provoke a witch-hunt against any of them. It is the witch-hunters themselves that I'm vociferously opposed to, irrespective of their specific social and political views.

Jeff Bale, Editor
Hit List magazine

Hit List readers may have prayed that the exchange between Feral House publisher Adam Parfrey and myself in the last issue had finally exhausted the subject of Michael Moynihan (MM), *Lords of Chaos* (*LOC*), and black metal. No such luck. The current issue of *Eye* magazine features an interview with Moynihan, which is largely devoted to attacking my article. The interview and commentary link my article to a vast liberal McCarthyite conspiracy whose aim is to blame Moynihan for the shootings at Littleton, Colorado. The unindicted "co-conspirators" include a reporter for National Public Radio who asked Moynihan some critical questions; *Salon* columnist Joe Conasan (who actually did cite my *Hit List* article); Guerry Hodderson, a spokesperson for a far left Seattle group called the United Front Against Fascism, whose press release appeared on the internet [*Ed. note: Hodderson is a member of the very same Leninist sect, the Freedom Socialist Party, which was identified by Moynihan (in his HL interview) as the fanatical group which had been waging an ongoing campaign to have Blood Axis' concerts banned. Hence it is nonsensical to imply that it was Coogan's article which prompted Hodderson and her "comrades" to launch a witch-hunt against Moynihan. Note also that Coogan and I, like Moynihan, consider the FSP to be a thoroughly reprehensible organization.*]; and Robert Crawford from yet another self-styled "anti-fascist" group called the Coalition for Human Dignity, who penned an op-ed piece in *The Oregonian* critical of Moynihan. All of the above are accused of "taking Coogan's jaundiced criticisms as pure fact" in their ongoing *Kulturkampf* against MM.

Here are a few real facts. First, as Moynihan and *Eye*'s Cletus Nelson well know, MM had come under attack from liberal PCers and brain-dead leftoids long before I wrote my article. (Moynihan complains about just this fact in his *Hit List* interview.) Second, my article came out in January, well before the Littleton events

occurred last April; thus I myself did not and indeed could not have mentioned them at all. Nowhere in print or in conversation with anyone after the shootings have I accused MM of being in any way responsible for Littleton. As for the post-Columbine essay in *Salon*, which actually did mention the *Hit List* article, *Eye* fails to report Conasan's restrained conclusions about the appropriate societal response to black metal excesses (even though Conasan obviously finds that milieu thoroughly distasteful):

None of this proves that black metal mania motivated Klebold and Harris, nor is it meant to suggest that the suppression of Satanic or even Nazi-oriented counterculture is warranted. Forbidding such obnoxious expressions only makes them more transgressive, and hence more attractive to adolescents seeking to assert their rebellion. And the death lyrics of metal music may even provide a harmless outlet for kids who might otherwise find more destructive diversions...Yet it is also clear that the metal underground may serve as a recruiting and propaganda instrument for sinister political forces, much as white power music has both here and in Europe.

Would either MM or Cletus disagree with any of this? As for the other members of this alleged conspiracy to "target" Moynihan, I can't really comment since (other than Conasan) I don't know any of my supposed "co-conspirators", am not privy to what they've been saying, and haven't seen anything they've written. Of course, as an advocate of free speech, I support their right to express whatever opinions they wish to about MM (excepting libelous or slanderous statements).

As for Moynihan's attempt to refute my *Hit List* article in *Eye*, he comes off sounding more like a weary academic than the "active member of the Church of Satan" that he proclaimed himself to be in an interview some years ago in *The Heretic*. According to MM, the article "reads like a tedious string of misinformed and desperate attempts to 'prove' a point by theorizing about material that he neither fully comprehends nor knows the motivations behind"; it is "riddled with such misguided 'insight' every few paragraphs"; "there are literally dozens of serious errors that reveal his glaring shortcomings"; "Coogan has no idea what he's talking about"; "Coogan's big error was to step into waters he was totally unfamiliar with, making sweeping but ill-informed judgements based on a smattering of erratic sources, and pretend that he knew what he was talking about"; and on and on. As for Moynihan's attempt to refute my *Hit List* article in *Eye*, he comes off sounding more like a weary academic than the "active member of the Church of Satan" that he proclaimed himself to be in an interview some years ago in *The*

Heretic. According to MM, the article "reads like a tedious string of misinformed and desperate attempts to 'prove' a point by theorizing about material that he neither fully comprehends nor knows the motivations behind"; it is "riddled with such misguided 'insight' every few paragraphs"; "there are literally dozens of serious errors that reveal his glaring shortcomings"; "Coogan has no idea what he's talking about"; "Coogan's big error was to step into waters he was totally unfamiliar with, making sweeping but ill-informed judgements based on a smattering of erratic sources, and pretend that he knew what he was talking about"; and on and on. One point he emphasizes is that I'm not an expert on black metal music. He's right, I'm not. Nor have I ever claimed to be, which is why I didn't discuss the history of black metal or the musical styles of specific bands in my article. But one doesn't have to be an expert on these musical matters to notice certain political subtexts in LOC, subtexts which cannot be divorced from MM's own background.

In his interview Moynihan claims that I accuse him of saying that black metal bands are "inherently fascistic, or headed in that direction." In fact, I directly quote a statement he made in *LOC* that indicates just the opposite: "There are many divergent political views found across the spectrum of Black Metal musicians and fans (the communism of Euronymous provides a prime example of someone taking leftism to its utmost extreme) but no one will deny that right wing attitudes have become the natural extension of the interests of some involved." (*LOC*, p. 307, cited in p. 46 of my article) I have never denied this, but I'd like to know how many black metal fascists there really are, and whether their political views were originally acquired within the scene itself, rather than from other sources. For instance, *LOC* itself provides evidence indicating that Vikernes' far right outlook did not originally derive from black metal music, which (unlike white power music or black nationalist rap music) does not seem to be *intrinsically* political. Black metal may indeed be intrinsically anti-social, if not misanthropic, but such anti-social attitudes can take a wide variety of political forms, as MM himself acknowledges.

Despite repeatedly casting aspersions on my knowledge and motives, in the end Moynihan only provides two concrete examples of my supposed errors. Perhaps the interview's *piece de resistance* comes when MM responds to Cletus' following question:

There is a passage in the *Hit List* article that states "According to some reports Moynihan's blood fetish included drinking (non-AIDS infected) blood. He was also suspected of setting fire to a manger scene on the Cambridge Commons." Fact or fiction? [MM:] Well, I haven't been drinking much

blood lately [*nota bene*—KC], but I did enjoy some very fine blutwurst when I was in Germany last fall, so maybe that counts? The "reports" Coogan is using as a source here are two books, both of which have zero credibility. One is a garbled pulp paperback written by a disgruntled and not very intelligent woman named "Linda Blood," who tried to infiltrate the Temple of Set and was spurned by everyone she came into contact with—all of whom realized she was an unstable nutcase. The other is by a dubious guy in the theology department of a Colorado university, Carl Raschke.

Moynihan then goes on to trash the eminently trashable Raschke. So have I made a bloody fool out of myself?

Two points are worth mentioning before I respond. First, the reference to MM drinking blood came solely from Linda Blood, whereas both Blood and Raschke speculated that MM ("Michael Jenkins") was somehow linked to the manger incident. Because this was such a striking charge (given the context of *LOC*), I felt I should at least mention it in my article. Second, I myself have long had serious problems with Raschke, and for this very reason my note includes this warning: "It should be pointed out, however, that Raschke is a Christian activist who sees Satanists under every bed." This was not mere "cover-your-ass" rhetoric. I personally organized a Libertarian Book Club forum at Workmen's Circle in New York some years ago entitled "Satanic Panic." The forum featured Gerry O'Sullivan, a contributor to the Committee for Scientific Examination of Religion's book *Satanism in America: How the Devil Got Much More Than His Due*, the first serious attempt to undermine the McCarthy-style exploitation of Satanism, both by the right in general and by Raschke in particular. Indeed, MM's good friend Peter Gilmore (a leader of the New York branch of the Church of Satan) attended the forum, stylishly draped in (what else?) black. This fact was conveniently left out of the article in *Eye*, presumably because it didn't lend itself to its sinister thesis.

I mentioned that MM drank blood as a youth for one simple reason: Moynihan himself bragged about it in an interview published in the 20 October 1989 issue of the *Boston Phoenix* (the *Village Voice* of Beantown). The article, which Blood briefly but accurately cited portions of in her book, was written by Lamar B. Graham and entitled "Interview with a vampire...sort of: The whole tooth and nothing but the tooth". The relevant sections of the story concerning MM ("Jenkins") are as follows (from p. 7 of the article):

At the appointed hour, a young man approached me at the bar. His dark hair was cropped short, and he was wearing a black-

leather jacket, a black shirt, a black necktie, black fatigue pants, black socks, and black shoes. He extended his hand. "Michael," he said, "Michael Jenkins."

We went upstairs to the lounge. Jenkins, 20, produced a business card for the San Francisco-based Abraxas Foundation, which he described as an "occult-fascist" think tank with ties to Anton LaVey's Church of Satan. On the back, Jenkins had typed an address for the foundation's Cambridge affiliate Blood Axis. He said the local group intends to publish its own newspaper soon—named *Wake*. As in funeral.

After a little chit-chat, I popped the question "Do you consider yourself a vampire?"

He smiled thoughtfully. "If you consider someone who drinks blood for whatever reason a vampire, yeah. And taking blood from another person." ...Jenkins and his friends—he declined to disclose their numbers—believe in power for those who deserve it, who are superior to the common man in their aims and their actions. He named Adolf Hitler and mass murderer Charles Manson as among those whose "feral nature" he admires...The use of human blood in rituals—to get rid of an enemy, to attract a person of power, he wouldn't be too specific—conjures up a person's inner ferocity...consumption of blood [is] "for extending influence," he said...I also asked about AIDS.

He laughed. "I was waiting for that one. It's not that high a risk when the person you're using isn't out of the gutter."

Thus, even if MM never actually drank blood, he went out of his way to convince at least one reporter that he regularly did so for ritualistic purposes. Either Moynihan was lying then or he is lying now.

As for the arson incident, which occurred during the night of 26-27 December 1987, I simply reported that Moynihan was

...suspected of setting fire to a manger scene on the Cambridge Commons, just across from Harvard University, in 1987. A note left by the firebug at the smokey scene the day after Christmas asked: "How many more fires before you realize your gods are dead? DEAD!"

It should be emphasized that I have never claimed that MM was actually responsible for burning the creche, only that he was suspected of having been involved in some way. The most important question here is why Blood and Raschke ended up linking MM in any way to this particular incident. The arson attack itself was described in some detail in an article by Joe Gomez in the 27 December 1987 *Boston Globe*, "Arson Destroys Cambridge Common;

Message Found", but the actual perpetrator had not been found and thus was not named therein. Why, then, did Blood and Raschke later associate Moynihan with the incident? The answer is seemingly provided by Raschke on p. 237 of his lurid, sensationalistic book, *Painted Black*: "The burning of a creche in Cambridge, Massachusetts—although the group has not admitted to it—is an historical deed celebrated by Blood Axis." Since in his preface Raschke thanks Linda Blood for providing him with information and documentation concerning diverse Satanic activities, the implication is that among those materials there was some sort of Blood Axis paean to the Cambridge arson attack.

Perhaps even more illuminating is the fact that MM scarcely has a single bad word to say about Linda Blood in the course of an earlier interview, which appeared on the internet in the rightist magazine *Momentum*:

Any comments on your depiction in Linda Blood's *The New Satanists*?
[MM:] Actually, I can't really fault any of the facts about me in the book [emphasis added]. My only complaint would be that her information only goes to 1990, which makes the whole thing 5 years out of date. So much has transpired since then!

What happened to the "disgruntled and not very intelligent" Linda Blood, the "unstable nutcase" who supposedly has zero credibility? Apparently, when speaking to an audience with in his own political and cultural milieu, MM consciously adopts an uncompromisingly "transgressive" posture and is much more likely to speak openly about (if not to exaggerate) his activities. When seeking to win over a tonier audience of smug but naive "hipsters", however, he prefers to portray himself as a misunderstood "victim" of calumny and persecution.

Is this all just a case of bad Blood, then? Who can say? But it is certainly not inappropriate to mention that Moynihan, who in *LOC* wrote about the psychology of firebugs, displayed considerable fascination for anti-Christian black metal arsonists, and concluded with a pretentious homage to fire, was earlier suspected of being involved somehow in an anti-Christian arson attack, nor to suggest that his idiosyncratic analysis of black metal reflected his own peculiar values and experiences.

The only other empirical matter in the *Hit List* article that MM deigns to respond to is my suggestion that he purposely failed to mention that Varg Vikernes said he was planning to use the 330 pounds of dynamite he had stored in his basement to blow up the Antifa punk squat Blitz House. I found this especially curious, since Blitz House is actually mentioned on p. 141 of *LOC*, where Vikernes complains that during his trial "punks were testifying against me, from the Blitz squat (in Oslo)." But why would

any punks be directly involved in a trial that solely concerned Vikernes' murder of Euronymous? Since *LOC* itself portrays Euronymous as an ultra-leftist (much like the Blitz House *Autonomen*), I speculated about whether Euronymous may have learned about and thence objected to Vikernes' plan to bomb the punk squat. It should be recalled that Euronymous had been an activist in the youth wing of a Maoist vanguard party, the AKP (m-l), which he later abandoned because it had become "too humanist." What MM doesn't mention (or perhaps isn't aware of) is that AKP (m-l) cadre were heavily involved in snitching to the police. According to Tore Bjørgo, a leading expert on the Scandinavian extremist scene,

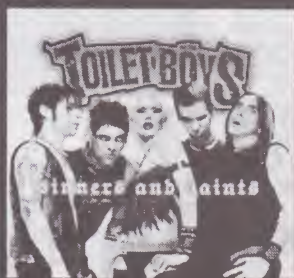
...during the late 1970s and early 1980s [the AKP (m-l) ran an extensive intelligence operation in order to keep right-wing extremists under close surveillance. On some occasions, vital information on violent crimes being prepared or committed by right-wing extremists was relayed to the Security Police, helping to solve cases or pre-empting attacks. However, some of this information on right-wing extremists was also used to harass these political opponents. More recently, the militant autonomous group *Blitz* published names and pictures of known and alleged neo-Nazis under the title "Wanted Dead." (*Terror on the Right*, edited by Bjørgo [London: Frank Cass])

Why, then, is it "silly" (MM's word) to think that a rightist like Vikernes might fear that Euronymous (who had come to despise him for many reasons) would rat on him, either to the *Autonomen* or the police?

Frankly, I found Moynihan's suggestion that Euronymous' murder was ascribable to either LaVey-style Satanism or the black metal channeling of some berzerker Odinist archetype (the theory propounded by MM's buddy Kadmon) rather silly. The former suggestion is at the very least debatable, since according to historian Jeffrey Kaplan "Vikernes strongly denies ever having been a Satanist. In a series of letters from August through December 1996, he reiterates this point again and again." (*Nation and Race*, edited by Jeffrey Kaplan and Tore Bjørgo [Boston: Northeastern University], note 29, p. 122) The unfortunate truth is that, when faced with a personality as screwy and chameleon-like as Vikernes', it is very difficult to be certain about his real motives. All we are currently in a position to do is speculate. Moynihan, however, looks worse than "silly" for omitting statements by Vikernes that he admits knowing about but which blatantly contradict his own speculations.

—Kevin Coogan

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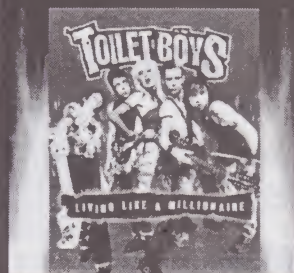


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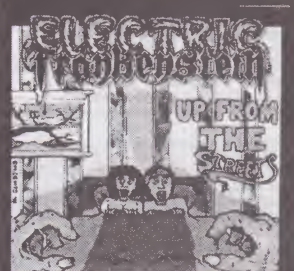
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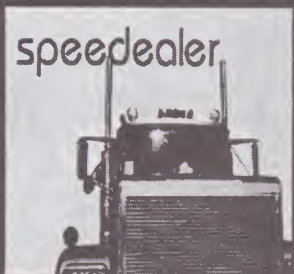
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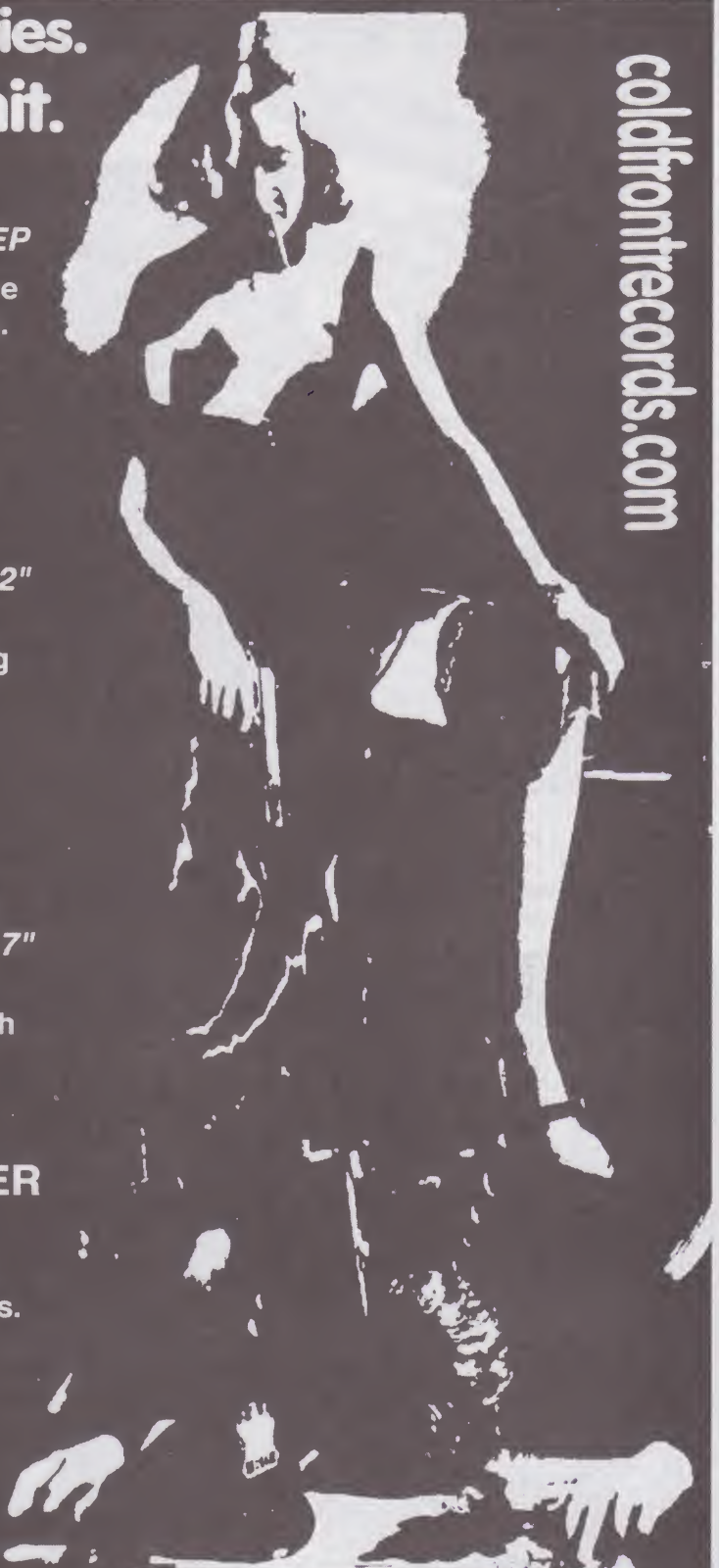
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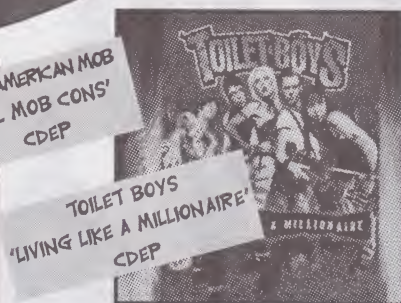
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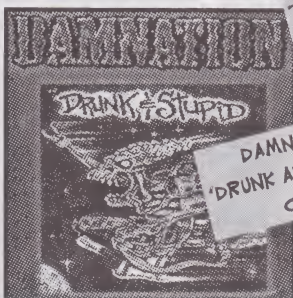
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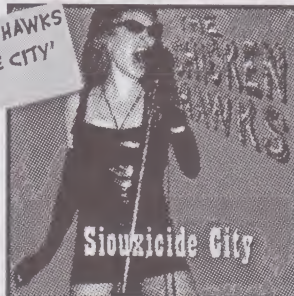


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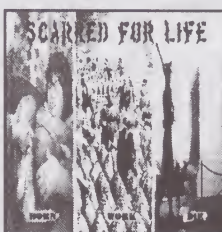
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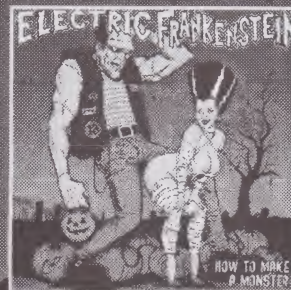
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"Rock 'n' roll may be no solution/But it's what I want to hear"
—X (the Australian band)

Kurt Wyld ["Iggy Pop"]: "We set out to change the world, and ended up just changing ourselves."

Journalist: "What's wrong with that?"

Wyld: "Nothing...if you don't look at the world."

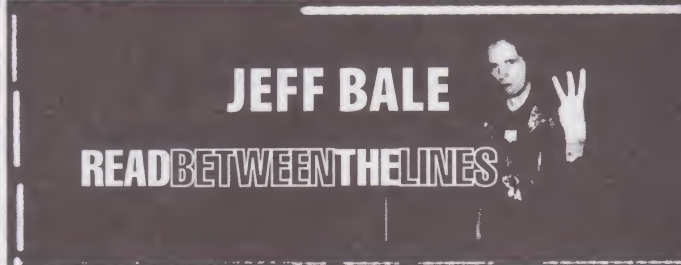
—Dialogue from Todd Haynes' surreal glam rock film, "Velvet Goldmine"

The above two quotes are related, in different ways, to the complex and paradoxical relationship that has always existed between rock 'n' roll music and broader efforts to bring about social and political change. This relationship has long been the subject of discussion, both among "outsiders" (i.e., trendy cultural critics and the supposedly "hipper" elements within academia) and "insiders" (i.e., the more intellectually inclined rock 'n' roll fans, journalists, and performers). Alas, despite decades of spirited debate, no consensus yet exists about the precise nature of this relationship, either as it actually is or as it ideally should be. Nor, in my opinion, can we expect to ever establish such a consensus. Perhaps it would be best to avoid the issue altogether, given the sad and often embarrassing history of previous attempts by political activists to influence rock 'n' roll or by rock 'n' rollers to meddle in politics. My own view of this whole subject has become more and more jaundiced over the years, and for that very reason I would almost prefer to stay clear of it entirely. However, the painful sense of disappointment that has recently been displayed by so many of our own columnists has prompted me to reflect once again on rock 'n' roll's impact, potential or actual, on the external world.

In my most cynical moments, I fully share the sentiments expressed above by X—that even though rock 'n' roll cannot, and indeed should not, be viewed as the solution to any real-world problems, nevertheless it's always exactly what I want to hear, day in and day out. Why? Because listening to it invariably gives me a euphoric rush that acts as a balm for my troubled soul. Nothing else seems to be able to soothe the savage beast that lurks deep inside me the way that primitive rock 'n' roll can and does, and I sometimes think it's the only thing in the whole damn world that has kept me relatively sane and prevented me from taking out my frustrations on innocent (or even not so innocent) people. Yet although I listen to it all the time simply because I enjoy it, not because I'm consciously looking for "solutions" to anything or trying to change the world, rock 'n' roll has nonetheless inadvertently managed to exert a positive influence on reality, since if nothing else it has kept me from giving full scope to my most misanthropic tendencies and indulging in pathological violence.

From a less personal and more analytical point of view, I've always felt that the impact of aggressive rock 'n' roll operates predominantly on two distinct but interrelated levels. First, as I argued many years ago in *MRR*, primitive rock 'n' roll works most of its magic on a purely visceral level. It's the actual sonic assault, and its overpowering impact on the delicate human sensory apparatus and nervous system, that exerts the most deep-seated effect on the listener. This explains why real rock 'n' roll (from the 1950s to the 1990s), which effortlessly manages to catalyze rebellious sentiments on the most basic level of the human psyche, has always been a profoundly subversive musical form irrespective of its actual lyrical content. In that sense moral puri-

tans, cultural conservatives, and government censors have always been quite justified in sounding the alarm about the serious threats that rock 'n' roll posed to mainstream society. Whether they viewed it as the "devil's work", as wild "jungle music" created by Negro "savages" and "inbred" hillbillies (as indeed it was), or as some insidious new manifestation of the communist conspiracy aimed at undermining authority in the West, they rightly sensed that this type of raucous music had a deleterious impact on the maintenance of social stability, since it encouraged youthful listeners to challenge authority figures and reject conventional social norms. The threat that it posed to existing social and political hierarchies was also recognized by overtly author-



JEFF BALE

READ BETWEEN THE LINES

itarian regimes throughout the world, ranging from the Greek military junta (which officially outlawed "decadent" Western rock 'n' roll along with long hair and miniskirts after their 1967 coup) to the communist satellite regimes in eastern Europe (which consciously sought to channel and control "anti-social" behavior by pressuring restless youths to participate in "wholesome" state-sponsored entertainment events, preventing the diffusion of "corrupt" influences from the capitalist West, and breaking up "unofficial" rock concerts). In the long run all these heavy-handed measures to suppress rock 'n' roll and the youth cultures associated with it failed miserably, since they only precipitated further disillusionment, alienation, and resentment.

Second, insightful rock 'n' roll lyrics have the potential to open up listeners' minds to new ways of perceiving the world. Sometimes even the most superficially crude and vulgar lyrics, especially if they are infused with an ironic sensibility or a cynical sense of humor, can help people pierce the innumerable veils that authority figures on all levels, ranging from parents to members of the government, have sought to place in front of their eyes. In this way, as Jack Rabid pointed out last issue, lyrics can sometimes play a significant role in the process of creating "bullshit detectors" within the minds of young, impressionable music fans, and once such mechanisms are created they are difficult if not impossible to eradicate fully. Even so, one should be wary of ascribing more power to lyrics alone than they actually possess, for it is only when they are wedded to an irresistibly powerful and seductive sound that they are able to penetrate and transform the consciousness of individual listeners. It seems clear to me that for many (if not most) music fans, lyrics go in one ear and right out the other, making very little impression during their short passage through the cranium. Although clever lyrics may indeed make a profound impression on a handful of perceptive or intellectually astute listeners, I fear that they are generally lost on the "masses", who may know them by heart and sing along with them enthusiastically, but without really comprehending or giving much thought to them. Nevertheless, this is yet another level on which rock 'n' roll has the potential to exert an influence, whether positive or negative,



on the wider world. Note that in both of the above cases, the transformative power of rock 'n' roll affects people solely on an individual basis.

Perhaps the biggest mistake anyone can make, then, is to think that rock 'n' roll can offer solutions to broader societal problems or directly change the world by precipitating collective political action among music fans. I ought to know something about this, since both Tim Yohannan and I naively made that very mistake in the early 1980s. I certainly wouldn't presume to speak for Tim but, to paraphrase "Kurt Wyld", the

only thing I really ended up changing was myself, especially after I "looked at the world" and came to feel that our efforts were not only doomed to failure, but that they were also increasingly exerting a negative influence on the entire punk scene. The simple truth is that as a highly provocative and chaotic cultural medium rock 'n' roll is incapable of generating, much less sustaining, a larger social movement with a serious and sophisticated political agenda. After all, how much can you expect musicians and fans who are generally in their teens and early twenties to understand about the world, and

how well-suited are blistering three-minute songs to conveying complex and nuanced views about important social and political topics? One should never forget that rock 'n' roll is above all about expressing creativity and rebellious gut-level sentiments and, in the process, having joyously decadent and degenerate fun. In that sense it is implicitly a form of symbolic social and perhaps even political protest, but one that is geared primarily toward making social conformists and other assorted stuffshirts feel thoroughly uncomfortable. Despite this, rock 'n' roll and its associated sub- or countercultures should never be misconstrued as narrowly political movements with clearcut agendas and concrete plans to achieve them, especially since such movements are themselves typically created by the very same stuffshirts that hedonistic rock 'n' rollers hate. In the final analysis getting one's kicks by giving everyone and everything the big middle finger is (mercifully) not the same thing as patiently working to change the world, and indeed the two activities tend to appeal to entirely different personality types. Hence it is ludicrous to think that masses of alienated, rebellious, angry, hedonistic, ill-disciplined, bored, and often apathetic youth can be organized into some type of "guitar army" that can be used to storm the bastions of mainstream society. Attempts to politicize or organize rock 'n' rollers in this traditional way will at best have no impact at all, and at worst will result in the proliferation of insufferable, self-righteous jackasses whose "politics" are characterized by the knee-jerk regurgitation of simpleminded slogans and by abusive attempts

to pressure everyone else into supporting their own narrow, doctrinaire agendas. In the end, such people only end up corrupting or destroying the very music sub- or countercultures whose development they are strenuously endeavoring to direct and control by draining most of the fun, spontaneity, and freedom of choice out of them. Sound familiar?

To reiterate, although rock 'n' roll actually does have the capacity to change the world in intangible yet profound ways, it can only do so by exerting a visceral impact on the psyches and/or by expanding the consciousness of individual listeners, one by one. It cannot be

expected to provide any concrete solutions for the world's many intractable problems, and it should never, ever be viewed instrumentally as a vehicle through which to launch collective political action. Even if it was actually able to generate and sustain this sort of action, which it manifestly is not, those seeking to exploit rock 'n' roll in this way would only be able to accomplish their objectives by perverting the very music-oriented counterculture(s) that they cynically or naively hoped to utilize as a base for effecting social and political change. But please don't misunderstand me here. This certainly doesn't mean that I myself am apolitical, that I don't give a shit about anything, or that I'm trying to foster polit-

ical passivity. On the contrary, I wish that more rock 'n' rollers—as individuals—were politically conscious and, if necessary, willing to engage in some form of rational political action, for that is in theory one of their fundamental duties as citizens living in a democracy. They should also feel perfectly free to express their own views on a wide variety of social and political issues in songs and fanzines. However, they do not have the right to forcibly impose their own values on the rest of us, to try and restrict our freedom of expression, or to turn punk rock into some damnable political sect where moral puritanism is the order of the day. Here, at last, is the moral of the story. If you want to wrap an ideological straitjacket around your own mind, rigidly control your own behavior, or voluntarily restrict your own personal freedom, no one else will lose any sleep over it. But if you try to restrict the personal freedom of others, you'll be threatening the very essence of the punk counterculture. That's too high a price for us idiosyncratic rock 'n' rollers to be forced to pay, and as such we'll fight you tooth and nail every step of the way, regardless of what your specific political agenda may be.

R.I.P.

In the wake of JFK Jr.'s death, the general public may be forgiven for not taking notice of all the important rock 'n' rollers that have also died tragically and unexpectedly in 1999. But we rock 'n' roll maniacs must pay homage to these lost musical comrades who provided us with so much listening pleasure in the past. The individuals who

It is ludicrous to think that masses of alienated, rebellious, angry, hedonistic, ill-disciplined, bored, and often apathetic youth can be organized into some type of "guitar army" that can be used to storm the bastions of mainstream society.

I feel compelled to single out for special mention are ALICE COOPER guitarist Glen Buxton; LOVE guitarist (and chief songwriter after Arthur Lee) Bryan Maclean; MOBY GRAPE guitarist (and songwriter) Skip Spence; and Screaming Lord Sutch, the eccentric leader of his own band and a perennial candidate for the British Parliament. Believe me when I say that they'll all be missed, but rather than honor their memory with a solemn silence you should do so by listening to their music at high volume. Somehow, I think they'd all prefer it that way.

FOR THOSE ABOUT TO PUNK OUT, I SALUTE YOU

This issue I want to devote almost all of this section to the beautifully packaged and spectacular-sounding boxset reissue of "Nuggets", which was originally released on Elektra in 1972 as a double album. This new and greatly-expanded version contains all the songs from that album on a single CD (volume 1), along with three additional CDs that are chock full of equally stellar garage rock classics from the mid-1960s—118 songs in all! I remember enthusiastically purchasing the original LP as soon as it came out, since it was filled with killer 45s that I'd previously owned but had been forced to leave behind when my alcoholic mother managed to get us evicted from our apartment after failing to pay the rent one too many times (something I never quite forgave her for). In retrospect, the importance of that LP cannot be overstated, for it retrieved musical nuggets that might otherwise have been lost to everyone except serious collectors, revived interest in garage rock at a time when it had virtually disappeared, and ended up serving as the model for future compilations of 60's punk, psychedelia, and post-'77 punk obscurities, beginning with Greg Shaw's own seminal "Pebbles" series. Perhaps not coincidentally, the principal compiler of the original LP (as well as this expanded reissue edition) was Lenny Kaye, future guitarist for the PATTI SMITH GROUP. Nor is it a coincidence that DEAD MOON's Fred Cole was a member of one of the bands featured on it, for there is indeed a continuity between the underground garage rock of the 1960's and that ranging from 1977 up till today, even though all too many of today's punks are either too young or, less excusably, too ignorant to recognize this crucial fact.

The first point to be made about "Nuggets" itself is that, contrary to popular mythology, it is not a "60's punk" collection in the strict musical sense of that term. Nor is it really a "psychedelic" collection, despite the impression one might get from its subtitle, "Artyfacts from the First Psychedelic Era, 1965-1968". Rather, it contains a diverse array of 60's garage music, including examples of pure 60's punk (the ZAKARY THAKS, RICHARD & THE YOUNG LIONS, WE THE PEO-

JEFFBALE

PLE), tough-sounding R&B (the SONICS, the VAGRANTS, the BAR-BARIANS), BEATLES-influenced pop (the CRYAN SHAMES, the CHOIR, the KNICKERBOCKERS, the CLEFS OF LAVENDER HILL), folk rock (the LEAVES, the TURTLES, the BEAU BRUMMELS), rootsy dance-oriented "frat rock" (the HOMBRES, the PREMIERS, the SWINGIN' MEDALLIONS, SAM THE SHAM & THE PHAROAHs), and psychedelia (the ELECTRIC PRUNES, the BEES, MAX FROST & THE TROOPERS), not to mention all sorts of permutations of those and other musical styles (such as punky R&B [the SHADOWS OF

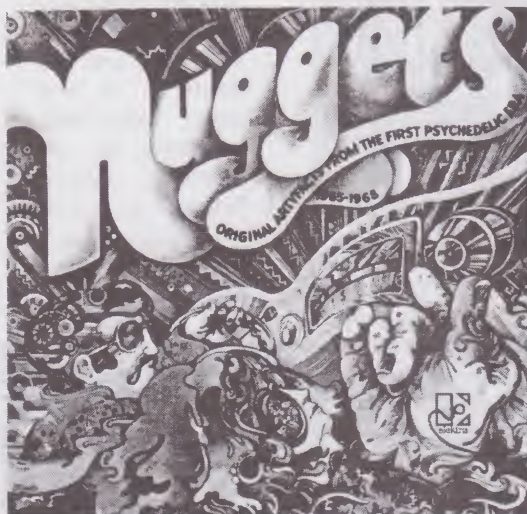
KNIGHT, the LYRICS], psych pop [the STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK, the E-TYPES, the HUMAN EXPRESSION], psych punk [the LOLLIPOP SHOPPE, the OTHER HALF, the THIRTEENTH FLOOR ELEVATORS], psych blues [CAPTAIN BEEF-HEART], folk punk [MOUSE & THE TRAPS], bluesy punk [the GROUPIES, the HUMANE SOCIETY], etc.). Whatever you want to call it—and perhaps it's futile to even try to subdivide it into ever-more narrow categories—almost all of the stuff herein not only stands the test of time, thus justifying the appellation "classic", but also manages to put a lot of today's underground music to shame. Most of it is startlingly energetic, fresh-sounding, and rockin', and on top of that it also features

irresistible tunes that you can't get out of your head. Nor, unlike the irrepressible but insufferable jingles from TV and radio commercials, will you even want to. Everyone will probably stumble across a few tracks here that don't quite appeal to their idiosyncratic tastes, lament

the fact that crucial garage punk faves have not been included, or quibble about the ideal songs for representing particular bands, but no one who loves primitive raunch 'n' roll and great melodies could fail to love this compilation, which is filled with fuzzed-out guitars, snotty vocals punctuated by incredible howls, forceful drumming, and throbbing basslines, not to mention Farfisa organs, tambourines, harmonicas, or maracas. Who could ask for anything more?

In addition to the fantabulous collection of music, this box set comes with a colorful and beautifully-illustrated 100-page booklet that contains introductory essays by

the compilers, *Cream Puff War* co-editor Alec Palao, and Bomp's own Greg Shaw, as well as information about each band and song penned by *Ugly Things* editor (and semi-regular *Hit List* contributor) Mike Stax. With experts such as these preparing commentaries, you'll actually be able to learn something about the history of underground rock 'n' roll while you're rockin' out along with the music. Education has perhaps never been so much fun! While I'm on the subject of the essays, however, I do have to respectfully take issue with Greg Shaw about one thing. In his concluding paragraph he argues that "[i]n all



In retrospect, the importance of [the Nuggets] LP cannot be overstated, for it retrieved musical nuggets that might otherwise have been lost to everyone except serious collectors.

HIT SQUAD

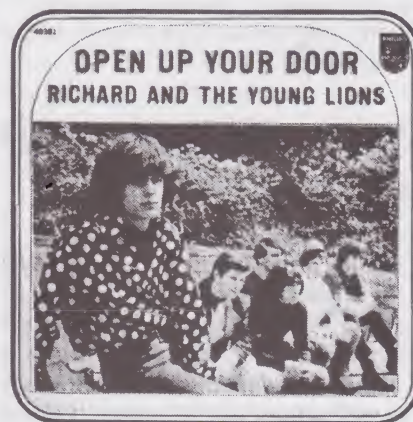
its manifestations, garage-punk has never been as rich, fertile, or capable of diverse expression as it was in the mid-'60s. Punk in the '70s was fun but comparatively one-dimensional." This may in fact be true, at least partially, but certain warnings need to be sounded before one can even begin the process of evaluating such a claim empirically. For instance, it wouldn't really be fair to consider records in the "Killed By Death" or "Bloodstains" series as representative of 70's punk as a whole, or to compare them directly with a collection as open-ended as "Nuggets". After all, these two post-



77 punk series concentrate almost exclusively on only one or two types of music that fall within the broader rubric of modern punk music, namely "old school" or "classical" ('77-style) punk and garage punk. To obtain a more meaningful comparison and thereby actually be able to test Greg's claims, one would either have to compare something like "Killed By Death" to other series that are focussed more narrowly on "pure" 60's punk, such as Tim Warren's great "Back from the Grave" releases, or to select a broader collection of 70's punk to serve as a basis for comparison with "Nuggets". In other words, only after directly comparing a post-'77 punk collection which contained a far wider variety of styles and subcategories—including old school punk, garage punk, glam punk, experimental art-punk and other types of post-punk, pop punk, power pop, punk 'n' roll, thrash, commercially-oriented New Wave, Oi, novelty records, folk punk (PATRICK FITZGERALD, anyone?), and '60's-influenced punk—with something like "Nuggets" could you really justify making such a bold and somewhat dismissive statement about the respective merits of 60s and 70s punk.

In any case, perhaps it's best to highlight some of the wise observations of various "Nuggets" commentators concerning the true essence of garage or punk rock, past and present. Lenny Kaye (from his original 1972 liner notes): "The name that has been unofficially coined for [the groups on "Nuggets"], 'punk rock'—seems particularly fitting...for if nothing else they exemplified the berserk pleasure that comes with being on-stage outrageous, [and] the relentless

middle-finger drive and determination offered only by rock and roll at its finest." Greg Shaw: "I fear that few, if any, of the artists on *Nuggets* measure up to the record industry's standards. Each came out of some suburban garage, and each...somehow got themselves on the radio with one monster song they created after maybe three weeks of music lessons...There is also an innocence, a naivete, in many of these songs that we find hard to grasp in the '90s. But my own memory cells assure me that this is the way the world seemed in 1966, and no doubt it is this same innocence, in virtually all music from bygone eras with or without any nostalgia we bring to it, that charms us." Gary Stewart (the Rhino Records A&R man who supervised the production of the expanded version of "Nuggets"):



"Although most of the bands contained on these four discs wanted to be The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, The Kinks, [T]he Dave Clark Five, The Animals, The Yardbirds, Them, or countless other British outfits that captured the imaginations of musically inclined kids across our nation, few had anywhere near the talent to deliver the goods. But like [pulp film director] Ed Wood, what they had was passion informed by a heavy dose of unmitigated gall and naivete as well as attitude to spare. And while they lacked the ability to make a *Rubber Soul* or an *Aftermath*, or in most cases to legitimately provide enough quality material to fill their own greatest hits album, they all had at least one—and in some cases two or three—great singles, in which all of these elements cosmically, perhaps even accidentally, coalesced into a moment of transcendent brilliance. Make no mistake about it, these records' lasting impact comes not in spite of their creators' limitations, but *because* of them. Because what defines the garage-rock era more than anything else is not knowing any better and, even more importantly, not caring. It's no accident that the term 'punk rock' was first applied here..."

This last point should be emphasized over and over again for the benefit of all the so-called "punks" who think that PENNYWISE and their ilk are representative of real punk rock, since if anything these "professional punk" bands actually represent its antithesis, being prepackaged, sterile, formulaic, musically slick and (for that very reason) unexciting, passionless, unimaginative, and—in the final analysis—the wearers of metaphoric smile buttons or dollar signs. The emo-



tional and musical essence of genuine punk rock derives from its restlessness, rebelliousness, recklessness, passion, amateurishness, crudeness, cockiness, and belligerence, i.e., from massive quantities of enthusiasm and "attitude". Note that these are not traits that you can easily feign or casually adopt—either they're a natural reflection of your innermost psychological makeup (or at least of your mood at the moment), or you're basically out of luck. In the end, all the practicing and musical precision in the world can't compensate for a lack of genuine 'tude. Try as you might, you just can't "rehearse" the anguished screams that seem to come out of nowhere on tracks like the GONN's "Blackout of Gretely", or the caterwauling guitar screech emanating from the LEMON DROPS' "I Live in the Springtime".

In short, almost all of these 60's garage bands are the real deal, and it only takes one listen to recognize this and be infected by their primitive exuberance. (Hell, even wholly manufactured studio groups like the aforementioned MAX FROST sound fresher and more "punk" than generic modern pop punk bands like MXPX, who I recently had the misfortune of suffering through whilst waiting to interview Joe Strummer.) Greg Shaw has sagely characterized the songs in this collection as the "mating cry of a generation", and as a hedonistic representative of that very same generation I would be the last person to dispute his contention. This would of course explain why discriminating rock 'n' rollers and punks my age cannot due without this collection. The only problem with Greg's formulation is that it may be a bit too restrictive, in that by itself it doesn't indicate why later generations might find "Nuggets" similarly rewarding or appealing. The answer is that these "anthems for a lost generation", as Alec Palao has called them, tap into certain primal emotions that still exist within the bosoms of today's alienated, thrill-seeking youths who, like their 60's predecessors, are desperately seeking to escape from the stifling conformity of mainstream society and the self-evident sterility of most contemporary music. In other words, the "lost generation" identified by Alec is continually being reproduced, generation after generation, within advanced postindustrial societies, as opposed to constituting a specific age cohort bounded chronologically by the years 1965 and 1968, and as long as that's the case cool cats and rock 'n' rollers will find much to love on these four discs. On top of that, as Greg has rightly emphasized, many of these bands and songs evoke an irresistibly seductive aura of innocence, an emotion which has been almost totally extinguished in our cynical and brutish era. (This is, after all, the era of macho idiots like LIMP BIZKIT, KID ROCK, and KORN, not to mention hordes of thuggish and moronic rap groups. Jeez, I'm sure sorry I missed Woodstock '99!) For that very reason, 60's garage punk allows today's young misfits to vicariously experience the highly pleasurable lost "vibe" of an earlier time period, when the possibilities seemed endless and hope still sprang eternal. With any luck, it may even help them start to imagine a brighter future for themselves. Then again, it's only rock 'n' roll, isn't it?

By the way, since last issue I've learned that the compilers of the original vinyl versions of the "Diggin' for Gold" series are some Swedish wildmen with impeccable taste. The Dutch Way Back affiliate later began releasing them in CD form, but unfortunately only the first three volumes have appeared in this digital format so far.

Next up: freakbeat reissue roundup.

NEWS

In this issue of *Hit List* we are proud to present the debut columns of Byron Coley, Leslie Goldman (of *Carbon 14* magazine), Larry Livermore, and Tim Stegall for your reading pleasure, as well as the very first photograph (in what we hope will be an ongoing series) by Justice Howard, several interesting feature articles, book reviews by Peter Dale Scott and "Nick Homicides" (the "anarchist" pseudonym of MRR's very own "Lefty Hooligan"), and record reviews by new review-

ers such as Athena Dread, Dimitri Monroe, and Tony Slug. We hope to incorporate an ever-expanding book review section into our zine, and are therefore looking for intelligent, informed, literate, and non-dogmatic people who are capable of reviewing serious books on politics, social issues, contemporary culture, countercultures, and—it scarcely needs to be mentioned—rock 'n' roll. We also plan to increase our regular coverage of 60's punk, garage, and beat music, and to this end we will soon be adding Greg Prevost of the CHESTERFIELD KINGS and (hopefully) Tim Warren (of Crypt Records) to our revolving roster of columnists. In this connection Jeff Jarema (editor of the very cool 60's rock zine *Here 'Tis*) has agreed to write a feature article on the C-KINGS, and hopefully we can persuade him to become a regular *HL* contributor. Ditto for other well-known mop-top maniacs. On a less happy note, Tesco Vee is currently preoccupied with family matters and is thus unable to contribute columns. Hopefully his absence will only be temporary, since around here we all look forward to a regular dose of his vitriol. Fortunately, we are now so overloaded with quality writers that even if particular columnists are at times unable to submit stuff on time, others will be able to fill in for them.

In upcoming issues look for interviews with Joe Strummer (and possibly also Mick Jones) of the CLASH, as well as in-depth feature articles on the radical fringes of the straight edge movement, the DWARVES, the CRAMPS, Arthur Lee of LOVE, and Bomp (both the defunct magazine and the still essential record label). I was amazed to learn that this particular issue of *Hit List* amounts to around 200 pages, which reflects a level of expansion that I scarcely dreamed would be possible so soon after the appearance of our debut issue. I'd especially like to thank all of our advertisers and readers, who have together made this all possible. Hopefully we will continue to interest, educate, provoke, infuriate, and titillate you all in the years to come.

Finally, I'd like to respond collectively to many people who've written us. First of all, if you send us an old-fashioned letter via snail mail, the chances are good that you will never get a response. This isn't because we're too haughty or rude to reply, but because we simply don't have the time to reply to, much less retype and publish, the numerous letters that we receive in this archaic format. Unlike MRR and various other long-established zines, we don't have a large staff of "shitworkers" around to handle our correspondence (or, for that matter, to perform many other essential tasks). There are currently only three people "on staff" here at *HL*—myself, Brett Mathews, and Dave Johnson—and all of us are extremely busy doing other things in addition to putting out this magazine. The results are predictable. (At this very moment, for example, I'm looking at a huge pile of letters that people have sent in. But the prospect of actually responding to all of them has become so daunting that I've decided to blow off the whole damn task.) On the other hand, if you e-mail us the chances are pretty good that you will get some sort of response relatively quickly, mainly because it is much less time-consuming and expensive to respond in this format. I'm truly sorry, but all of you Luddites are just going to have to enter the 21st century kicking and screaming along with the rest of us. Second, many people have written in to ask when we are going to add a zine review section to *Hit List*. The answer is never. Trying to review underground zines is nowadays a Herculean task given their sheer number, and to be perfectly honest a large percentage of them are not even worth reading, much less taking the time to actually review. Alas, this is a job for other zines (many of which have happily assumed it), not ours. In any case, we can't continue to expand the size of our magazine indefinitely. Occasionally, I may highlight some of the most worthwhile zines that we're receiving in my own column, but unfortunately that's about as much as you can expect from us. I apologize, but we have different priorities. ☺

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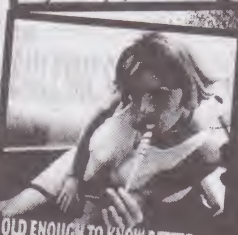
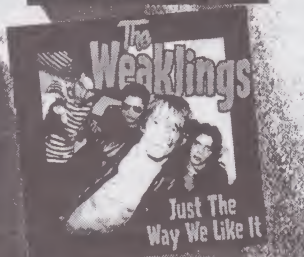
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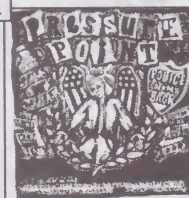
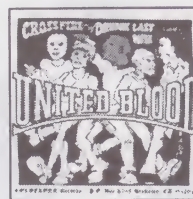
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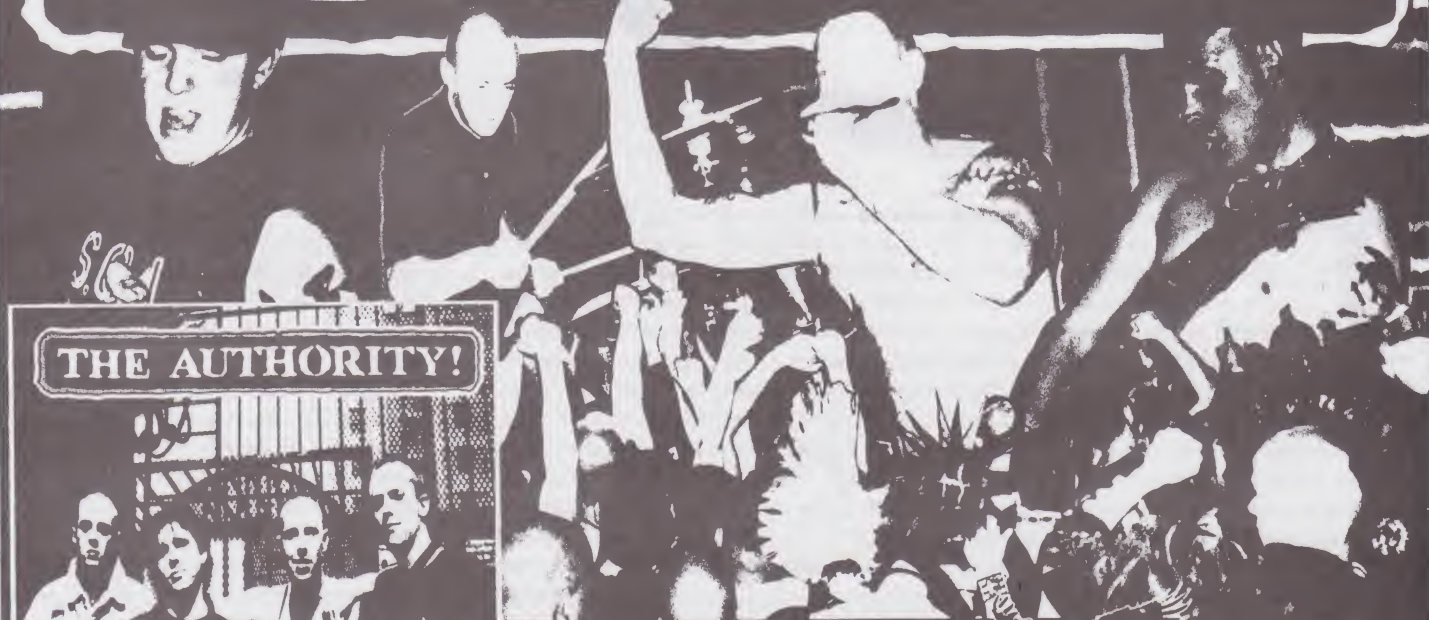


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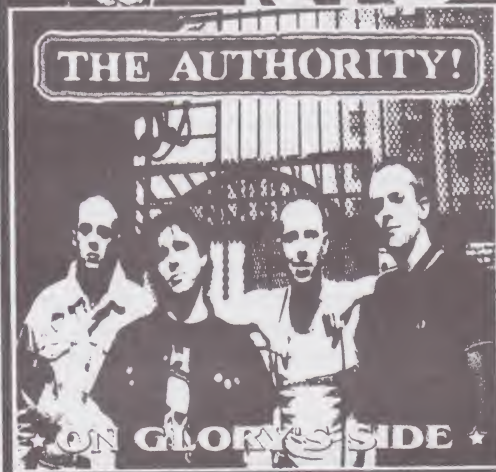
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arizona Oi fest report.

words and pictures by jake roadhouse



The sleepy little suburb of Mesa, Arizona was rudely awakened on May 5th and 6th by the arrival of 12 Oi bands and the 250 or so skinheads that came to see them. Billed as the "Showdown in the Southwest", it was a long-awaited manifestation of the current Oi scene's nationwide comraderie, which had previously been displayed mainly through the Internet, fanzines, and record sales. At last bands from all parts of the country would be playing together. There have already been some smaller Oi festivals where bands from, say, the Eastern Seaboard would gig together in a beer-soaked frenzy, but never had all four time zones in the country been represented in such force.

As skinheads gathered in the alley where the entrance to the club was, the afternoon slowly rolled by. Bands began to show up to load their gear and talk to fans, who were slowly but surely growing in number. Skinheads from as far away as Milwaukee, New York, and Michigan intermingled with others from places like Utah, Kansas, and California. Any concerns regarding political posturing were quickly dispelled after the one nazi who showed up ended up a bloody mess. This bonehead had the gall to stalk through a crowd of about forty skinheads with his tattoos celebrating and displaying the likes of Adolph Hitler, swastikas, and other stupid shit like that. At the end of the line was Berlin of the SGV Unity crew from the San Gabriel Valley in California, who smacked that white power skin so hard that he could barely wobble his way back onto two

feet. A boot then went into his face before the bouncers rushed forward to prevent mob justice. There was a collective acknowledgment amongst those gathered around that this was how the festival's patrons were going to handle any further incidents of this nature.

As early evening approached, the crowd finished their beers outside and began to wander inside the Nile Theater. A high-ceilinged, rectangular club with a capacity of about 600, the Nile would prove to be way too big for this festival. It also soon became apparent that there were two other significant drawbacks to the Nile's arrangements: the first was that there was no beer served inside, and the second was that there were no ins and outs. People were naturally quite



Festival organizer Mike Fatskin:
Keeping the yobs entertained in Arizona, of all places...

pissed off about both of these things, but fortunately there were some excellent bands that soothed some of their riled-up emotions.

As people began to filter into the club they were greeted by one of the two Atlanta bands on the bill for that night, Terminus City. They played about a half hour set, a decent one I might add, which included their rousing num-

ber "Back Seat". I was familiar with this song due to its inclusion on a 7" that came with an issue of the *American Upstart* zine. Terminus City have been around for about a year and a half now, and their performance showed them to be a practiced outfit, but for some reason the crowd's response was not too remarkable. They should have a split 7" out

with the Main Street Saints on Flat Records pretty soon, and at present also have a split 7" with the Bloody Sods.

The next band to go on, the Subway Thugs, were actually from Canada. Few people in the crowd seemed to be that familiar with them, but the audience was nonetheless generally receptive to their Canadian visitors.

A couple of people danced but unfortunately something of a frenzy was catalyzed when the band threw some stickers out into the

of the guitar players from the Subway Thugs, has a powerful voice that some may recognize from his old band, the Glory Stompers.



Look! Estrogen!: The eight female attendees mug (or try to figure out ways to avoid) the intrepid lens of Mister Roadhouse.

thinly-spread crowd. That was yet another indication of the fact that Oi bands are better suited to smaller bars and pubs than to great big box-like places. The Nile's spaciousness would continually detract from what was otherwise a succession of spirited acts giving their best on stage. Greg, the singer and one

However, the Subway Thugs are far better than that band ever was. Check out their full length on Oink records.

A sizeable entourage of bootboys had traveled from Kansas in support of the next band to go on, the Main Street Saints, who were the first really kickass unit of the night.

The crowd responded to their blend of traditional American rock 'n' roll and the English sing-a-long pub rock style. The Nile started to get a real dance mania going when they closed out their set with a bastardized version of Cock Sparrer's song "England Belongs to Me", which they renamed "K.C. Belongs to Me". They had some friends up on stage singing, and I observed members of other bands who were playing the festival that weekend stop what they were doing and take notice of what had become a real force up on stage. This was probably the point in the festival when the largest number of people were in attendance, but those numbers would unfortunately decline slowly as the night wore on even though the talent level would improve.

After a brief break the hometown heroes got up to strut their stuff. Phoenix's one and only Fatskins got the crowd into it as they plowed through their set. At one point a small scuffle broke out between two guys, but it was only a small distraction from a set that featured a number of great songs, including "Johnny on the Spot", "Fencewalker", and a cover of the Oppressed's "Riot". The Fatskins were even joined by Jeff from the band 90 Proof on some vocals. Unfortunately this set was lead singer Mike Fatskin's and drummer Wayne's

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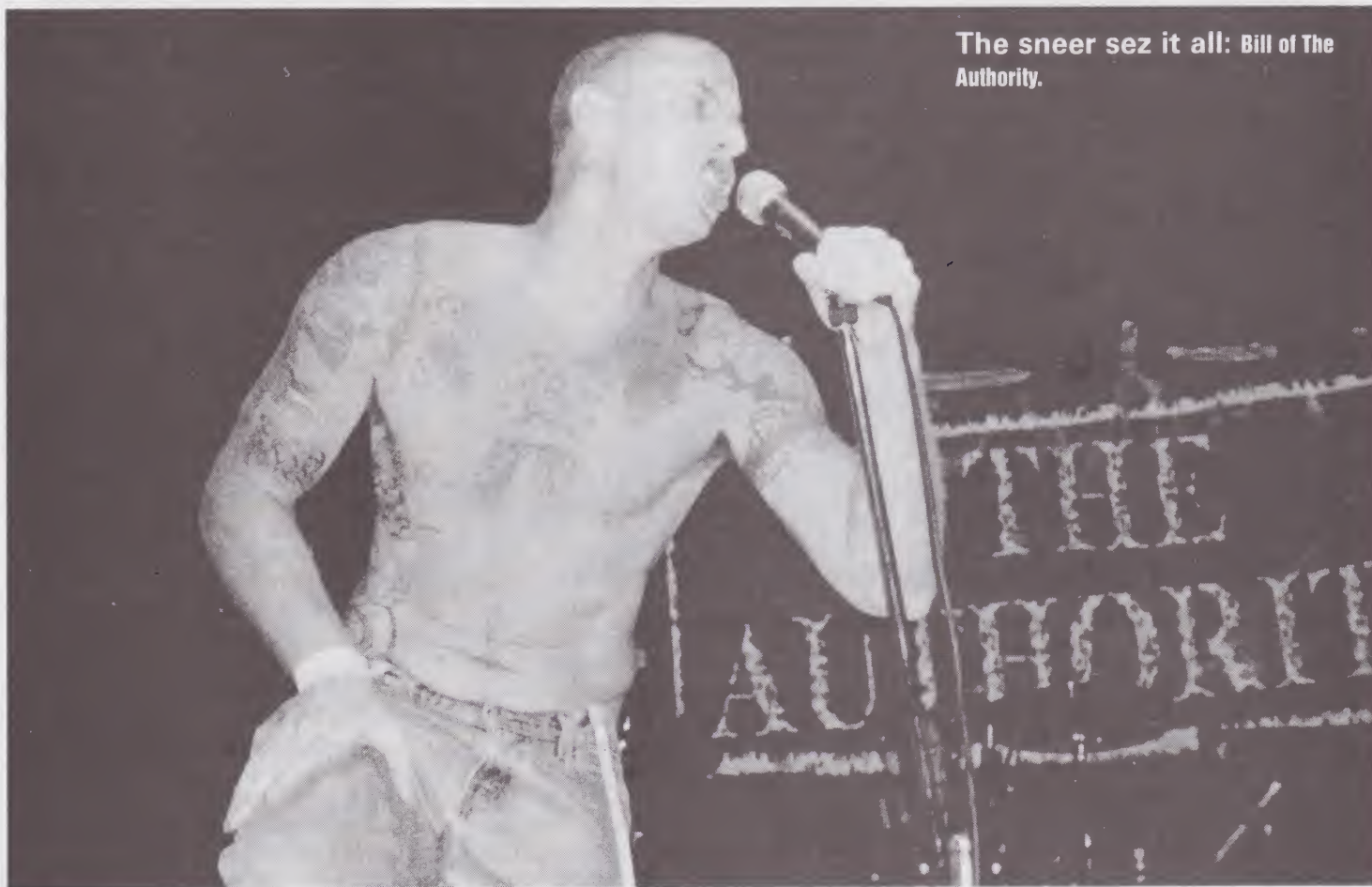
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last show with the band. But the Fatskins will continue on, and none of the members' departures was due to any bad blood. Their replacements are longtime friends of the band, so the legacy of solid American Fatskin

ly had been the song of choice, and it's one of the cuts off their latest album, but Carl had been unable to duplicate the solo to his satisfaction. During the Templars' set something was taking place outside the Nile which some

about fifty or so people inside who were ready and able to watch them. They fired off one of their usual great sets, with Mark Noah giving it his all, but even they seemed to be in a state of disbelief. Here they were, play-



The sneer sez it all: Bill of The Authority.

Oi will continue. Mike Fatskin was also the guy that put this whole festival together. At great financial risk to himself, he rented out the Nile and flew out the three top acts for the two nights: Oxblood, the Anti-Heros, and the Templars.

Last year in Phoenix a bunch of people had chipped in enough money to get the Templars out to play in a tiny club called the Mason Jar. Apparently it was quite a success, and at that point it was the furthest west that the Templars had ever played, a record that was recently broken by their visit to the San Francisco Bay Area (see *Hit List* # 2). This year they were once again flown out to play their set, each from their respective cities in the U.S.—Carl from Seattle, Perry from Chicago, and Phil from New York. They played their current set which I'd already seen three times before (as it has very few variations), but as usual it was incredible. They played their theme song "The Templars" twice because one of the songs on their set list was not ready to be played live given the small amount of rehearsal time that they had been afforded. "These Four Walls" apparent-

people made the mistake of deeming more interesting, because suddenly a bunch of audience members started running out of the club. The reason this was such a bad mistake

ing at this huge hall which had only been half full with to begin with, and now it was almost completely deserted. Although their set really rocked, it was hard not to notice that the

Since a considerable number of people had run out of the club to do whatever, there seemed to be only about fifty or so people inside who were ready and able to watch [the Anti Heros].

was that the Anti-Heros were coming on next, and those who had left were unable to get back in.

As a result, the Anti-Heros did not have the sizeable audience that one would expect from a band of their stature. Since a considerable number of people had run out of the club to do whatever, there seemed to be only

usual give-and-take of audience participation, however sincere, was lacking in size and intensity. The Anti-Heros should be putting out a new album any day now, and hopefully when they blow through your town on the "Social Chaos" tour they will be greeted with a more sizeable reception.

All in all the first night of the Oi festival

was marked by both failures and successes. With some great bands playing some great sets, and a decent number of fans who were completely into it, I felt that I was witness to an exciting night. But the detractors of Oi were provided with some more ammunition to justify their hostility and contempt. Let's be honest, though. If no alcohol is served to patrons, any rock 'n' roll show can suffer, and

nobody knew exactly what to expect from the next band. People had been referring to them as Carl Templar's glam band, but that really didn't clear things up. When they took the stage, though, I finally got it. They are called the Butchers, and that day they stole the audience's collective heart. First of all, they were a drunken mess. Second, the lead singer announced that they were probably

mid-80s. The Butchers fucking oozed rock 'n' roll like they knew the history of it. God only knows how many times these guys have listened to bands like Radio Birdman and the Stooges instead of the Last Resort and Condemned 84. The bass player was so drunk I almost belted him backstage for being a dumbass, and the lead singer almost belted him onstage a half hour later for being a dumbass. The Butchers ruled, and everybody gave them a hearty round of applause after the lead singer apologized from the stage for giving such a lackluster performance. Look for them to never make it to your town.

Not to be outdone, though, were a string of California bands that followed the drunken bastards from Seattle. The first of these was Bovver Wonderland, who were playing their first show in about a year. It was a solid set from this three piece that had the smaller Sunday audience dancing, something that no one had done during the sets of the previous two bands. I don't know if they will be playing more gigs or not, or if this was just a one-off set to celebrate the festival, but hopefully there is more to come out of this group, which has actually been around for some time now. Bass player, vocalist, and tattoo artist Stan Corona was not only the driving force behind them, but also one of the main players in the band that followed them, Fully Loaded. When Bovver Wonderland finished their set Stan just pretty much stayed on stage, waiting for Fully Loaded to assemble.

It seems that Fully Loaded has a bit of a



Mods, Skins and Hooligans: Backstage with the Subway Thugs.

if there is a big enough distraction that causes everyone to leave, such as a fight of some kind, that can also ruin an otherwise good show. Despite these problems, this was in general a fun night. People were pretty well-behaved and, in true DIY fashion, bands that had previously had little exposure outside of their own locales got a chance to blow some of the big boys on the block off the stage. Maybe all the money that customers would have been spent on beer ended up in the bands' pockets through T-shirt and record sales, which might have kept everybody involved from losing their shirts. Besides, there was still one more night to go.

The next day some record stores and vintage clothing shops were frequented by skinheads, but that was probably the extent of the damage that members of the crowd did to Mesa that weekend. Only those skinheads that managed to get off of work on Monday were probably able to stay around and attend the Sunday show. Yet although this show was also somewhat sparsely attended, it was as successful as the one the night before. The only shitty band of the entire festival kicked off Sunday's event. They were called Southpaw, and I did not like them. Out of New Mexico they came, and back again they'll go. Even their cover of the 4 Skin's "Chaos" was in my opinion substandard, and I have seen more than my fair share of bands covering that song. Fortunately they were only on for about thirty minutes.

I was really excited to see the next band, who were supposed to be really...well,

the biggest disappointment one would ever see. Third, they played with such spirit that it was contagious. With an American flag draped in the background and covers like "Cranked Up Really High" by Slaughter and the Dogs and a twisted version of the Heartbreakers' "Chinese Rock", which they turned into "Plastic Cock", they could have sold me every piece of merchandise that had

The bass player was so drunk I almost belted him backstage for being a dumbass, and the lead singer almost belted him onstage a half hour later for being a dumbass.

their name on it. The beauty of this band is that they'll be lucky if a demo tape ever even gets released. Apparently, when Carl Templar moved to Seattle to go to UW, these guys approached him to join their band. He agreed, knowing full well that he would have a blast being in a band whose models were the most undistilled rock groups ever to come out of the genre of punk. The balls-to-the-wall traditional rock bands like the Ramones and the Heartbreakers have long been heroes of Carl's, along with Snix, Criminal Class, and other semi-obscure foreign Oi bands from the

lineup change now. They still have Adrian on vocals and Stan on bass, but Bill is no longer on guitar, as he is now the lead singer for the Authority, who came on next. I also can't seem to remember if it was still Mike on drums or if Lou from Bovver Wonderland was on them that night, but the point is that Fully Loaded's lineup is a bit different now. They still play that unmistakable brand of Southern California Oi, though. Their set featured "Skinheads Forever" and "Kaos On The Run" in it, and they also did a fucking excellent version of

Skrewdriver's "Back with a Bang". This last song really got the place moving, and a bunch of people jumped on stage to sing along (including a few black skinheads, you PC idiots). At the end of the song Phil Templar remarked with a grin that what everyone had just heard was actually called "Black with a Bang". Hopefully, both Fully Loaded and Bovver Wonderland will someday emerge from their usual haunts and take their brand of Oi on the road.

The last California band on the bill were the Authority from Orange County, who took the stage next. Alas, they were unable to

play it well. The Nile may have been boxy and empty, but the sound was crisp and the behavior of those who just stood near the back like zombies was simply inexcusable. This was an Oi festival, damn it, not a museum attraction.

It was then announced that Sacramento's Pressure Point had cancelled. They had been scheduled to go on next, but apparently at the last minute they could not make the trip down. Many patrons at the event were quite bummed out about that, including me, but since I see Pressure Point all the time it was just one less band between me

"Working Class Hell". During the set there were a few madmen who were stagediving with their shirts off and Mexican wrestling masks on. Both the band and the audience were in hysterics. Phil Templar was on drums, and aside from a few false starts and some fucked-up guitar parts, the set was more than worth the reasonable price of admission. They did a cover of Sham 69's "We Got a Fight", and since they had no more songs left for an encore, they performed "Traitor" again with the house lights on.

Overall the festival was a success, in the



This ain't Hawaii: The Main Street Saints in action.

keep the earlier spirit alive. The crowd just didn't seem to respond to their energetic set. Lead singer Bill (the former guitarist of Fully Loaded) has an excellent stage presence, and you could tell he was fucking pissed about how lackluster the audience response was. He eventually did some of his singing on the dance floor, giving the finger to those who stood near the back just staring. With a new album coming out soon on Outsider Records the band was really pumped up before their set, and long maintained their tenacity in the face of the crowd's apathy, but by the end they were visibly disappointed. The crowd just dropped the ball. Maybe it was heat exhaustion, maybe everybody was just saving his or her energy for the headlining act, but the Authority themselves were certainly not at fault. Their music is good, and they

and headliners Oxblood, the main attraction of the festival for me. Seeing the Templars play outside New York, or seeing those Southern California bands play without a Los Angeles-style skinhead riot were nice attractions, but it was Oxblood that motivated me and my buddies to make a road trip to Arizona in the first place. Oxblood were given the VIP treatment of being flown out (along with the Anti-Heros and the Templars), so they were probably just as excited to be there as were the people that had stuck around all weekend to see them.

Mac and the guys got on stage and burned through their set, playing almost everything from their "6 Hard Years" album (Punkcore Records). The classics were blasted out one after another, including "Our Colors", "Justice", and "Oxblood"; the only song that I don't recall them playing was

sense that everyone had a good time. As a financial venture, however, it proved to be a miserable failure. There was a decent turnout, but according to Mike Fatskin more Phoenix locals should have shown up. The inability to buy alcohol and the no ins and outs policy both put a damper on the situation, but there were not that many fights and admission to the shows didn't cost an arm and a leg. Was it an important chapter in American Oi history? I don't know about that, but I will say that when I got back to San Francisco a bunch of my friends were so upset that they hadn't gone that they didn't even want to hear anything about it. Fuck 'em, they should have gone and seen it for themselves. A large shout out is owed to Mike Fatskin and all the bands that played. Hopefully, the Arizona event was only the first of many Oi fests. ⊕



hot water music

no division

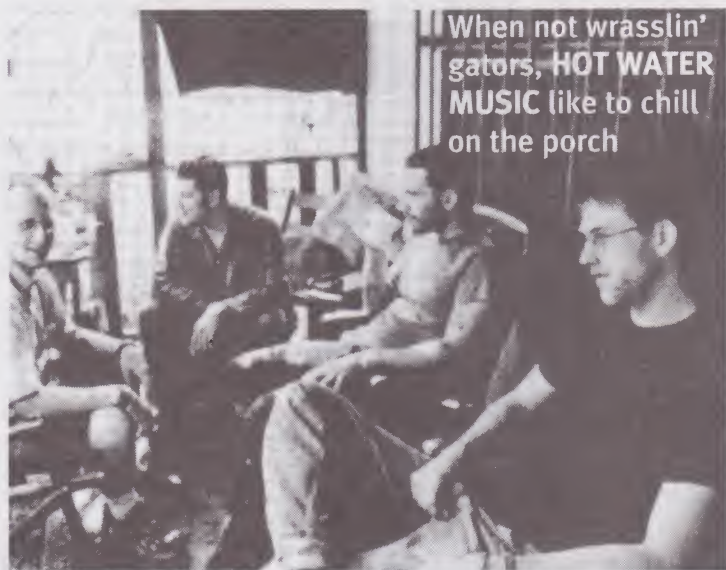
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I had just finished reviewing a record that I thought was one of the better ones in this issue. I gave it a good review, and felt quite confident about it. Yet as soon as I was done writing my review, I selected Black Flag's "First Four Years" CD to play while I typed my handwritten reviews into the computer. This fucking record absolutely blows my mind. It made me realize that the record I'd just given a rave review to was little more than a second rate platter. I then began to wonder whether all the records that we rave about nowadays are actually that



When not wrasslin' gators, **HOT WATER MUSIC** like to chill on the porch

So the question is, are we now regularly settling for less? Are we simply making the best out of a bad situation? I received a Fat Wreck Chords compilation the other day entitled "Short Music For Short People", which is comprised of 101 30-second songs. Bands on the comp include...well, let's just say that it's only missing Electric Frankenstein, Divit, and a few others. This is brilliantly marketed as "the only comp featuring every band". I have always been a fan of quick little blast-in-the-face type songs, as they usually tend to be quite a bit more aggressive than longer songs. Hence I thought this comp was based on a great idea, and I absolutely loved the finished product when I finally got it in my hands (especially after hearing that Mike had been



working on this thing for well over a year now, and imagining what it must be like to try and get 101 bands, each with 4-5 disorganized punks, to submit stuff on time). I even found myself enjoying bands that I usually don't enjoy, and heard a lot of bands that I wasn't too familiar

good, or whether they are simply pieces of corn in the buckets full of crap that come rolling through here. Are we calling them gold because of their actual lustre, or simply because they stand out in a deep brown background? I know Jeff argued in his last column that there were just as many good records coming out nowadays as there ever were, but every time I go over to his house or we hang out and listen to music, out come the old records (with the exception of the new Turbonegro LP, the Suicide Kings' LP, and the two Loli & the Chones' albums, which he loves). Personally, I can't think of a single punk album that we have received in the last year here at *Hit List* that stands up to some of the early LA punk stuff, much less a rock 'n' roll record as solid as "Young, Loud & Snotty". Granted, I've accumulated 20 years' worth of back catalog punk records in which to find amazing records, and among them there are obviously classic items that greatly overshadow anything that might have come in this year. And it might not be fair compare some random new 7" to the first Black Flag EP, one of the greatest punk records of all time, but it just seems that in general the stuff that came out back then was way more aggressive and way more in your face than what I'm hearing now. Let's call that "punk", shall we?



GIMME GIMME GIMME, I need some hardcore: Black Flag in the time

with before. I was starting to think that a lot of these groups were really good, and then along came track 67, Black Flag's "Spray Paint". Although this comp inaccurately claims to feature "every band" on it, ALL of those that actually are on it managed to get their asses kicked by a single song from 1984. (In case you're starting to think that I'm unfairly comparing everything to Black Flag, it should be pointed out that the second best track on that comp is a Circle Jerks song

from the same era, which just confirms my point).

How is it that these songs STILL stand out as the gems? Recently I went and saw Me First & The Gimme Gimme's—Dear Lookout, please notice the correct spelling of "Gimme"—at a club. I think that they are not only a great band, but also have a great concept. They take all these classic rock songs from the '70s and punk them out (I'm not sure why I felt it necessary to describe them to you. Based on their record sales, I don't think that there are too many people out there who don't already know about them). They played this great set, loaded as can be and dressed up like characters from different musicals (I must admit that Joey from Lagwagon made a pretty damn good lookin' Annie, and



imagine my surprise when Dorothy from Kansas played the second half of their set without a shirt on). After they finished their set and were about to leave the stage, and someone started playing "The Money Will Roll Right In" by Fang. Fuck, did that sound great! Where are those great songs nowadays? How many of the records that are coming out now are going to be pulled out twenty years later by some kid who says, "wow, this was an amazing record"? The new Pennywise release? Doubtful. The new Queers record? Not likely. No, kids will still be pullin' out their old Ramones records.

Of course, a few more recent bands will achieve a similar status, since they are

Good Things (I think):

There's a new TOILET BOYS out, and it fucking kicks ass. Yeah, it's on my label, and I don't fucking care what you think about me praising it. NOW GO BUY IT, MOTHERFUCKER! There's a new DAMNED 7" on Sudden Death Records with a great version of the SEX PISTOLS' "Pretty Vacant" on the B-side. If you're into great pop punk stuff, check out anything on the Crackle record label. They are

over in the UK, but all their stuff is available through Mutant Pop here in the states. Please check this month's review section for reviews all of the Crackle stuff. You won't be sorry. The new SF REDUCERS full length is another smoker. What label is it on—TK fuckin' O, of course. You need to check their shit out. AMERICAN STEEL also just released a great 7" on Cheetah's Records entitled "Every New Morning". Fans of CRIMPSHRINE (minus their asshole singer) should check this one out, as it



STAND TOGETHER: Jawbreaker's Blake Schwarzenbach and inset, Hot Water Music's Chuck Ragan

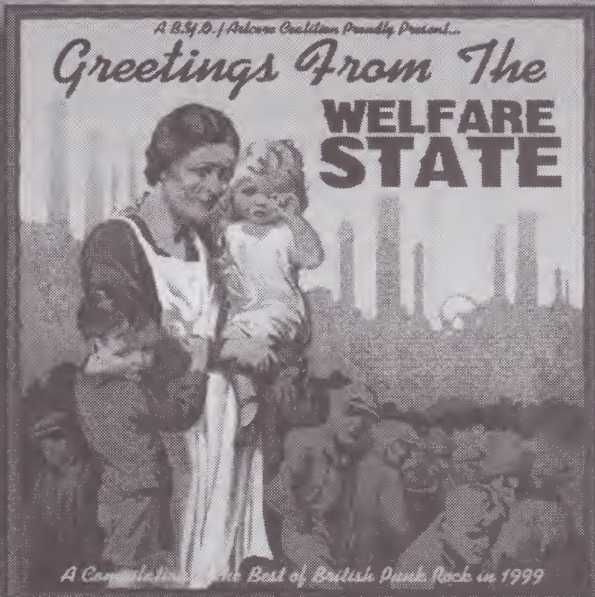
equally intense in terms of what they do. Take Hot Water Music or Avail, for example, whose records will definitely stand

the test of time as great punk records. Jawbreaker will still get pulled out in the future, even though they weren't a punk band and didn't make punk records. (Nor did they try to be or claim to be. As Blake put it, "You're not punk, and I'm telling everyone, save your breath, I never was one.") But they were fucking great. I'm curious to see whether NOFX stands the test of time, although I honestly believe that their earlier records (e.g., "Ribbed" or "White Trash...") will remain perennial favorites. But if only four or five bands from this decade are that good, and we get between 300-400 records an issue, I still have to wonder if we're settling for less.



should be their last record to come out before their big Lookout debut. Good luck. HOT WATER MUSIC (if you haven't heard them yet, they are what I believe to be a perfect marriage between Avail and Jawbreaker) just released two new 7"ers on No Idea

Records, entitled "Moments Pass", and "Where We Belong". I believe that these two 7"ers are also available on one CD. This would be a great cheap way to check out what will soon become your new favorite band. And one final thing. John Yates (design guru/god) is putting and end to his Allied Records label, which managed to bless this world with 100 great releases. I wish that Allied could stay around, but I am more grateful for the simple fact that it existed. By the way, Allied's last release is a JAWBREAKER 12" with unreleased tracks that's limited to only 210 copies, and it fucking rules. Good luck hunting it down, though, as this is one record that will definitely be being pulled out 20 years from now. †



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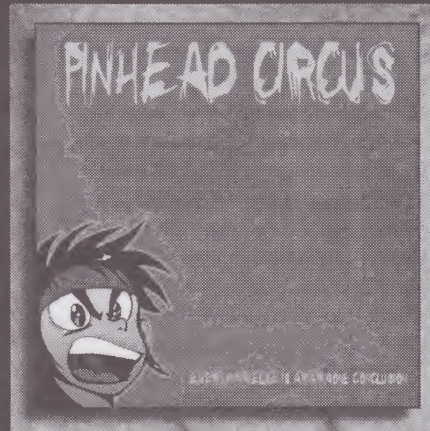
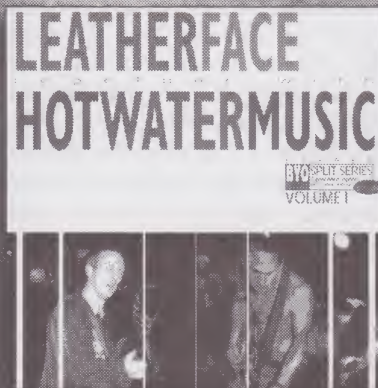
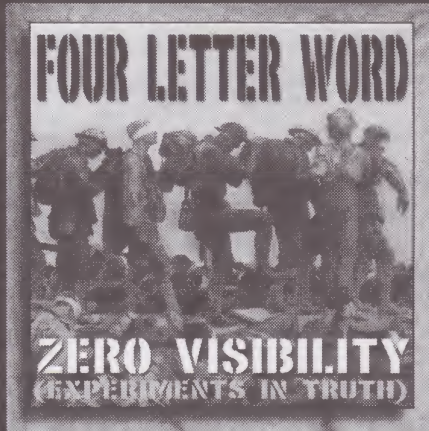


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HIT SQUAD

Playing At The End of The World: Adventures in Vandalism and Sabotage

Sabotage and vandalism are probably the most reviled tools among so-called "serious revolutionaries". They provoke a sense of "irresponsibility". They are a sign of irresponsible kids playing at being revolutionaries. And everyone knows revolution is no laughing matter, right?

Who says? I know I didn't sign any

also says sweet nothings like "And you don't even know who did this, motherfucker, ha ha ha." That, and the simple but poignant "Fuck You". Sabotage and vandalism are creative since the only limits on them lie in your own imaginations. Best of all, they're fun.

And because the "occupied territory" is everywhere, the terrain of our revolt can be everywhere too! Just think. Endless opportunities for our playful destruction! Since we don't have to respect the limits imposed on us, our play can be limitless. Now doesn't THAT sound like big fun?

frank•discussion

contract to that effect. Did you? In fact, I've found that once that sense of malicious playfulness is lost, so is any real revolt. Revolt is NOT another job, to be worked and toiled at until you're too old to be useful to yourself or anybody else. Revolt is NOT measured in how much suffering you've been through or what you've given up for that revolt.

In fact, a revolt comes to a crashing halt as soon as it becomes necessary for you to be sacrificed to it. Any revolt measured by what you have to give up is nothing but the recreation of the Old World we are out to destroy. After all, what is revolt through self-sacrifice except the same old decrepit work ethic dressed up in revolutionary clothes? It is rubbish promoted by people who only want to be your new bosses. All they want to do is change the signs to read "Under New Management". Personally, I vastly prefer "Everything Must Go". And you?

So. What do YOU want? If a revolution doesn't exist to fulfill YOUR desires and YOUR needs, then WHOSE desires and needs is it being designed to fulfill? Some fuckhead in the RCP, or the SWP or...Of course, the same people who want to sacrifice you to THEIR revolution are the very same folks who don't want you to enjoy doing it. It must be a job, not an adventure. Of course these are usually the same folks that organize protest marches. You know, the ones where they aren't even in power yet but have already organized their own cops. Oh, but they're sure to call them "monitors".

On the other hand, let's look at the fine arts of Sabotage and Vandalism. These twin arts say "I'm in contempt of you" and "look asshole, my toys can break your tools", and perhaps most importantly "I'm PLAYING at your downfall". It

And the unexpected routes this all can take can be endlessly entertaining as well. For example, you can probably imagine how much fun it was putting together the little stickers that said "Vandalism: Beautiful As A Rock In A Cop's Face". What would cops think when they saw these little bits of joy and beauty while on their beat? I hope they found them inspiring. But it doesn't end there.

One night after the local boys won the Super Bowl, I went out to see what kind of subtle joys I could encounter...or cause. I saw all the cops lined up for "crowd control". That wasn't too much fun. But a couple of blocks away what did I see but a big bunch of cop cars, all lined up begging me to decorate them. And who was I to refuse? Sooooo...I took out a bunch of those "Vandalism" stickers and put them on the cops' own bumpers! I assure you, I was laughing all the way home that night, thinking about dozens of cops all advertising their own destruction. I slept well that night, with visions of burning cop cars dancing in my head. But it didn't even end there. SIX MONTHS later I spied a cop car driving by. And what did the bumper say? Why "Vandalism: Beautiful As A Rock In A Cop's Face", of course! It also said "I'm a cop and I'm so stooooopid that I STILL haven't seen this on my own fucking bumper."

You see, acts of sabotage and vandalism are innately creative and help to turn life into an adventure! An adventure where you REALLY don't know what's next. And let's face it, it sure as hell beats handing out xeroxed pamphlets of meaningless dead jargon to workers outside of their factories. In fact, it can be more fun than stealing a six pack of beer!

So please remember the immortal words from "It's a Wonderful Life": "Every time an act of sabotage is committed an angel gets his wings." OK, maybe those aren't the EXACT words Jimmy Stewart used. So sue me. ☺

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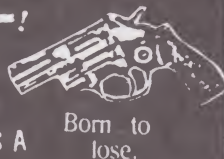
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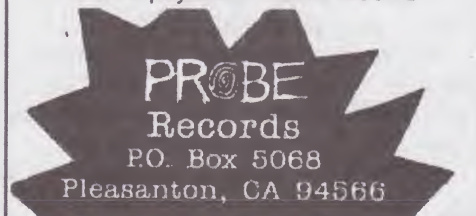
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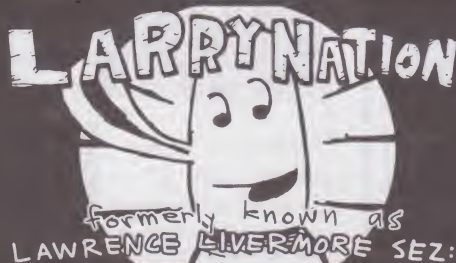
HIT SQUAD

History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.
— Stephen Dedalus

*I opened up my eyes to find
That history had surely made me blind...*
— Me

When Jeff invited me to write for *Hit List*, he made it clear what he wanted. And what he didn't want. "Write anything you like," he said, "except, of course, fiction or poetry."

With that in mind, let me point out that the rhyming lines above are NOT poetry, but a song lyric. I'll leave it to someone else to decide what the difference is between song lyrics and poetry. Personally, I was kind of insulted that Jeff would consider me capable of committing poetry, let alone attempting to



publish it in a national magazine.

Fiction, though, that's a bit different. I'm sure what he meant is that he didn't want moony-eyed romantic maunderings cluttering up the hard-hitting, facts-based insight into modern music and culture that *Hit List* is meant to be. Or something like that...

But really... A common understanding of the difference between "fiction" and "nonfiction" is that one is not true and the other is. Leading me to ask: do you seriously believe everything you read in these pages? Is every band as great as they say they are? Is every record as "essential" or "horrible" as the review claims? Is every male columnist's penis as enormous, engorged, and constantly engaged as he might lead you to believe?

I'm interested in the line between truth and fiction and how it blurs, particularly with regard to history. Why might that be? Perhaps because I'm getting old, perhaps because of the expiring century/millennium, perhaps because it's one of the few things I was naturally good at in school.

No, come to think of it, it's probably just that I'm old. The majority of my life is history now. Some of you kids are already having to study the stuff I was doing when I was your age. Sorry about that.

History is not a popular subject, but it might be less unpopular

if people saw it differently. To most of us, history is a deadly dull collection of dates and geezers in funny costumes that we have to remember long enough to pass an exam. Few of us think of history as something we have the power to create and to change.

But we do. We make history in two ways: first, through the things we think, say and do, and then again, through the stories we tell (or make up) about it afterward. It doesn't matter whether we're Aaron Cometbus or Bill Clinton or Spike Anarkie or little Johnny Snotrag from Walnut Creek. First we set off to do things that seem important or interesting, whether it's taking a dumpster tour of America, bombing (or bonking) anything that moves, slamming 40s and breaking glass, or spare changing outside of Gilman. Then we spend the rest of our lives persuading the world (and perhaps most importantly, ourselves) that what we did really was that important and interesting.

Of course the rest of the world can choose whether or not to listen, which is its own way of helping to make history. Jack Kerouac, aka the Aaron Cometbus of the 1950s, couldn't have so definitively put his stamp on the Beat Generation if millions of readers hadn't been willing to take his word that things really were the way he said.

And of course they weren't. Kerouac's books put a hyper-romantic gloss on an era and movement that wasn't all that glamorous. Many of the people he writes about (himself included) died premature, shabby deaths; many more lingered on through squalid lives of alcoholism or drug addiction; the majority grew up, got jobs, and went back to a semi-normal existence.

But the Beat Generation lives on nonetheless. Every year a new crop of starry-eyed teenagers picks up *On The Road* or *The Dharma Bums* and says, "Man, I'm going to live like that. No more of this standardized, suburbanized, pre-packaged and commodified existence. I'm going to get out there and have a life that's real."

So off they go, trying to make their lives more real by emulating a work of fiction. As Oscar Wilde liked to say, life imitates art more than the other way around. And more power to them; while most of them will make asses of themselves and end, if they're lucky, by having to wire mom and dad for bus fare home, centuries of living according to "the facts" handed down by religion, state, and science hasn't left us sitting in the catbird seat either.

But I'd better shut up about the 1950s and the Beat Generation, because while I'm old enough to remember that time, I wasn't old enough to participate in it the way I did in the next couple of social movements. Though I fear I'll become my

enemy in the instant that I speak (semi-obscure Dylan reference, special prize for anyone under 40 who can spot it), I'm better qualified to talk about the hippies and the punks.

The hippies didn't have a Kerouac (or anyone else who could stay off drugs long enough to string a few coherent sentences together), so what we know about them depends on the garbled rantings preserved in underground newspapers and rock lyrics or (worse) the self-congratulatory nostalgia of smug, pony-tailed 50-somethings who never miss an opportunity to remind you of how they single-handedly stopped the war, brought about racial equality and sexual liberation, and dragged the grey-flannel, black and white

***As Oscar Wilde liked to say,
life imitates art more than
the other way around.***

world of the 1950s kicking and screaming into the 20th century.

The trouble is, it's mostly a lie. A bright, shining lie, to borrow a phrase from one 60s historian, but face it: any social movement spawned by people who voluntarily went about in floral print bell-bottoms is hard to take seriously. Anyway, the Vietnam War stopped when middle class Americans and their political representatives got sick of paying for it, race relations are in some ways worse than ever, and while women are earning more and doing jobs they once weren't allowed to do, they're still getting raped and beaten and treated as though their prime purpose in existing is to serve as a vehicle for male sexual fantasies.

Perhaps I'm overplaying the role of Mr. Negative here. Some things are better now than they were when I was a kid, and certainly the fact that the 60s generation refused to go along with the old program helped to speed the changes I've seen. So did boring old things like economics and technology and cultural geography, but I risk losing the point, which is that while the 60s social and political movements were undeniably important, most of what we know about them is wrong.

Ultimately what seems to matter is not whether the story is true or false, but whether it's a good story. You can see how it works in politics: nobody believes what Bill Clinton says, but they like him anyway, because he tells it so well. Most of us can see something of ourselves in him, the way we're constantly doing dumb things and then falling all over ourselves to explain how we meant to do that.

All right, all right, you say, but fuck Bill Clinton, this is *Hit List*. When are you going to get to the punk stuff?

Right about now... see, a couple months ago I took a trip to Berkeley, which is where I spent most of my hippie and punk years. When I got off BART in downtown Berkeley, I had a bit of a time warp experience. Scattered up and down Shattuck Avenue (Berkeley's main shopping street, for all you foreigners) were kids who looked like they could be on their way to Gilman Street to see Operation Ivy in 1988.

Only these kids weren't putting up flyers or working on their fanzines or even organizing a trip down to the railroad tracks to drink some beer; they were sitting on their asses asking for money. And after I'd spent a few days in Berkeley, it became obvious that sitting on their asses asking for money was pretty much all they ever did.

What's wrong with a little panhandling, you ask? After all, everybody's got to start somewhere. But it wasn't the panhandling that was weirding me out; during the almost 30 years I've lived in Berkeley, begging has become one of the city's principal industries. No, it was the way that a costume and a style that once meant "punk rock, creative, exciting" now meant something completely different,

LARRY LIVERMORE

namely, "bum."

I also found (nothing new here, either) the citizens of Berkeley deeply divided over today's version of street culture. The city was cracking down on people, busting them for lying or sitting on the sidewalk, drug dealing, probably even for bad attitudes. Many old-time Berkeleyans were happy to see this, feeling that the city had become more of a shithole than even the legendarily tolerant ex-hippies could put up with.

Others, needless to say, felt differently. Writing in *Punk Planet*, Ben Sizemore (Ben Econochrist, as you old-schoolers will know him), denounced the "criminalization of homeless kids," and tied it into the overall gentrification of the Bay Area.

He's right, of course, at least about gentrification. The San Francisco Bay Area is one of the most desirable places to live in America, and is awash with money, thanks to the economic boom of recent years. With Silicon Valley and its related technologies creating new millionaires every day, rents are going up far faster than punk rock kids on minimum wage jobs can hope to keep up with.

But as language often does, Ben's choice of words obscures as much as it reveals, and what it does reveal isn't always helpful. Take "criminalization," for example. What it implies is that something formerly not a crime is now being made a crime. Not too many of us would be in favor of that, right? After all, what might they criminalize next, breathing?

What he means, though, is that police are enforcing laws, whether new or old, against certain behavior that the majority of the community finds objectionable. They haven't made it against the

law to be homeless or a kid, they've told people they can't behave in a certain way on public streets, the same way someone is not entitled to run a red light, regardless of his housing status.

Then there's "homeless kids." Now who could be against homeless kids? The words evoke images of Kosovo refugee children, helplessly looking on as their whole world is destroyed. But the "homeless kids" on Telegraph don't fit neatly into one heart-breaking bundle. Is that kid over there a victim of abuse or a broken home or of the globalization of capital? Or is it just little Johnny Snotrag from Walnut Creek, who's decided cadging spare change from gullible Berkeley liberals is more fun than putting up with Mom and Dad and boring schoolwork? Not to mention that some of those "kids" are easily pushing 30.

The thing is, there's no way of knowing without dealing with every case individually, so instead we reduce everything, ourselves included, to categories and images and slogans. Punks are sup-

Is that kid over there a victim of abuse or a broken home or of the globalization of capital? Or is it just little Johnny Snotrag from Walnut Creek, who's decided cadging spare change from gullible Berkeley liberals is more fun than putting up with Mom and Dad and boring schoolwork?

HIT SQUAD

posed to be left-wing and anti-authoritarian, so there's a natural tendency to suppose anything the police do is bad and anything that punks do is good. Anyone with an age or IQ much over 16 knows that's not really true, but we're victims of our own history.

Something else was going on in Berkeley: the annual spring protest. Most of the steam has gone out of this in recent years, but for as long as I can remember, a bunch of UC students have occupied a building or rallied in Sproul Plaza in support of or opposition to one thing or another. I mean, they're Berkeley students, right? They've got history to live up to.

This year it was the turn of something called the Third World Liberation Front. I almost choked on my split pea soup when I heard this. The TWLF? The same bunch of dingbats and racists who had done their best to destroy higher education in the Bay Area 30 years ago? Well, not the same exact ones, but a reincarnation of same. And supporting them were some of the brightest and most idealistic students I knew.

"They went on a hunger strike," Brandon said excitedly. "That's got to mean something, if you'll starve yourself for what you believe."

Anorexics do the same thing every day, I argued, and nobody assumes they're political geniuses. In my none too humble opinion, the so-called Third World Liberation Front is a backwards-looking attempt to revive one of the most disastrous ideas of the 60s and 70s, the one that says people of certain races or cultures don't need to adhere to the same standards of scholarship that people of other races and cultures do. It's educational apartheid: it creates college graduates and professors whose main - sometimes only - qualifica-

tions are their skin color and their political beliefs.

It's a slap in the face of every student who ever worked his or her ass off to get into a university like Berkeley, and especially insulting to those minority students who got there through their own talents, because it implies that black and brown students have neither the ability nor the desire to be engineers or historians or psychologists or physicists. "Oh, you're African-American? Well, you must be here to study Applied Blackness with a minor in Advanced Pseudo-Political Jargon."

Still, how could I argue with the many Berkeley students who passionately supported this cause? Certainly I've supported, with at least equal passion, some pretty wacked-out causes in my own time. And it's hard not to admire idealism in the young, though it might do to remember that the Hitler Youth were quite idealistic, too.

I want to blame it all on the past, or a misreading of the past, or a linguistic muddle that turns potentially meaningful rhetoric into misleading bafflegab. I want to blame it on Howard Zinn, who pompously labels his personal polemic as "The People's History of the United States," thereby implying that anyone else's version is The Corporate History or The Brainwashed Wage Slave's History. I want to blame it on Noam Chomsky, who I've decided is little more than Spike Anarkie with a PhD., who doesn't seem to have ever written anything that isn't a polysyllabic version of, "Dude, the system sucks, and society is fucked, too."

And I want to blame it on myself, too, and on my whole fucking generation, and the next couple generations that came after us, for swallowing too much whole, for not questioning enough, for trying on ideologies as though they were the latest fashion and then never bothering to change them again. It's history, we helped make it, and now we're swimming in it. But it's a very shallow pool, and someone might come along any minute and pull the plug. Would you know what to do then? I'm not sure I would, but I'm still working on it. ⊕

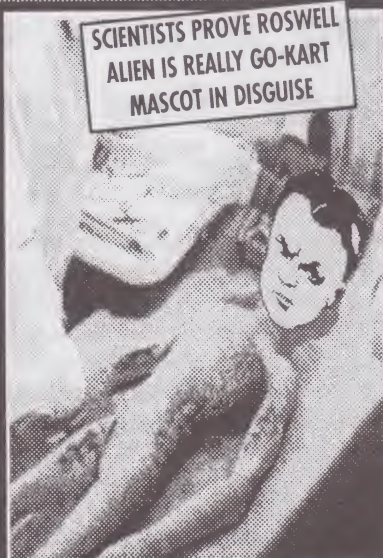
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Pelado records

by Josh Rutledge.

For the past three years, Pelado Records has been a name synonymous with taste and quality in punk rock! While many bands and labels claim to be about "1977", Pelado is the real deal, a genuine source for hot, new, fresh punk rock. Who needs silly posturing when you've got great bands like The Prostitutes, the Dimestore Haloes, Bladder Bladder Bladder, and the Chemo Kids? Pelado Records delivers the goods time and time again. Its bands aren't stuck in the past, but they do know where punk rock came from. The result: music with heart, power and energy. Punk rock isn't dead, it just went underground, since labels like Pelado Records keep it very much alive.

JR: After three years putting out records, your label has reached a point where your releases and bands are now getting a good deal of attention from the underground press. How has that critical acclaim translated into financial success? Is it any easier to finance the label now than it was in 1996?

PG: Financial success? There isn't any!! I still work 40 hours a week at a B.S. job. At this point most of the releases do pay for themselves — or at least the 7" do. The money may come out of my pocket, but if I can ever collect from distributors each 7" will normally pay for itself. I'd say that if I had more time to put into the label and more money to get it going I could struggle to do it full time. As of now, though, it's being done out of a love for

punk rock! Trust me, if I could I would do it full time — not for the money, but to be able to stop working for someone else.

JR: What do you see as your primary objective with Pelado Records? What keeps you in the business of putting out Punk records?

PG: My main objective is to let the punk fan hear bands that may not have been given a chance to put something out, so that no one knows who they are. I like to give new bands a chance, I don't really go after established bands. There are a few I'd like to work with, but I think it's more fun to help develop a band. A love for the music keeps me doing it, plus I get to meet a lot of cool people. It really is a community, and for the most part people are very supportive of one another. I just love punk rock!

JR: One point worth noting is that the general style of music that Pelado promotes has really had a resurgence of popularity over the past three or four years. Bands like the U.S Bombs and Swingin' Utters have proven that "classic" Punk can "sell". It might be presumptuous to suggest that your label has had a hand in bringing back older-

style punk, yet it seems like more labels are putting out those kind of records now than they were when you started the label. Do you think that bands like the Dimestore Haloes and the Prostitutes have made it easier for other punk bands to get their music out?

PG: I don't know how much my label has had to do with real punk rock getting more popular, but I think it has helped bring it to people's attention. There are enough people who know of Pelado Records and have good taste in music, and they can help spread the word. But I think it's the bands themselves who have done most of the work, groups like the ones

An interview with label honcho Patrick Grindstaff

on my label and others like The Stitches, the Reducers, the Swingin' Utters, the Weaklings, Smogtown and many many more who've been out there playing great rock 'n' roll for a few years now. I think these bands make people realize that there is more to punk rock than



Bladder Bladder Bladder and The Chemo Kids will be recording for full lengths this summer. Oh, and the Bladder guys aren't trying to be English — they are from England and now live in the States.

Green Day, Offspring, and Blink 182. In the meantime, hopefully labels like Pelado, TKO, Junk, Hostage and others can keep putting out stuff by these bands so people will know they're out there.

JR: Looking back, how has the label worked out for you? How have things turned out compared to the way you envisioned them originally?

PG: To be honest I never had a game plan or vision. I'm the type of person that never really has any long range plans, although I'm always thinking of new ideas. I just wanted to put out bands that I liked, get in contact with people who had similar taste in music and hopefully show that there are great bands out there. I'm not surprised that I'm still doing it — once I put my mind to something I usually do it. I have always hoped to be able to do it full time one day and that is still a goal of mine. It may happen soon — mainly due to a baby coming rather than the label taking off.

JR: A lot of people may not be aware of the various responsibilities that come with running a label. Aside from the business of actually getting the records pressed, what do you spend most of your time doing with the label?

PG: Katon from Junk and I always talk about

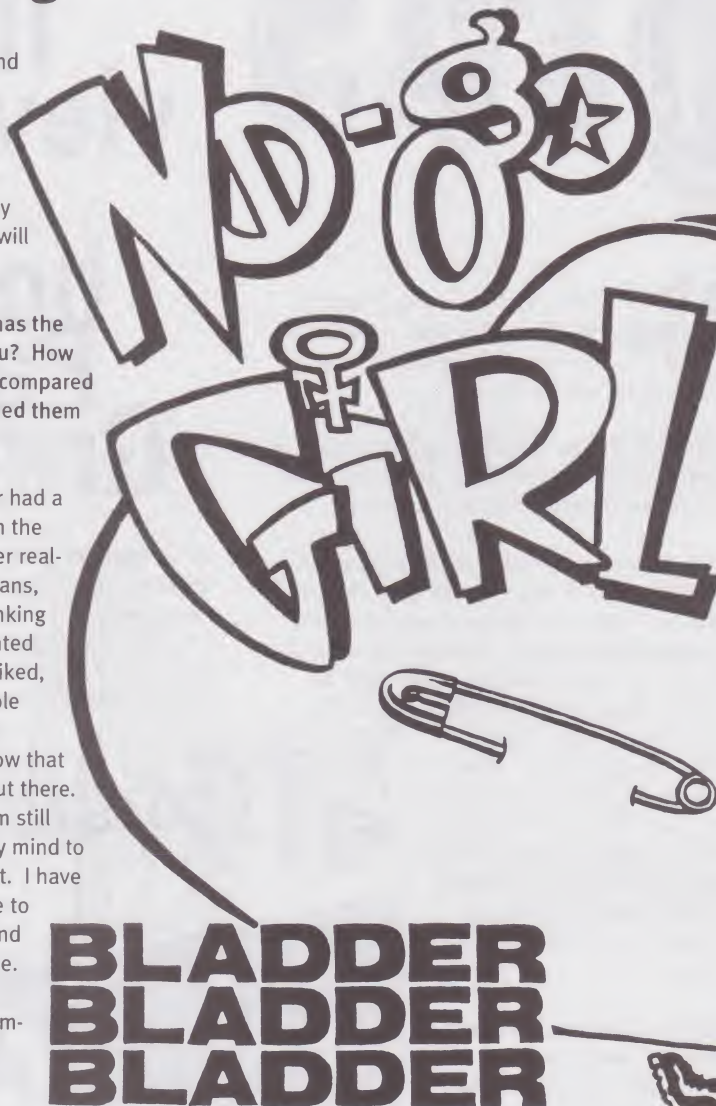
how funny it is that some people think there's twenty people working at all these small labels. Junk is bigger than Pelado, but he does a lot of the same shitwork that I do. You want to know what the main thing I do is? It's cutting and folding and stuffing 7" covers and records. Yep, I do all my 7" covers myself

— and I mean every-
thing. It's a lot of work, but I don't mind. Other than that I also do mail order for Pelado and I carry lots of other cool punk rock labels like Junk, TKO, Hostage, and Radio.

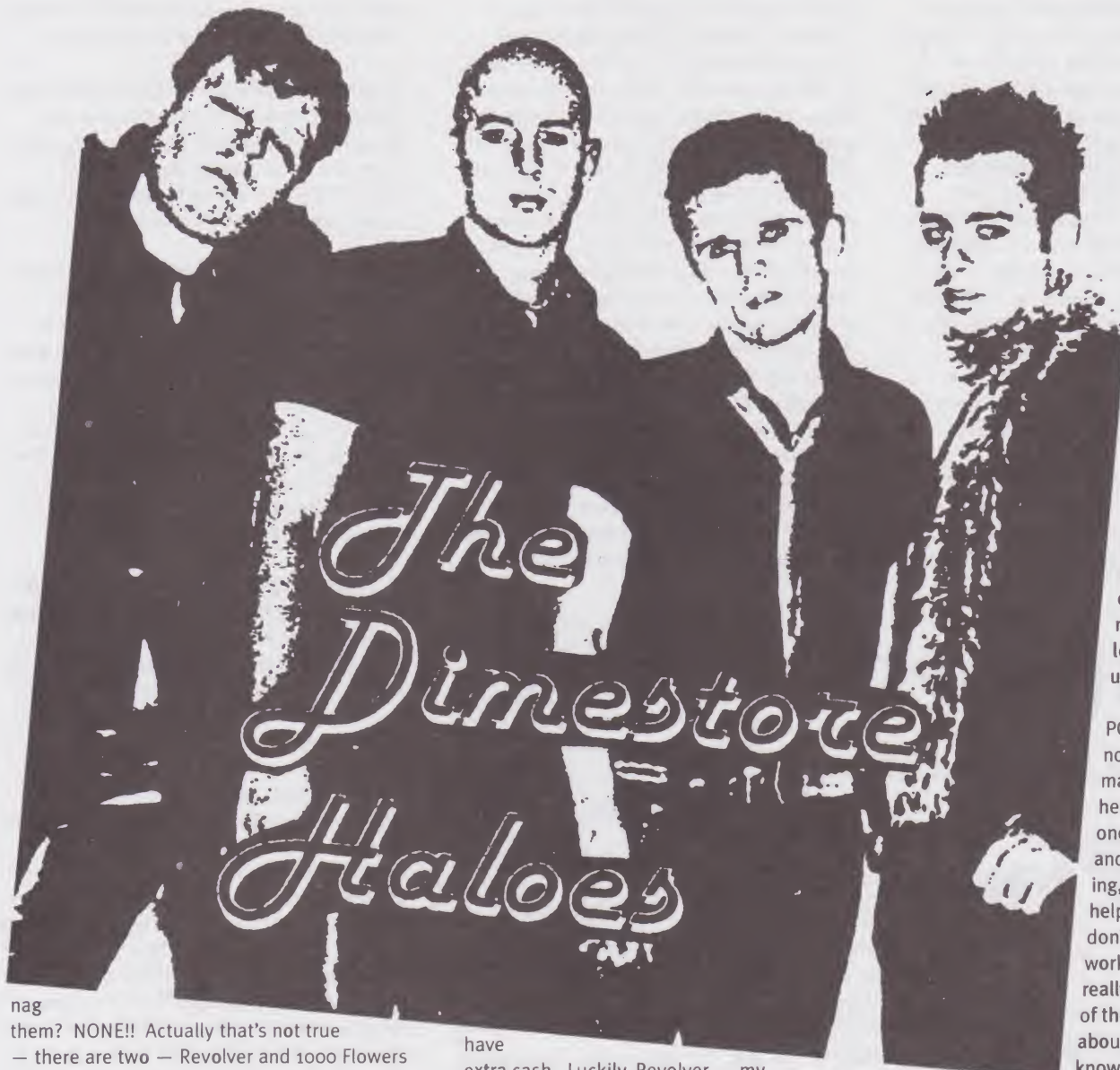
When I get off my ass and send out a catalog, it can get busy. That's another thing I do — try and put a catalog together and keep track of a growing mailing list. I also do the 'zine. I never have as much time for the label as I'd like since I work, but I try and do a few things while at work when I can, but sometimes I'm a bit burned out when I get home. A lot of it is boring manual labor, but the cool part is seeing the records, getting them out to people and getting them to the bands. I do everything by myself. Sometimes I wish I had help, but I can't pay anyone and I'm really anal about how things get done.

JR: How have distributors been treating you? Are most of them reliable? How many of them pay you on time without you having to nag them?

PG: Oh man! How many pay without having to



I think [The Dimestore Haloes] are just misunderstood sometimes; people don't get their tongue in cheek attitude.



nag them? NONE!! Actually that's not true — there are two — Revolver and 1000 Flowers — the others all vary. I've had a few bad dealings and I won't mention any names, but one of them has pissed a lot of people off. It's a catch 22 with distributors, since we need each other. Well, I'm sure they don't need small labels like mine that much, but you know what I mean. It's probably the hardest part of doing the label — trying to figure out if you'll get paid in time to put something new out. A lot of times the bands don't understand that you have to get the money from the distributors before you can put out their record unless you

have extra cash. Luckily, Revolver — my best distributor — sells more than the others, so that helps. Get Hip has always been very supportive, although they don't always pay on time. But they were the first to carry my stuff. I am very grateful for that, since they helped me get started. Also I should mention that Jim at Underground Medicine — which is a mail order service — rules. That guy pays when he gets your stuff. Also, Alfred at Green Hell in Germany is very good. The mail orders are normally the best bet. I would love to have Mordam or something pick up my label, but I

haven't even tried them. When people ask me about starting a label I tell them that dealing with distributors is the hardest part of the job, and warn them who to avoid.

JR: How big will your label have to get before it gets to be too much for one person to handle? You've stayed with a small, do it yourself operation even as your roster grows. How long can you keep it up?

PG: I could use the help now. If I really want to make a go at it, I need help, I could have someone making phone calls and sending faxes, folding, labeling, etc. My wife helps when she can but I don't like to ask her; she works all day and she isn't really getting anything out of the label, but she's cool about it if I need help. You know if you want to do a

label full time you need people and money to get the label and bands out to the public. We'll see what happens once I do it full time, or shall I say while I'm baby sitting and doing the punk rock thing at home.

JR: I know you are getting a lot of demos from bands, so there seems to be a lot of interest in classic punk rock. Most of the big selling bands today are in the hardcore/emo/Fat Wreck Chords mold, but real punk rock seems to have a strong grass roots following. What

do you see as the future of punk rock? Is your kind of music still going to be popular 10 years from now?

PG: I think punk that has roots will always be around. The stuff that my label and a few others are putting out seems to be getting popular right now, but I honestly don't see Pelado Records really capitalizing on it because I don't have the money. You need money to get product out there and advertise etc. I don't think any of the bands on my label could have Green Day or Blink 182 levels of success, but who's to say you need that to survive? Don't let people and bands fool you — every band wishes they could quit their day jobs even if they say they don't care. Media is what can really make a label or band, since even in the underground punk scene the media have a lot of power. It's a good and a bad thing. Right now I see bands with a classic '77 punk sound and hints of trashy rock 'n' roll and hints of 70's glam doing well. Maybe not all of those styles together, but elements of one or the other. But I don't see it getting really, really big.

JR: Talk about some of the bands on your label that you are really excited about. I know you have a few new releases on the way. If a person has never heard any of your

bands before, who should he or she check out on your label?

PG: They should check out every band on my label! I don't really have any bands signed to Pelado Records. The bands that I work closely with are Bladder Bladder Bladder, the Chemo Kids, the Dimestore Haloes, and the Prostitutes, though a few others are now coming on board. There will be a new Dimestore Haloes CD out by the time you read this. I want to urge people to judge them for themselves — not to listen to some of the B.S. that other bands are saying about them. I think they are just misunderstood sometimes; people don't get their tongue-in-cheek attitude. Bladder Bladder Bladder and The Chemo Kids will be recording for full-lengths this summer. Oh, and the Bladder guys aren't trying to be English — they are from England and now live in the States. The Chemo Kids are one of the best young bands around; they are all in their early 20's and they fuckin' rock. The mighty Prostitutes will be pissing off people on the East Coast again, thank God! I'll be doing stuff with Libertine as well as American Heartbreak, who are a cool Generation X—early Manic Street Preachers type band. I did a split with a couple of cool bands from Northern California — Romeo's Dead and The Burdens — both great bands who more people need to know about.

Also I'll have a split 7" with the Upsets and the Richmond Sluts plus tons of other shit. I need to kick back on the 7" for a bit since I've been putting out a bunch lately. I'll be doing a few more full-lengths over the next year. Oh yeah — don't forget the Riffs and the Burnouts, which are both great bands. I've probably forgotten someone, but I'm really excited about getting some lesser known bands out to the people and working with the ones who have been loyal since day one.

JR: Where do you see this label headed now? You've put out a lot of records in the past three years. Do you see yourself continuing along the same lines, or do you plan to evolve? Will you still be focusing on the old school punk underground in five years?

PG: To the top, baby! Hell, I'll put out whatever I like. It doesn't have to have a certain sound, it's just that I like a certain type of sound and that's what I put out. If it's a great pop record I'll put it out. You won't be hearing any Emo or Metal type stuff from this label, though. I want to be able to do it full time and still keep my DIY attitude and allow the bands to be able to just call me and see what's going on. I would not want to get out of touch with them like some people do!

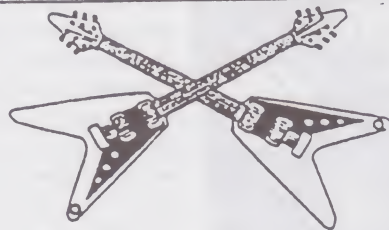
JR: Finally what do you think of the state of underground punk at this point? We are five years past the Punk Rock Explosion, so anyone looking to make some easy money off of punk is out of luck. Is there enough interest from true believers to keep labels like Pelado in business?

PG: I think there will always be the "true believers", but I do think there are people out there now who want to jump on the punk rock bandwagon. There are a few labels who are changing the style of bands they are signing and starting a dead label back up again to jump on the bandwagon. The whole so-called "punk meets rock 'n' Roll" scene is what the money sniffers are going after, but as always the true believers will seek out the real deal. I think for a label like Pelado to keep going I just need to keep doing what I'm doing, 'cause if I like something there's got to be a few other people who like it as well. Trends will come and go but there will always be a core group of people who love true punk rock or whatever the hell you want to call it. As far as I'm concerned you can dress it up with all these names but it's still fuckin' PUNK ROCK, and if a band or label doesn't think it's cool to be called punk rock then they shouldn't hang around the underground scene. It's all just rock 'n' roll, but don't just use the punk underground and then ditch it!

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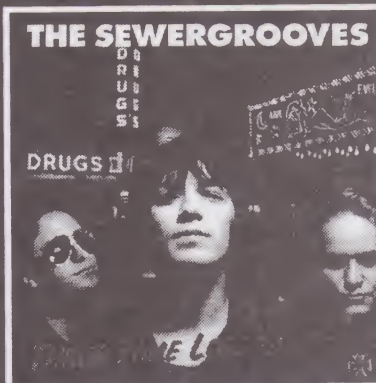
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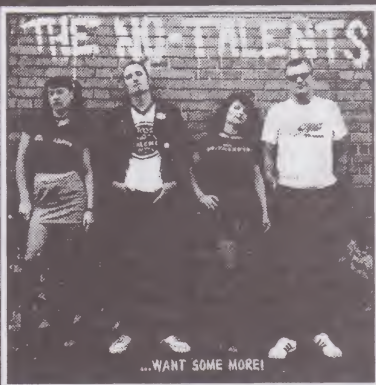
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It is odd that the compilation albums of rare 70's punk have become checklists for record hoarders in the same breath as they are a means for music consumers to hear extremely obscure records, but such is the duality of cultural artifacts on the fringe, I guess. Stewart Home states in his punk memoir *Cranked Up Really High* that the bootleg 70's punk comps are inherently elitist — i.e., they're for people who derive pleasure from listening to records they know their neighbor doesn't own. That's all well and good, but notwithstanding the success of Green Day or Rancid, the proverbial neighbor never listened to punk rock, and punk record sales were always marginal. (There may have been relative chart-success in the U.K., but that says more



about the structure of the English sales-chart than anything about the actual commercial popularity of the "movement".) I think the people who buy 70's punk comps (or 50's comps, 60's comps, what-have-you) are the ones whose own music consumption is so excessive that they simply need more. They own all the Damned albums or Dead Boys albums and they want to dig deeper. Or, like the 60's punk collectors, they have a hunch that the obscure one-shot artists were better, more pure, crazier, more interesting, easier to project onto or fantasize about than their better known counterparts. The Keggs and the Novas vs. the Standells and the Seeds, The Scrotum Poles vs. Eater.

This in turn also has to do with the fact that the fandom surrounding obscure 70's punk 45's consists mainly of people who weren't around at the time, even though it was only twenty years ago. Sure, I started buying punk records around '77, when I was 12 years old and excited by the music in a way that few musics have excited me since, but once me and a handful of pals started seriously hoarding those records in the mid-1980's, we were seeking out artifacts that triggered a sense of a vibrant past, in much the same way as collectors of old blues 78's or collectors of 60's punk 45's.

Most of these 70's punk compilations were produced with an eye on the best compilations of 60's punk, like "Back From the Grave" or "Scum of the Earth", and I think that the best 70's punk comps stand the test of comparison. Unlike the boom of 60's punk compilations in the early to mid-80's, the 70's punk compilations have suffered somewhat from the fact that nowhere near the same amount of punk rock records from the 1970's exist. For every 1978 punk rock 7" there are at least a hundred 1966 teen garage 45's, which accounts in part for the decline in quality of the 70's punk bootlegs in the past year or two. There are still exceptions to the punk boot quality decline, though. Since the original compilers of the "Bloodstains" series and the "Killed

By Death" series have been usurped (in true punk rock fashion) and all kinds of people all over the world have utilized these "trademarks of quality" as the names for their own comps, people with specialized knowledge of a given region have been putting together records. These regionalized albums give me the biggest thrill, and the greatest sense of wonder.

Punk rock wasn't a mainstream thing until the 1990's, and the bands all over the world who released these now cherished 45's were, for the most part, outsiders, whose outsiderdom became even more poignant because they answered the call from the Ramones or the Damned or the Sex Pistols rather than popular bands. That these musicians persevered to the point of releasing a record themselves, or at least of allowing a local yokel venture capitalist to release a record for them, is a goddamn miracle. And that these records have since been hoarded by salivating collectors and booted on compilation albums is a very good thing. We're talking about unheard music and untold stories here.

What I hope is going to happen with the internet and web searches and phone book CD-ROM's and all that are that more records along the line of "Deep in the Throat of Texas" will come along. Notwithstanding the great music, reading sleeve notes that actually have something to say about the bands and seeing their photos is to me a giant step away from stamp collecting and toward actual musicology, as pretentious as that may sound. Whether Joe Punker with his box of triple-bagged near mint rarities likes it or not, the do-it-yourself aspects of the 70's punk scene — bands recording, designing and distributing their own records — is an example of folk art, and the sick crude bashing of Dirtshit, Glo, or the Teenage PhD's is folk music. I hope that the next thing we see is actual interviews with these bands, or perhaps more compilations along the lines of "KBD #13", featuring bands that didn't even reach the vinyl stage. However we look at it, there is a scholarly element to collecting, and there's nothing wrong with that. I frequently look over Chuck Warner's old catalogues, and am struck by his brilliant, knowledgeable approach to all these records we like so much.

We all probably collect records for reasons that aren't particularly healthy. I think collecting music is a great and honorable thing, but the relentless hoarding of "rarities" (even though one

man's trash is another man's rarity) is probably neurotic by its very nature. Not a severe neurosis or anything, but a means to drag this big scary ol' world down to a graspable level: a collection, the finest collection of small label punk 45's in Yokohama. Or Stockholm. Or New York

However we look at it, there is a scholarly element to collecting, and there's nothing wrong with that.

City. All in "near mint" condition, natch. I'd say that a big chunk of mankind does this, whether it involves Star Wars action figures or pre-Raphaelite paintings. Or pissed-off antisocial rants pressed on seven inches of black vinyl with a crumbling, poorly-xeroxed sleeve. Whatever.

Collecting is fun, these records are amazing, and poor indeed is the person who never gets to hear them — almost as poor as the person who spends the scratch for original copies of the discs instead of getting them on the cheap comps. ⊕

- Johan Kugelberg
uglythings@znet.com

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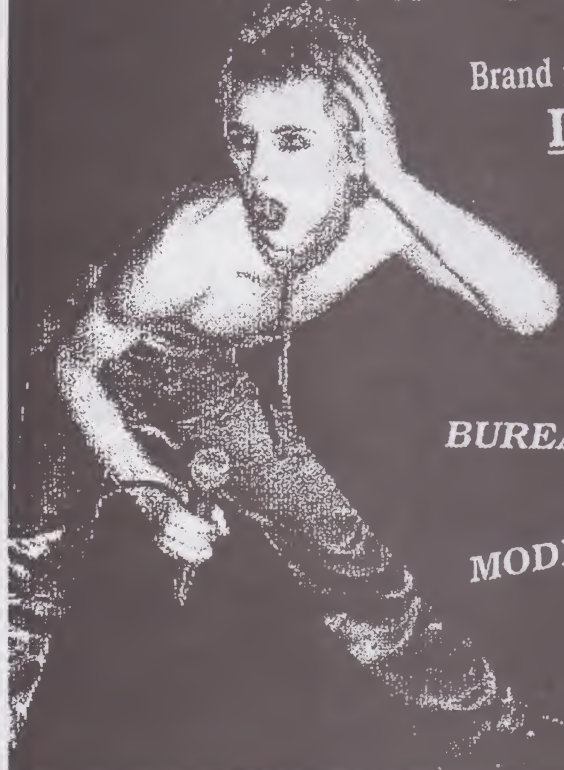
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I'm just so happy to be alive right now I could bite off my own tongue! As a woman to whom nice sex is extremely important I have in the past felt miserably limited in my choice of sexual partners. After all, until now society has decreed through its myths, religions and, more recently, T.V. commercials that women can and will fill that hole with just about anything human or animal as long as the phallus in question has acquired wealth and power. I'm here to tell you that for most of us, men and mutts simply aren't enough. Let's face it, since the extinction of the dinosaur animal schlongs ain't what they used to be! The human variety may still be an option for some, but have you ever tried to fill a black hole with cocktail franks? Well I'm happy to inform you that the men in charge of directing every woman's vaginal destiny for the new millennium and beyond have graciously decided to offer us another inseminator whose most attractive feature is his big, fat...PAYCHECK!!

Apparently, Mr. Mini-Wheats has joined the jetsetting, muffdiving ranks of Spuds Mackenzie and the Parrot with the cell-phone. That's right, that beloved half-frosted, wheaty cereal of your youth was recently spotted in his own commercial, flanked by two hot babes with astonishing racks! I know I speak for all of us gold-digging, ravenous holes when I say "thank God he's not gay!" It gets mighty tedious having to fill that empty place known as the vagina with meat, especially for the vegetarians among us. I mean they'll do it for the money, like anyone else, but I'm sure that they're happy to know they now have a choice. A choice not only to date who they want but what they want! What? What about the lesbians? Come on, we all know that girl-on-girl action exists only to

facilitate a classic male sexual fantasy, and then like biodegradable foam peanuts it melts away with a splash of warm sea-monkey juice!

We, as women, should be grateful for this turn towards grain-conscious sexuality. It truly indicates the dawn of a new era! We now have the ability to accept advances not only from dirty old men with deep-pockets or well-hung celebrity pooches with hydrant-shaped swimming pools! Yes, ladies, doors are definitely opening for us! The past is disappearing as rapidly as Mini-Wheats' paycheck in the hands of a Hollywood blonde at Gucci's. History has demonstrated all too often that women's choices at the sexual buffet can be pretty darn bland! Think of the competition among those beleaguered ancient Greek beauties. So many of them



lounging about in diaphanous gowns waiting with their legs in the air, hoping against hope that Zeus might appear, just this once in the shape of a froot loop instead of a dumb swan! Needless to say their chances were slim. You and I, however, have every opportunity to get our greedy hooks into a well-heeled honeycomb! Unlike Eve, we won't have to fuck snakes to get apples because fruit is fair game!

So what if another absurd, demeaning, sexual scenario has been foisted upon us by an idiotic ad campaign. Somewhere out there, a hideous slurping anomaly of a man with a little change in his pocket is feeling just fine about his chances of getting the local hoochie mama, knowing full well that all women really want is money and power. If Mr. Mini Wheats can get the girl, why not him? Golly, if we girls are used as nothing more than tools to make an aesthetically-challenged man feel good about himself, then that's enough for me! Just give me plenty of milk and a silver spoon to stick down my throat so I can throw up.

Science fiction fans take heart! Thanks to George Lucas the vagina can boldly go where no twat has gone before! I recently saw a commercial which promotes the glories of interstellar union! The spot features a punk/gothic girl out on a date with an alien from "Star Wars". At the end of her date the girl walks out, citing the fact that this is the "weirdest date (she's) ever been on." Get it? She's so WEIRD but the alien's too weird even for her (because we all know how debauched those punk chicks are). Oh no, not because he's an alien (haven't you learned anything about the vagina's lack of discrimination yet?). He's weird because he keeps doing vocal impressions of other "Star Wars" characters. I guess Rich Little is the loneliest man on earth. ☯

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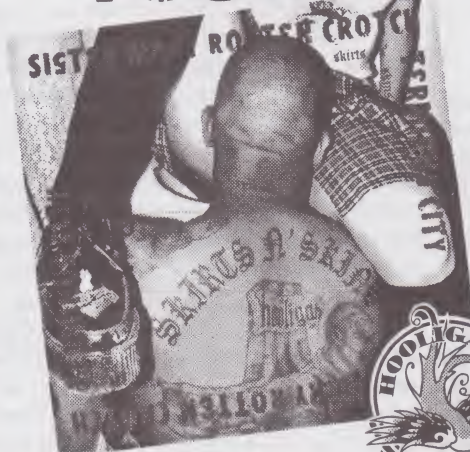
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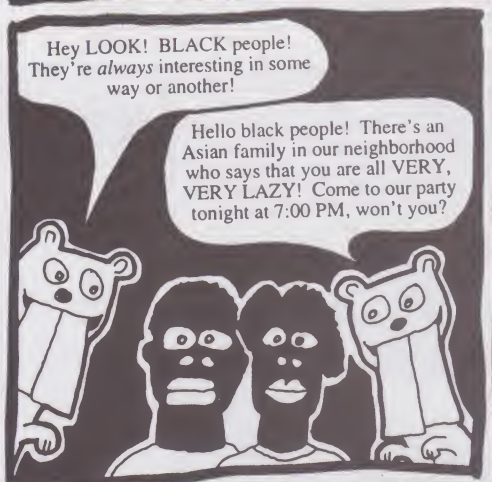
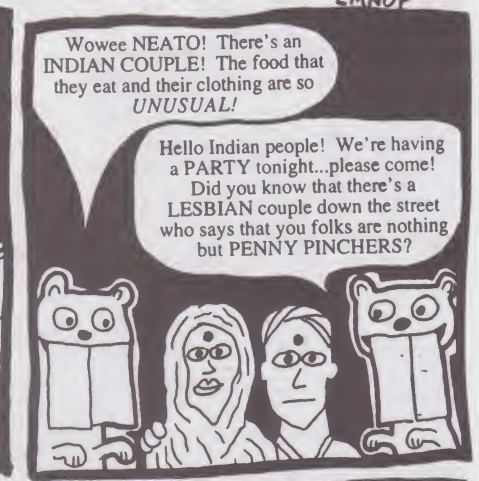
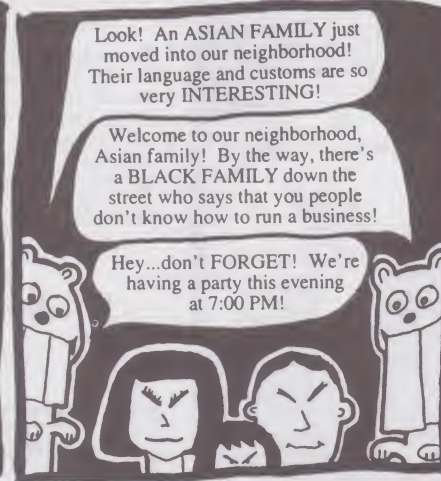
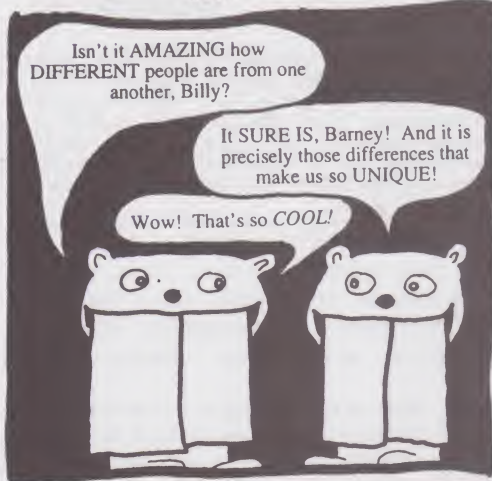
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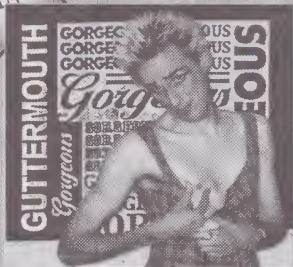
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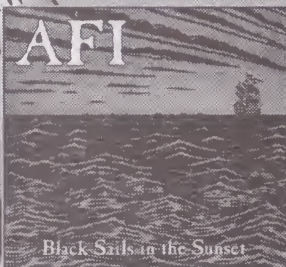
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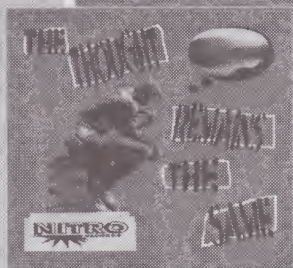
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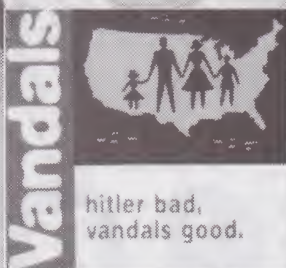
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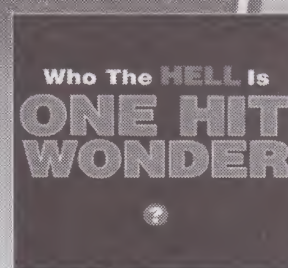
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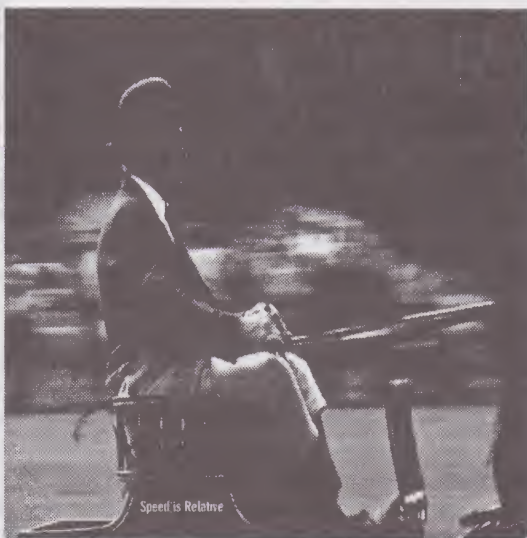


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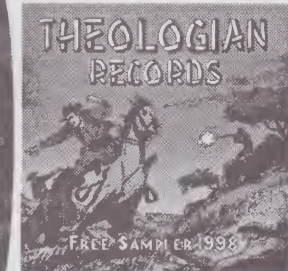
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I knew that after the "CONFEDERACY OF SCUM" piece appeared in *Hit List* #2 I would undoubtedly be treated to some hate mail from a few uninformed, paranoid *Hit List* readers. I looked FORWARD to it, as a matter of fact. Unfortunately, the positive compliments I received in reference to my brilliant column outnumbered the anonymous "fuck you" e-mail messages 10 to 1. When I received my copy of *Hit List* #3 yesterday, I immediately turned to the letters section to see if the C.O.S. piece had inspired any amusing letters of outrage.

Unfortunately, Jeff only printed one anti-C.O.S. letter...and it was a really weak one. Whoever wrote it didn't even have the

nerve to sign his or her name to it. As letters go, it was a piss poor attack upon the C.O.S....the anti-redneck rhetoric was generic and it didn't actual-

ly name our aggregation of bands in any way. However, it is plain who the letter

writer is referring to.

I apologize to you readers that I don't have a better piece of hate mail to tear into...but this one is just going to have to do.

The letter I'm referring to begins with a bold question: "Do morons have the right to rock?". It continues with a bit of hand wringing over the supposedly unsavory types of people who have infiltrated the punk scene over the years. The "redneck" is then singled out as "the biggest enemy the American counterculture has ever known". My, my, THAT'S encouraging!

"God" (the letter writer's "name", hailing from Austin, not heaven) never specifically names one of our C.O.S. bands in his letter. For that matter, he doesn't name any non-C.O.S. band either. Nor does he name a single specific evil deed committed by ANY alleged redneck or self-proclaimed "redneck band".

First off, if the C.O.S. bands are indeed the undesirable rednecks that "God" is referring to, he is fucking mistaken if he thinks we recently "infiltrated" the punk scene. ANTISEEN has been around in North Carolina for over 15 years, and my band RANCID VAT has been going for over 18. The C.O.S. was founded by COCKNOOSE in 1994.

"God" then asks whether "we should blindly accept and welcome them into the punk rock fold" Well "God", you certainly have chosen

an appropriate pen name!! Who the hell are you to suggest that punk rock is an exclusionary, elite society like a country club or a Moose lodge, that is, a scene in which you and your like-minded friends can "blackball" undesirables?

According to "God", the rednecks infiltrating the punk scene are the same "backwards-assed, toothless, fat, smelly, dirty, violent dumbfucks in pickup trucks that tried to beat our asses up all the time..." Isn't this disappointing? Couldn't Jeff find a better anti-C.O.S. letter in the *Hit List* mailbag? I guess the early summer heat has driven most people outdoors away from their typewriters.

Why on earth would anybody feel compelled to write to a nationally-distributed magazine devoted to REAL ROCK N' ROLL in order to whine about a handful of bands in the cover article that vaguely resemble the rednecks in their home town? Besides, I'm a bit confused here...exactly which C.O.S. members resemble the "trailer park" refugees that used to harass "God"?

C.O.S. bandmembers don't all look alike. Some are bald headed...some have hair down to their asses. A few look like they could work at banks. There are Jewish C.O.S. members who certainly didn't grow up in trailers, and they don't drive pickups either. Are they rednecks too, "God"? How about my wife? Did a redneck gal that looks like her beat y'all up? My band alone has included homosexual members of both sexes over the years, and none of 'em looked like the kind of hillbillies you see on Hee Haw.

Guess what, "God". When we started our band out in Oregon in 1981, we too took a lot of shit from guys wearing cowboy hats, boots, and logging apparel. I can't really blame them. We were playing music that sounded like a total fucking racket to them. The fact that

some of them taunted and threatened us in clubs or on the street never made us assume that we should hate EVERYBODY wearing cowboy hats or flannel shirts—or that they were automatically going to hate us.

As far back as I can remember most hippies I have known have always been scared shitless of "rednecks". (HHHhmmm, "God", are you a hippie?) I'm sure that early on in the hippie movement there were very real reasons for longhaired hippies to avoid

rednecks...especially down South. These days, I'm always astonished at the huge percentage of men in the South with very long hair compared to men up North. What the hell, styles change. Who can figure out a turnabout like that?

I've been to Austin. I've met quite a few punk rockers there. Since it's a goddamn COLLEGE town, I think it's safe to assume that punk rockers have been a familiar sight for 20 years. Hot damn, the SEX PISTOLS played there in 1978! I'm pretty damn sure that Austin's local "rednecks" ceased to be shocked by punk rock hairdos a long time ago.

How long has it been since you had an altercation with rednecks on the street, "God"? When you DID rumble with rednecks, tell me seriously, were they ALL TOOTHLESS like you claim? Are you sure



My band alone has included homosexual members of both sexes over the years, and none of 'em looked like the kind of hillbillies you see on Hee Haw.

they were all dumbfucks? How could you test their intelligence during a streetfight? How do you know they ALL lived in trailers? Finally (since you declared rednecks to be "smelly" twice in your letter), did they really ALL smell bad?

Do you also believe that all Jews are miserly?

Do you believe that all black people love to eat watermelon?

Do you believe that all Hispanics are in gangs?

If your answers to these last three questions are "yes", then I guess you're just prone to accepting racial stereotypes.

If you answered "no", maybe there's still some hope that thee WHISKEY REBEL can turn you around...or anybody else out there who is ready to wake up and realize that all the smug "trailer trash" redneck humor you see on TV or read in clever magazines is JUST AS OFFENSIVE to a lot of low income white people as other ethnic jokes are to the racial groups that they make fun of.

The first step towards coming to grips with your bias against "rednecks" or "white trash" is to pick up a copy of my pal Jim Goad's book *The Redneck Manifesto*. It is a well-researched A-Z history of "white trash" in America. The book points out how much low income whites and blacks in America have in common, and also identifies upper middle class and wealthy whites as the culprits who have done so much to keep poor blacks and whites at each other's throats for so long. After reading it, perhaps even you can identify with what it's like for low income white people to be the last remaining ethnic group that it is politically correct for the media to ridicule.

Your second step towards overcoming your bias against "rednecks" is to challenge yourself by sitting down over a case of beer with a lower income white person you had previously assumed to be a "smelly", toothless" redneck. Listen to what he has to say without prejudging him. I can guarantee you that he's gonna be interested in a lot of the same things any self-respecting "punk rocker" is, not the least of which is getting fucked up and then getting fucked! Maybe you'll disagree about certain subjects, for instance hunting. But you may learn to your surprise that he hates his boss as much, if not more, than you hate yours. Rednecks are very self-reliant, so don't be too surprised to find that your new redneck friend respects your D.I.Y. punk attitude. If you're lucky, maybe you'll even get a taste of some D.I.Y. moonshine!

The third step towards overcoming your irrational bias against "rednecks" is on a musical level. I shouldn't need to remind you all, but let's remember that rednecks were playing rockabilly all over the South and embracing black R&B during the same years that mainstream white audiences were still listening to Doris Day and Perry Como. You also need to come to grips with the fact that a lot of the country artists that you consider boring seem just as boring to a lot of the "redneck" guys you've been conditioned to hate. Of course Garth Brooks sucks. Most 'necks I've met are bored to tears by him. His fan base lies among the really square, non-drinking rural people.

To judge country music by one of it's lamest, most popular artists is akin to judging metal on the basis of a band like Bon Jovi. Educate yourself with a Hank Williams record or tape. Hank was a nihilistic wild man who wrote brutally honest songs that any punk rocker should be able to at least appreciate, if

WHISKEYREBEL

not enjoy. Once you have learned to appreciate Hank's raw genius, you will be well on your way to understanding what makes white trash people tick. Yunno, it's been my experience in my travels to rural areas—particularly in the often unfairly maligned South—that a lot of guys who dress plainly in jeans and T-shirts and have conservative haircuts are into kickass rock and roll as much as anybody who reads this mag. Hell, I used to hold a "management" job and wear 3-piece suits everyday. I played in the same band then as I do now...what the fuck. I had more money to buy better guitars back then. There isn't some "code" that says you can't be into kickass music if you wear a suit, or drive a pickup truck, or wear a goddamn beard. Hell, when I was in Chattanooga last summer to catch a HELL-STOMPER gig I was surprised to see a dude wearing a tie dyed T-shirt (YUCK!) side by side with me and the band chasing some "Steve Austin" clones who were looking for trouble out the door. He turned out to be a great guy, so I'm awfully glad I didn't prejudge him because of his fucking T-shirt.

The fourth step in overcoming your stupid bias against those you perceive to be "rednecks" is to realize some TRUTHS about getting along in our society that you rarely will find in print anywhere. These truths are invaluable. They will save you a lot of trouble and hardship throughout the course of your life. Memorize them! If you choose to read on, realize that you are morally obligated to send me a sixpack of cheap local beer or a pint of whiskey for educating you.

TRUTH 1: If you dress with the intention of "shocking" or "offending" ordinary people on the street, don't be surprised if they get so

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offended that they verbally harasses or physically attack you. REMEMBER, YOU ASKED FOR IT, SO YOU'D BETTER LEARN TO ENJOY IT!

TRUTH 2: Whether you dress to "offend and shock" people or dress like a "normal" person, AVOID NEIGHBORHOOD BARS unless they're in your own neighborhood. This rule applies almost everywhere in the U.S. that I've been to, and I've been to over 40 states. Locals EVERYWHERE are suspicious of strangers...its HUMAN NATURE. If you're in a big city bars in business districts are usually OK, but if you're venturing into a small town do like thee WHISKEY REBEL does—drink in your motel room or car. People just don't like strangers. Why should they? I sure as hell don't, either.

One time I was sitting in a cop bar filled with Italian cops here in Philly. The owner of the bar had turned the TV volume up loudly so that the patrons could enjoy watching "Goodfellas" on HBO. In walks a goddamned Deadhead tie-dyed T-shirt wearing hippie off of the street. The dumbass ordered a beer and then, totally oblivious to the realities of the situation, walked over to the jukebox and popped in a handful of quarters. Of course, when the jukebox began blaring out the first song, everybody in the bar began screaming at the stupid fuck and the bartender then ejected him from the bar. Of course, the hippie whined and cried every step of the way about it being "his right" to play a song on the jukebox, and never realized just how lucky he was that the patrons of the bar were so wrapped up in watching the movie. He could've had his ass kicked for his ignorance and lack of respect for the rights of the OTHER patrons in the bar. My point is, don't walk into a public place (especially where people are drinking!) and expect that everybody there will automatically be friendly to you or respect what you perceive to be your natural "rights". The human race is a cruel, rotten species. Don't lose sight of that fact!

TRUTH 3: This one is for all you kids in high school who are persecuted for "being different". I sympathize, since I went to a suburban high school where EVERYBODY hated me. But before you ruin your own life by going to school with a gun, take comfort in the "truth" that you will have the rest of your life to FUCK WITH all the popular assholes that are making your life miserable. Once you're out of high school it's easy to track down your enemies and fuck with them one by one. Every year they will grow older, squarer and more vulnerable...GUARANTEED! In the meantime, start drinking on a daily basis. I MEAN IT! The bottle CAN help if you only give it a chance.

TRUTH 4: One of the reasons why people who dress "normally" sneer at your outrageous-looking hairdo or clothing is that they assume, based on their own experience and knowledge as adults, that in all likelihood you are GOING THROUGH A TEMPORARY "PHASE" which you will eventually grow out of. And you know what?

THEY'RE PROBABLY RIGHT. Low income people struggling to put food on their tables ordinarily place a low priority on keeping up with all the latest youth culture trends, and WHY THE FUCK SHOULD THEY? Why should you expect them to?

TRUTH 5: There's a time and place to start preaching idealistic notions. If you start proselytizing about animal rights or abortion rights or other "hot" topics in public, you are NO BETTER than a fucking Christian evangelical who goes around pestering strangers. MIND YOUR OWN FUCKING BUSINESS in public places. If you choose not to, you'll have to accept the consequences if someone takes offense and gets out of control. Note: I'm not saying that you should avoid having extreme opinions. I'm merely pointing out the obvious TRUTH that for the most part the rest of society DOESN'T CARE about your damn opinion, no matter how "informed" you think it is.

Well, that's enough "TRUTHS" for now. You'd better fucking appreciate all this great advice, "God". In return I expect to see a few sixpacks in the mail.

I'm afraid that many of you readers (especially those of you, like "God", who suffer from an irrational fear of "rednecks") will never be able to mentally differentiate between those of my brethren in the CONFEDERACY OF SCUM, who are in every sense of the word rural, tobacco chewin', shotgun totin' WHITE TRASH...and the recent crop of bands popping up all over the country who appear to me to be jumping on a "redneck" fashion bandwagon. It's sad to realize that a lot of

dummies out there are bound to think that the C.O.S. bands are aping the "new wave" major label "redneck" acts, some of whom I know for a fact wouldn't know Grandpa Jones from Quincy Jones. I think I'll leave that subject for somebody else to sort out, though.

In closing I WOULD like to point out that members of the C.O.S. are now in direct contact with like-minded bands based on two other continents, Australia and Europe. YEAH, YOU HEARD ME RIGHT—"REDNECKS" will soon be infiltrating the "punk scene" on those continents, too. These fiercely independent bands are HATED in their home towns, so we're gonna give 'em a helping hand and see to it that their music becomes available for Americans to listen to. It gives me a warm feeling inside to know that these bands already know all of Hank's songs backwards and forwards...and, of course, have been listening to C.O.S.-"sanctioned" records for some time now. Regardless of whether the major label "redneck" acts continue to prosper (and I wish them luck), you can be damn sure that the C.O.S. will be around for some time to come...whether or not "God" down in there Austin, Texas likes it. ☎

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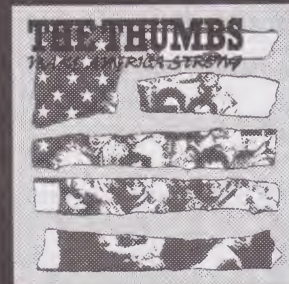
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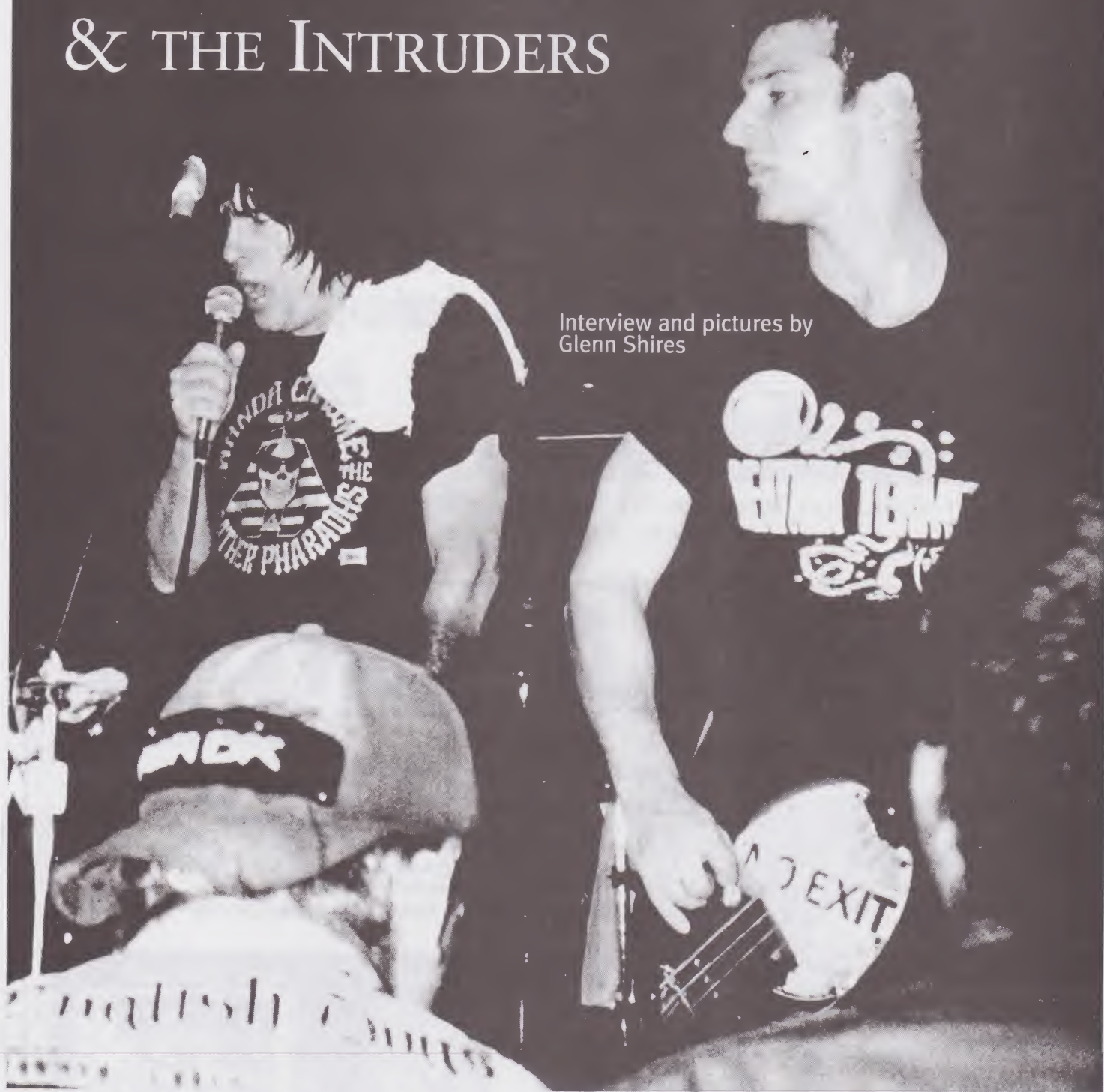
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MARKY RAMONE

& THE INTRUDERS

Interview and pictures by
Glenn Shires



When the Ramones called it quits in 1996, drummer Marky Ramone wasted no time in forming his own band, the Intruders. With one album to their name and a new LP, entitled "The Answer To Your Problems?", slated for

release on July 20--not to mention their tireless touring--the Intruders are continuing in the straight-ahead punk rock tradition pioneered by the Ramones. But the Intruders are just the latest addition to Marky's formidable rock 'n' roll resume. While he is best known for his 15 years and 12 albums with the Ramones, Marky's

career actually stretches back more than two decades.

In the early '70s, Marky (born Marc Bell in 1956) recorded two albums with Dust, a hard rock band consisting of Richie Wise, who later produced and played guitar for Kiss, and bassist Kenny Aronsen, who later played with

Billy Idol, Joan Jett, and Bob Dylan. After brief stints with blues guitarists Johnny Shines and David Bromberg, Marky played for a short time with Wayne County. He then joined Richard Hell's Voidoids and recorded the seminal punk album "Blank Generation" with them in 1977. The following year, he was recruited by the Ramones to replace original drummer Tommy Ramone, who wanted to focus on producing rather than playing music. Marky fit right into the Ramone family, laying down the beat on classics such as "I Wanna Be Sedated," "Chinese Rocks," "The KKK Took My Baby Away," and "Psycho Therapy." In 1983, he left the band due to problems with alcohol, but he cleaned up and then returned in 1987 to continue playing with the Ramones until the end of their career.

These days, most of the Ramones are playing in their own separate bands, but so far the Intruders are the truest to the Ramones' raw original sound. Sure, there are a few differences—the Intruders have a finger-picking bassist, and you might even hear a guitar solo now and then. But for now, the Intruders are carrying the flame that the demise of the Ramones almost extinguished. After a few personnel changes, the lineup has solidified into a trio featuring Marky on drums and occasional vocals, rapid-fire bassist/vocalist Johnny Pisano, and 21-year-old guitarist/vocalist Ben Trokan. Having been constantly on the road for the past three years, the Intruders have played all around the world, but prior to their recent tour with Sloppy Seconds they had never played in the Northwest. I was lucky enough to see them two nights in a row—first at the Satyricon in Portland, where this interview was conducted, and again at John Henry's in Eugene, where I took the pictures.

GS: OK, I'm here with Marky Ramone, but who else is in the band?

MARKY RAMONE: Ben Trokan and Johnny "Fingers" Pisano. They're both from New York,

GS: How did the Intruders first get together?

MARKY RAMONE: After Lollapalooza in '96, when the Ramones did the last tour of America and we decided to break up—or to retire. We didn't have to break up, we just wanted to retire. I wanted to keep playing 'cause I liked it. I mean, they're older than I am and I just felt that I still have the energy. It's fun touring and meeting new fans and playing with other bands. I figured I'd write some songs and put an album together, and that's what I did. So while I was still in the Ramones, I wrote songs already for the [Intruders'] first album. I waited until the Ramones broke up to do anything. I thought it was very disrespectful for Joey and C.J. to do something separately while they were still in the Ramones, because there was nothing better than the Ramones while you were in the Ramones, so why do something else? So that kind of got me and Johnny Ramone pissed off, but nothing came of it. I waited until the Ramones broke up [to form the touring lineup for the Intruders].

GS: Well, that's admirable. Now, why did Skinny Bones [former lead vocalist & lead guitarist for the Intruders] leave the band?

MARKY RAMONE: Skinny Bones was very good, but he's a junkie. I had to throw him out. I gave him a salary, and every time I gave him a

the show, and then I just kicked him in the ass and that was it. That ended it.

GS: The two of you collaborated while you were still in the Ramones, right? [They wrote the songs "Anxiety" and "The Job That Ate My Brain" from "Mondo Bizarro," and "Have A Nice Day" from "Adios Amigos."]

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, we did. I thought Skinny Bones was very good, but a lot of my friends were junkies and they died—Johnny Thunders, Jerry Nolan, and Sid dabbled in heroin, and they're all dead. So I don't need a guy in my band to die on me, and this lineup has been together for a year and a half, and I love it.

GS: How long did it take to record your first album? When I was looking at the CD, I saw that it was recorded at different times and different places.

MARKY RAMONE: I had to record it around the Ramones' tours because I wanted it out at a certain time. It was in three different studios, so that's why some songs sound a little different than others. But it's very raw, and that's what I wanted, because I thought "Adios Amigos", the last Ramones album, was very overproduced. It's a good album, but too overproduced. That's why I wanted the Intruders album to be more dirty.

A LOT OF MY FRIENDS WERE
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DABBLED IN HEROIN, AND THEY'RE
ALL DEAD. SO I DON'T NEED A GUY
IN MY BAND TO DIE ON ME



and they both sing and they both write. They're really into old punk and new punk...you know, new punk is old punk. You saw them; they're real professional. That's what I wanted. I like playing with a three-piece band; it's tighter. I had another another guitar player in the band once and it wasn't as cohesive as this. So they're able to keep up with me, and that's important.

salary, it would be spent in a day or two and he'd call me up to ask for more money. He was shooting it into his veins. We were playing at a club in New York, and me and Iggy Pop were hanging out, and Skinny Bones was there nodding out. Me and Iggy looked at each other, and we knew what this fuckin' guy was about. I walked him around the block and his girlfriend got him a big cup of coffee. He was able to do

GS: It looks like you and Skinny Bones played most of the instruments yourselves on the first album...

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, we did.

GS: Did you have the band together at that point?

MARKY RAMONE: No, there was no band. It was just me, Skinny Bones, and Mark Neuman from Sheer Terror. We did all the stuff, but we



didn't tour as that band. The second album is going to be just us three [Marky Ramone, Johnny Pisano, and Ben Trokan]. We already have the songs.

GS: It sounded like you had a lot of new stuff tonight.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, new stuff. I'm shopping the second album around to different labels. Our first record label [Thirsty Ear] sucked. They didn't put out any ads, they didn't support it, and it was the wrong move I made. I learned my lesson.

GS: Yeah, I had to order it because they didn't have it in stores here.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, I learned my lesson. Now I have the tape at Honest Don's, Epitaph,

you know...Hellcat, Nitro, Rounder...So we'll see what happens. I'm not going to jump on anything, just wait and choose the right thing, and that's it. The first album did good considering that there was nothing done to push it. We're talking worldwide, not just America. But sometimes you make mistakes and learn, you know.

GS: Are there any particular labels that you'd really like to be on right now?

MARKY RAMONE: Well, obviously Epitaph or Nitro would be good. That's the style of label that would hopefully accept us. We could have been on Radioactive, the Ramones' label, but it's too close to the Ramones. I didn't want that relation, because if the Ramones do anything in the future, they could shelve my stuff and just

concentrate on the Ramones. So that could be detrimental to what I'm doing.

GS: I heard that you played with members of Rancid for a cover of "I'm Against It" [an old Ramones tune]. Is that going to be on your new album?

MARKY RAMONE: No, it's on a compilation that's been out for a year called "Punk Rock Jukebox," on Blackout. It's been out already for a year. I'm good friends with Lars and Tim and Matt. They wanted to do the song, so we did it. We became friends, and they're big Ramones fans. We usually do some shows with Rancid during the year. We just did one in Washington with them, which was really good.

GS: You also played a few dates with them on

the Warped Tour last summer. How was that?
 MARKY RAMONE: That was great, yeah that was great—115 to 120 degree weather in Texas and Florida. It was with Rancid, it was with NOFX, and Bad Religion. It was a lot of fun; a lot of kids, a lot of good vibes from Ramones fans who liked the Intruders—kids who can get in 'cause it's not a bar, like 15-to-18 year olds wearing Ramones shirts and liking this stuff. It was great. It's good to play big places and it's good to play small places. It's good to do both. For the Warped Tour, we were playing in front of seven or eight thousand people. Here tonight, it was 100. I liked it. But you gotta do both. You have to be able to play in front of a lot of people, too.

GS: That reminds me of another question. What do you think of all-ages shows as opposed to bar shows?

MARKY RAMONE: Great, they're great.

GS: ...because it seems like maybe more peo-

MARKY RAMONE [laughing]: I know.

GS: ...and I read a quote in an ad which led me to believe you aren't too happy about that.

MARKY RAMONE: I said that?

GS: It was in an ad in *MaximumRocknRoll* for a Boris The Sprinkler album, for their cover of "End Of The Century" [a Ramones album from 1980]. You were quoted as saying, "What is the point?"

MARKY RAMONE: I said that?

GS: Well, that's what the ad said.

MARKY RAMONE: Really? And it said Marky Ramone?

GS: Yeah.

MARKY RAMONE: And what did it say after that?

GS: It just said, "Re-released on CD," and it had your quote in small print underneath it.

MARKY RAMONE: And who else...What other quotes were there?

GS: That was it.

and do something that's not going to be as good as the original when you could just do your own thing; create something new on your own instead of delving into something that you can't perfect, you know what I mean?

GS: Do you find it flattering, though, that all those bands covered Ramones albums?

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, it's great. I mean, it helps keep the Ramones' legacy alive. So do you know Ben Weasel?

GS: No, no, I don't know him. I know who he is, but I've never met him.

MARKY RAMONE: Is he the one who quoted me, or was it Boris The Sprinkler?

GS: Oh, your quote was underneath the ad for Boris The Sprinkler's cover of "End Of The Century" [The ad was actually done by Skull Duggery Records, the label that re-released the album—see their ad in issue #180 of *MRR*].

MARKY RAMONE: Alright, do you know them? Because we did a show together and they were



ple in the typical "bar audience" have heard of you and would come to see you play. [Both of the Intruders' Oregon shows were 21+]

MARKY RAMONE: Well, at the end, Ramones fans were younger than ever. I mean, in Lollapalooza, you had parents who liked the Ramones coming in with their kids who like the Ramones, so it was a second generation. So all-ages shows are good too because they can get into our shows. Obviously, they see something in the Ramones that they can relate to. I don't know what it is, and I'm not going to question it, but I guess the Ramones are bigger than ever now because there's so many Ramones imitations like the Queens, Screeching Weasel, and...you know, the other band...I forgot their name...Boris The Sprinkler. There's a lot of Ramones-influenced bands, like the Beatnik Termites and the Donnas. There's a real legacy that the Ramones left, and that's why a lot of younger kids are digging it.

GS: Yeah, it seems to me that a lot of kids get into the Ramones because of those bands.

They go through those bands to find you.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, it's great.

GS: Most of the bands you just listed have covered entire Ramones albums...

THERE'S TALK OF DOING A MOVIE THIS SUMMER CALLED "GABBA GABBA HEY," AND IT'S NOT DEFINITE, BUT IT MIGHT HAPPEN. IT'S GOING TO BE A MAJOR MOVIE. WE'RE LOOKING TO HAVE RANCID IN IT, THE MISFITS, SOCIAL DISTORTION, GREEN DAY, UH...MAYBE JOAN JETT AND BAD RELIGION...

MARKY RAMONE: Oh, was it an old issue?

GS: Not too old. Just a few months ago, I think.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, what is the point?

GS: Well, that's what I was hoping you would answer.

MARKY RAMONE: I know, what is the point? I mean, it's not going to be as good as the Ramones. Why invest all your time and money

real nice.

GS: No, I've never met them either.

MARKY RAMONE: Do you think that's funny or do you think it's lying?

GS: I honestly don't know. I figured it was probably a real quote because I don't know why they would bother to make it up. [Ed. Note — Obviously, you don't know Nerb!]

MARKY RAMONE: Right, but how does it sound to you?

GS: I interpreted it as them saying, "OK, we covered a Ramones album and Marky Ramone doesn't like it, but we don't care."

MARKY RAMONE: But I never said I didn't like it.

GS: Right, but that's how they projected your quote in the ad.

MARKY RAMONE: Well, I heard it, but I don't like it, because it's so artificial. It's too forced. The great Ramones album that was copied was done by the Beatnik Termites, called "Pleasant Dreams."

GS: Is that one out yet?

MARKY RAMONE: It's going to come out. That one I like. It was real good. But you see, when I saw the Boris The Sprinkler album, I wanted to know who the fat guy was on the cover with the glasses, because Joey got fat toward the end, and I knew it was supposed to be an imitation of him. So I went up to the fat guy in Boris The Sprinkler and said, "Were you supposed to be Joey?" and he goes, "Yeah," so it confirmed my belief. Then I listened to the album, and I give it about a 6 out of 10. They seem to be nice guys, but you know, I guess if that's my quote, that's how I felt. What is the point if you can get the real thing?

GS: I'd have to agree with you on that account. Of the cover albums I've heard, the only one to really impress me so far is the Parasites' ver-

sion of "It's Alive."

MARKY RAMONE: I mean [still referring to Boris The Sprinkler], there's no way they could get a Phil Spector production because they're not Phil Spector, and I'm sure they don't know anybody who's as good as him. But they're a cute band. The singer has the schtick and everything.

GS: Where have the Intruders toured, because you've been together for a few years, and I think this is the first time you've played in the Northwest.

MARKY RAMONE: Two years. South America, Europe twice, America three times, about 40 shows with the Misfits, about 10-15 shows with Rancid, the Warped Tour...Canada twice already. In South America, we played with the Sex Pistols. We played the two shows with them. Now we're going to finish this tour and go to Canada again.

GS: I was reading the book "Ramones: An American Band." It's the biography that came out a few years ago, and it has a list of every show the Ramones played up until 1992. I noticed that you guys played in Portland and Eugene a few times throughout the '70s and '80s. Do you have any memories of those shows, like where you played or anything that happened?

MARKY RAMONE: Me and Dee Dee at that time were getting very high, so there's a lot of memory lapse, but I remember most of the shows

were the same—crazy, great, fun, just nuttiness...a lot of slam dancing, and that's how it was. To pinpoint one particular show is pretty hard to do.

GS: Yeah, and it was a long time ago too. I have to confess I haven't seen the new video you put out, which I believe is called "Ramones Around The World?"

MARKY RAMONE: You gotta see that, it's on Rhino.

GS: Yeah, tell me what it's about.

MARKY RAMONE: I took a camera around from '87 to '96 of just the Ramones, with my high-8 camera. I was the only Ramone with a camera, and I just taped everything: songs, intimate stuff, backstage stuff, stuff that isn't on "We're Outta Here" [the CD & video boxed-set documentary of the Ramones final performance].

GS: Do you still keep in touch with the other Ramones?

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, I'm friends with Johnny and Dee Dee. I have no idea what Joey is up to. I heard he was very sick, and Tommy I speak to...And C.J...I think he's in a biker metal band. They do cover songs or something. They're called Los Geesanos, or Los Gusanos.

GS: Like you said earlier, a lot of the Ramones are doing their own thing right now. Do you think...

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, but are you hearing anything by them that's really great?

GS: I've heard Los Gusanos.

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MARKY RAMONE: And what do you think of it?

GS: It's definitely not the Ramones.

MARKY RAMONE: It's horrible. It's bad.

GS: Well, it's completely different. I mean...I can appreciate it as something different...

MARKY RAMONE: I can't. I think it's really like '80s metal, but done badly. I mean, that's just my opinion. But Dee Dee's stuff is great, the Zonked album that he put out is great.

GS: I haven't heard that one yet.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, it's real good. Dee Dee's solo stuff is great.

GS: I heard that it's a bit slower than the Ramones.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, it's slower, but it's reflective. It's really good.

GS: You played on his album too, right?

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, but I don't say that because I played on it. I just love Dee Dee's writing. He's fuckin' great. He can write a song in 20 minutes and it can become a "Pet Sematary," you know what I mean?

GS: Do you think there's any chance for Johnny Ramone to come out of retirement and do something new?

MARKY RAMONE: Ah, well...there's talk of doing a movie this summer called "Gabba Gabba Hey," and it's not definite, but it might happen. It's going to be a major movie. We're looking to have Rancid in it, the Misfits, Social Distortion, Green Day, uh...maybe Joan Jett and Bad Religion...It's a movie but it will have actors in it; maybe Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Gallo. And at the end we do two new Ramones songs, and Dee Dee's gonna be in the band.

GS: Wow! [I'm nearly speechless]

MARKY RAMONE: It's not definite, but we're talking about it.

GS: This next question is something I've been curious about for awhile. When the Ramones met at Tower Records in New York last year to sign copies of "We're Outta Here," I believe it was billed as the first time that all the former Ramones appeared together in public.

MARKY RAMONE: Right.

GS: So I've been wondering why Richie Ramone [former drummer] was absent.

MARKY RAMONE: No one's heard from him for a decade. The last I heard, he was a golf caddy. So that was it. Nobody heard from him. But Tommy was there, and Dee Dee was there, and Joey and Johnny.

GS: This leads to another question, which is sort of related. The album "Halfway to Sanity" [1987] is the only one without any songwriting credits.

MARKY RAMONE: Really, on "Halfway to Sanity"? I didn't notice that.

GS: I know it was the last album Richie played on, and he left the band before the following tour.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, I didn't play on that album.

GS: So you don't know if there's any reason for

the lack of songwriting credits on the album sleeve? [I wondered if maybe Richie wrote a lot of the songs and they didn't want to acknowledge him after he quit.]

MARKY RAMONE: I have no idea. I toured for that album because at that point I came back into the band, and then I did the "Pet Sematary" single and "Merry Christmas (I Don't Want To Fight Tonight)," and then we did the "Brain Drain" album, so I have no idea what was going on before that, especially with "Halfway To Sanity."

GS: OK, that's all I have for questions. Do you have an address to give or anything else you'd like to say?

MARKY RAMONE: Well, we have a website, an Intruders website. Intruders- dot-net-slash-com, whatever it is. And the Intruders/Ramones-dot-com, whatever it is. [Actually, it's www.ramones.net] Get the Rhino video, "Around The World." It's 70 minutes long, it contains all my footage, and it's really good. [At this point, the tape momentarily cuts out, but Marky begins talking about Joey Ramone's recent illness]...He's going through chemotherapy and I hope that everything is well. Dee Dee and I have a separate band called the Rmainz, and occasionally we play in New York. The Rmainz album is coming out soon [entitled "Live in NYC", it was released on June 15 by GB Music]. It's a DAT recording from

the board; it's real raunchy, as it was a great show with 400 kids going nuts in the club. It features Dee Dee singing Ramones songs that he wrote. Johnny Ramone...who knows? He might come out of retirement, he might not, but there's going to be a lot more Ramones video footage from my library, like a part 2, 3, and 4. The first one's out on Rhino, and if all goes well I'll do some more. I also want to start playing on other peoples' albums, just doing one song. Ya know, to play some punk stuff and have fun.

GS: Alright, that should wrap it up, and I'd like to thank you. This has been a great interview and a real honor to meet you. We're actually from Eugene, where you're playing tomorrow night, so we'll be there for that show, too.

MARKY RAMONE: Yeah, I just want to say that I'm flattered that all these bands do Ramones cover albums. It keeps the Ramones freak-flag waving high, and I wish them all luck. I really like what they do, and you know, keep up the good work. And Sloppy Seconds are great, too. ⊕

Marky Ramone and the Intruders P.O. Box 821
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A version of this article previously appeared on
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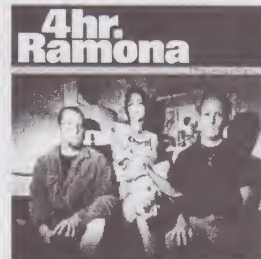
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SHE WALKS THESE HILLS IN A LONG BLACK TRENCHCOAT

As I write this, April is dissolving into May. In my newly-adopted home of NYC, the weather is still a bit frosty. Inadvertently, I've been conducting a loose sociological experiment: In a day and age where very little is shocking and you can no longer get beaten up for having spiky hair and a Sex Pistols t-shirt, it's amazing to find some people of late who would likely line up and shoot anyone silly enough to ride the subways in a long black trenchcoat. Blame it on a lack of a collective sense of



humor: Not even a '64-vintage Beatles pin attached to the lapel can remove the sinister overtones now attached to what's long been a staple of my wardrobe. Can you imagine the shrieking, hysterical bloodlust I could have engendered had I gone so far as to match the trench with a Marilyn Manson shirt? In these post-Littleton days, I can now see that it's not any oblivious wearers of long black trenchcoats who are in need of a flogging. It's the fucking MEDIA who need to feel that bullwhip.

Hopefully, by the time you read this, it'll no longer be the case. But at this very moment, you can't hit a TV remote or pick up a newspaper or newsweekly without being bombarded with coverage of the Littleton Tragedy. And make no mistake, it is tragic. There's NEVER a justification for the waste of human lives, no matter how useless or shallow those lives may be. (I do, however, have to allow a smirk and chuckle for my pal Don Waller's rakish observation: "All that firepower, and they could only kill 12 jocks?!") But the cynic in me can't help but imagine how grateful President Bill must be for the readymade distraction from the daily crimes he's committing as Commander-in-Chief down Kosovo way (which is a whole 'nother column, and one Mr. Bale is more qualified to pen). Beyond that, the most immediate reaction my body musters is nausea. The smoke hadn't even cleared in the school corridors before we're hearing instant answers as to Why This Happened: "The two suspects wore chalky white makeup and long black trenchcoats in emulation of rock singer Marilyn Manson." "The two suspects were part of a subculture known as goth." "The two suspects were fond of an industrial band known as KMFDM." "The two suspects

were devotees of violent videogames and reportedly patterned the shootings after a scene in the movie 'The Basketball Diaries.'" "The two suspects reportedly got their information on building a pipebomb from the internet."

And people wonder why I've been reluctant to write anymore. Rock press, mainstream press, there's not much difference: The media's populated by a load of bottomfeeders too lazy to seek the truth, shortcutting their way to the cheap and easy answer every time. Listen to what one of rock's wisest heads, Iggy Pop, muttered on the subject in the latest issue of *Sonic Iguana*: "Nobody bothers (to check facts) and it's incredible that there's so very little, or no, rock journalism. It's all lies! Most people who would call themselves rock journalists don't really like to do the job. They really want to be managers or work for the record companies. They're on their way somewhere else and they don't check things out. Boy, if I was a rock journalist, God help you, because I would check you out, motherfucker!" As always, Iggy's right. The minute I found myself sinking to those same levels of slothfulness, I voluntarily removed myself from the loop. What good are you if you can't measure up to the standards you initially set for yourself? (And what do I do now? I concentrate on my first love, the actual playing of music rather than covering music. But I digress.)

And so goes the media coverage of Littleton, whipping up new levels of daily terror for poor little goth kids and Mansonheads and owners of long black trenchcoats, and creating a million more potential Littletons in the process. Manson, in part, must love it: The public outrage machine which lines his pocket has been pitifully undernourished recently. Now we'll never be rid of this poor excuse for an Alice Cooper substitute. Mr. and Mrs. America, of course, will never wake to the truth: Ozzy Osbourne and Judas Priest do not cause 4-out-of-5 teen suicides, and Marilyn and goth and industrial disco and videogames and the internet and bad cinematic interpretations of Jim Carroll books do not a Littleton make. They don't even influence one.

So, what DOES create a Littleton? An unbalanced mind. Y'know those two kids

in the trenchcoats? That was me in high school. That was most of my friends, too. And I'd make a fortune laying down money on most of the readership of this mag being able to relate to the Trenchcoat Mafia, too. We all got beaten to shit on a daily basis by BMOCs and snubbed as often by big-haired girls, all for not being "fortunate" enough to captain the football team or wear short skirts and yell "RAH!" on the sidelines, for not having sacks of money and impressive cars and designer clothes and the brand new Rush and Police 8-tracks, and not really giving a shit about it, either. It's a situation best recounted in S.E. Hinton's massive teen angst epic, *The Outsiders*: Every misfit teen has to endure torture at the hands of the high school ruling class. And with every blow to my skull and every ripping of my painstakingly hand-painted Sex Pistols t-shirt I endured in high school, the Dylan Kliebold in me wished proportionate black death and hardship on my tormentors' houses. You did, too. It's just that Dylan and his pal crossed the line and actually did it. They got pushed to that wall one too many times and finally

I do, however, have to allow a smirk and chuckle for my pal Don Waller's rakish observation: "All that firepower, and they could only kill 12 jocks?!!"

snapped. And the Greasers showed the Socs whatfor.

I'm not saying I condone what they did. I just understand. Just as I understand that their actions were the byproduct of an unhinged brain (one, it was recently revealed, that was on a regimen of antidepressants). Those actions had nothing to do with their cultural and informational input. I didn't end up blowing up the world after I'd bought "We've Got The Neutron Bomb." I didn't become a child abuser after hearing "Beat On The Brat," nor did I go Gacy once I'd heard "I Kill Children." I knew if I followed Wile E. Coyote's lead and chased the Road Runner off the cliff, I wasn't gonna be back for the next scene perfectly intact. "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" never made me think human flesh just might be yummy, nor did "Rosemary's Baby" put any sort of rosy tint on Satanism for me. And I can guarantee there are hordes of Siouxsie and Peter Murphy off-spring out there loading "Antichrist Superstar" into their CD decks and firing up the net as "Scream" hisses away on their VCRs who will not walk into homeroom tomorrow morning with a sudden urge to commence target practice.

What I wanna know is who gave these guys' parents permission to reproduce? Several of the weapons Dylan and his bud were hefting were only available through black market sources. Did Mom and Pop Kliebold honestly believe lil' Dylan's arsenal only existed for purpose of deer hunting? And I tell you what: Had MY mom heard me down in our basement busting glass, she'd be down those steps by the sixth crash. And you wouldn't be reading this column, 'cuz I'd still be grounded to this day! These people clearly had no more business procreating than I have diving naked and smeared with honey into a red army ant hill. It's enough to make me actively lobby for one of my old brainstorms: The Bureau Of Procreation. You wanna breed? You will be required by law to pass a test to obtain a license. Fail the test? You're automatically sterilized. Then we're guaranteed that less

TIM STEGALL

fucked-up humanity will be born and raised by fucked-up humanity.

Well, now that I've likely tarred myself for life as some junior grade Hitler, I'll stop venting. Then again, if you are bright enough to be a *Hit List* reader, you don't need to hear any of this. The converts are called converts 'cos they're converted, and they don't need saving! But then, it's unlikely that *Newsweek* or CNN would air such rantings, where they'd do the most good. Instead, we'll be treated to several more weeks' worth of hand-wringing and calling for the heads of superficially deviant rock stars. We'll see studio heads and TV programmers cave under ridiculous pressure to stop the violence. Senate committees will convene to investigate the feasibility of putting the screws to the Internet. Meantime, some other nutcase is plotting another atrocity which'll make Littleton look like a goddamned "Romper Room" episode. I just hope he leaves behind a closetful of JNCOs and a rackful of Backstreet Boys CDs and Teletubbies videos. Maybe then, we'll see the banning of something that **DESERVES** banning! Next issue: The importance of tight pants and Mott The Hoople (or why Jeff Bale is wrong as wrong can be about Ian and the boys). Be there. Aloha. ⊕

Texas-born Tim Stegall first began spouting off his opinions about punk rock and Marshall amp-type noise back in the mid-80s. Before he voluntarily bowed out in disgust, his work could be found in the pages of such August periodicals as Flipside, Your Flesh, Alternative Press and The Austin Chronicle. After leading Austin's premiere safety pin glam band the Hormones for eight years, he disbanded them due to lameness and disinterest and took his guitar and songs and eyeliner to NYC, where he now leads the Napalm Stars. He's single, and uses and endorses Aqua Net, because he only wants the best.

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The American Serigraph Explosion

and the new rock poster art

by Chad Hensley

Part I: A Brief History

Aserigraph is a color print made using the silk-screen process. The silk-screen process is itself a stencil method of printing a flat color design through a piece of silk (or some other fine cloth), on which all parts of the design not to be printed have been blocked out by an impermeable film. Silk-screening also makes use of a squeegee to force ink directly onto the surface to be printed.

Visions of Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein with their huge silk-screened canvasses flash through the mind when the term serigraph is mentioned, since these famous artists' works were sold by many high-priced, upscale art galleries. It is this same technique

that is currently flourishing throughout the "Rock" poster underground.

Silk-screen printing is most widely known for its use in printing on fabrics, and this is how the method originated. The first silk-screens were made of fine silk threads and strands of human hair by the Japanese as a way to apply stenciled shapes to fabric. It was not until the 1920s that the first automatic screen printing machine was invented. This inexpensive printing process was capable of producing small runs on short notice, yet the applications were originally mainly commercial. Later, it was recognized that silk-screening was especially suited for multi-color printing with bold designs, since the inks tend to be opaque and ride on the surface of the paper. Virtually any paper can be used for printing, making the silk-screen more accessible than any other print medium.

Pop art and op art revitalized the screen printing process in the early 1960s as a bona fide art form, rather than just a commercial printing technique. This in turn seems to have lent itself to the next wave of producing rock show (or "gig") posters in the mid to late 1960s, during the "Psychedelic Era". Previously, most "Rock" posters were a clutter of type, perhaps with a photograph of the performer, that were either taped to store windows or stapled to telephone poles to advertise the gig. The "rock" poster soon began incorporating illustrations into its design, and during the "Psychedelic Era" unusual lettering or logos morphed into illustrations which blended into a display of mind-bending colors. These posters, produced either by serigraphy (screen), lithography (flat), or offset (cylinder) methods, saw pop art tones with day-glow expression-

ism reflect the cultural clash of society, the Vietnam war, and mind-expanding drugs, in the process becoming a new direction in American art. The new breed of artists, including Rick Griffin, Stanley Mouse, Alton Kelly, Victor Moscoso, Wes Wilson, John Van Hamersveld, Gary Grimshaw, Randy Tuten, and others, would influence generations to come while helping to redesign rock's image.

Like a fist thrust into a mirror, that face changed again with the birth of punk and hardcore in the late 1970s and early 1980s, as this new generation rebelled against that which was previously considered rebellious. And from this new era, one image still stands out--the Screamers poster by Gary Panter, which exemplified the rage evident in this new sound of social consciousness. Yet the silk-screened poster was no longer as prevalent as it once was. The limited edition, signed serigraphs were still sold in upscale galleries, but the punk mentality grew into a do-it-yourself ethic, and the xerox machine or offset printer became the standard way to create punk art. Artists like Raymond Pettibon, Shawn Kerri, "Mad" Marc Rude, and Pushead reflected the mood. Their work adorned the inner walls of houses across America and appeared on T-shirts silk-screened in garages on home made units. Glenn Danzig, singer of the Misfits, silk-screened T-shirts in the basement of his parent's home while occasionally printing huge one color gig posters silk-screened on butcher paper. T-shirts and "flyers" (small handbills) were in full D.I.Y. swing, but silk-screened rock posters would have to evolve again.

That evolution would come in the late 1980s, as a new form of "alternative" music arose and small clubs went beyond simple flyers to advertise shows. It's hard to say exactly who did it first, whether it was due to the rebirth of the Fillmore (in San Francisco) and the tradition of handing out creative posters to the crowd at the end of each show, or to Art Chantry in Seattle, Washington, or even to Frank Kozik in Austin, Texas, but one thing was certain. Posters were

"happening" again and the demand grew for new posters and artists, as well as for originals from the late 1960s. This new wave of posters combined elements of the "Psychedelic Era" and the "Punk/Hardcore Era", but focussed not so much on raising social consciousness as on generating social satire. Darkly humorous posters with loud, bold colors

obnoxious-ly advertised small club shows, but these were rarely seen on telephone poles or in shop windows since they were taken 5 minutes after being put up. Kozik seemingly dayglo-ed his way into leading this new group of artists,

including TAZ, Lindsey Kuhn, The Pizz, Derek Hess, Jeff Kleinsmith, Coop, Mark Arminski, Psychic Spark Plug, Pablo, Emek, and others, who then influenced the tastes of a new rock generation.

While it started as an underground alternative effort to publicize powerful bands with new sounds such as Nirvana, the Unsane, Big Chief, Soundgarden, Hole, Rocket From the Crypt, Green Day, Superchunk, the Butthole Surfers, and many others, some of these bands have since found success far beyond the underground and passed into the mainstream, in the process bringing the rock silk-screened poster with them. There will no longer any boundaries as to what will be printed as the demand grows. One might say this has developed into a "trend", a trend that has become so popular that people have actually been found digging through garbage bins outside of silk-screen printing shops to get rejects and leftovers. A trend that has also become collectible, with alternative art galleries and magazines popping up to feature this new money-making form of advertising. A trend so infested with egotism that the bands are demanding

royalties and specific artists, while artists are springing up at an alarming rate and exploiting certain bands to insure their success. Will these posters someday hang in those upscale fine art galleries like their pop art predecessors?

With so much ink being squeezed through frames of synthetic screens, a new cultural icon is once again laying the foundations for historical development in the world of rock and roll.

Part II: How to make a poster

It was the summer of 1992, and I found myself relocated in Austin employed by a silk-screen poster artist.



Luck was with me, as my best friend was the shop manager. I worked at his side for the next two years, and we managed to produce over two hundred printed posters. This silk-screen shop acquired the nickname "Wackyland"

because of all those crazy images that were designed, stretched, and produced in the course of a never-ending work schedule. Despite all of the effort involved, making a silk-screen poster can be both fun and rewarding.

The first and most obvious step in producing a silk-screen poster (or serigraph) is doing the art. Poster designs can be produced in a number of ways, which include drawing the image by hand, using a collage technique, or even creating them on a computer. Designs can be altered with liquid "white out", as well as manipulated by using a photocopy machine. Many art methods can be combined to produce an effective poster.

After the basic design is finished, a poster size must be chosen so the image can be laid out and spec-ed to size with type. Typical "Wackyland" paper sizes included 11 x 35, 17 x 23, and 23 x 35 inch stock paper. Once the poster is actually sized, the lettering must be added while keeping the composition intact. Lettering can be illustrated or produced with PC software programs. "Wackyland" lettering was often created in the computer using CorelDRAW!, which has several hundred font types available to choose from.

After the design and lettering layout are pasted onto a "blank", a stationary camera "shot" must then be made. This can be done by taking a photo of the design with an electronic vertical process



camera, by means of which a film positive, or acetate, is produced. This acetate, containing the completed design, will then be used in both the separation cutting process and in the "shooting" of the final screen.

Each separation utilizes a sheet of amberlith or rubylith that will be needed for each color to print the poster. This acetate sheet has amber-colored film attached to the top side. The amber side can be cut by a handheld instrument,



such as an exacto knife. After the proper "cuts" have been made, the amber should be peeled from the surface. Every area on the poster that is to contain the desired color must be cut and the amber removed from around it. Making separations is also called "cutting seps", which can be one of the most time-consuming activities in the entire silk-screened poster process.

Screen preparation. A screen consists of a square or rectangular frame with a silk-screen mesh attached to it. The frames at "Wackyland" were handmade wooden frames approximately 3 feet by 4 feet in diameter and about 1 to 2 inches thick. The mesh was stretched very tightly across the frame and carefully stapled to the wood sides. Screen mesh comes in a variety of mesh densities, ranging from 175 to 280 holes per inch, and the construction materials include natural silk, polyester, and nylon. The finer the mesh, the higher the quality of printing detail.

Once the screens are finished, the next step is to coat them with emulsion. Emulsion is a photo-sensitive chemical

solution that must be applied to each screen and allowed to dry. The photo-positive separations are attached to screens, usually one image per screen for each color, and exposed to a very bright light. "Wackyland" had a vacuum table where a screen would be placed prior to "shooting" in order to establish the best possible contact between the separation and the coated surface. The screen is then exposed for up to 15 minutes using this powerful light source. After the screen is "shot", it must then be washed out with water. Wherever the amber touches the emulsion, the screen area is washed away so as to allow the ink to pour through the screen. All screens are "shot", washed out, and allowed to dry for each poster. This usually requires from 3 to 8 screens per poster, depending on how many colors there are.

The actual printing machine used at "Wackyland" was an American Cameo 38 electrically-powered foot pedal press. Several types of ink can be used but "Wackyland" inks were always water-based since they

facilitated faster clean-ups (in contrast to oil-based inks, which require chemicals for clean-up). From the first color to the final black (black is always the last "pass", as it brings everything together), a screen is placed in the machine, ink is poured into the corner of the frame, and the pedal is pressed. A poster is hand-loaded and registered, one sheet at a time. One hundred posters with five colors will require five hundred impressions. After each color is finished, the posters must be allowed to dry. The higher the humidity, the longer the poster will take to dry. During this time, the machine must be broken down and set up for the next color. The average print time is approximately two hours per color, assuming the printing goes smoothly. When the "run" is complete the posters will be taken to the artist, where they will be signed and numbered.

Numerous problems can not only occur during actual printing, but at each step of the entire process. The "Wackyland" print crew encountered so many problems that to list them all would require an entire article. One of the most common "Wackyland" problems involved screens being over-

under-exposed during the "shooting" process, which can cause emulsion to break down during printing as well as clog up the screen. But no matter what problems may have arisen, the results

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KUHN

were always well worth the effort involved.

Part III: Favorite Artists

Frank Kozik's imagery often contains crazy cartoon characters in demented situations that explore the imagination for comic relief. His bold hard lines make easy traps for glowing fluorescents. His talent began to develop in the early 1980s, when he drew flyers for Austin punk rock shows. He hung out at The Cave club and got to know the owner, who was willing to pay for the printing. He started doing two-color offset posters, which led to his employment at a commercial T-shirt shop. This in turn gave him the opportunity to experiment with design techniques. After a year he decided to quit, and then went freelance into the silk-screen world. In 1990 Kozik was approached by a Los Angeles-based art gallery, which agreed to pay for the silk-

screening. "This gallery wanted to do fine art prints. We did a couple and were really overcharged. I told the gallery, 'Look, for the price of three print jobs we can buy our own shit and print our own stuff.'"

Kozik draws ideas from a wide range of

(I)Surfer(I) magazine) and (I)Yellow Dog(I) featured art by Evans as well as other poster artists of that time. When asked how he got his start, Jim replies "Rock music and LSD. During the '60s, I took massive amounts of the drug and was a

collectively as "Swamp"--named after a skateboard ramp he built in his home town of Ocean Springs, Mississippi. The conglomerate which houses the silk-screen presses also features the production of a clothing line and a record company, as well

"One day, Frank [Kozik] said 'Dude, you'll make so much money', so I decided to do some."

-Coop, on his start in screenprinted poster art

sources. He said that during his childhood in Spain, "there was a cartoonist called Ibanez. He did a really 'killer' comic book for twenty years. As a child, I bought his comic every week. A lot of my stuff is lifted from his style, like real clean lines and big bulbous fingers. I'm also into American illustrative art from the 1930s, '40s, and '50s, as well as science fiction pulp magazines published in the '40s and '50s. Then there's World War II propaganda posters, girlie magazines, hot rod decals, and cartoons. I like little kid comics and coloring books. I'm into generic-looking figures doing really weird things."

Kozik's first silk-screen shop was called "Wackyland". In 1994, he left Austin for San Francisco and set up there, renaming the shop "Wackyland Pacific". This shop is under the umbrella of Kozik's record label, Man's Ruin. Man's Ruin is also the title of a book that compiled his work from 1990 through 1994.

The word "TAZ" comes from a book by anarchist writer Hakim Bey. It stands for the "Temporary Autonomous Zone". Now it has become a free-floating sphere where creative people work with anarchy to create posters. At present TAZ takes the form of a three-man serigraph machine, whose members are known individually as Jim Evans, Rollo Castillo, and Gibran. Their mechanics for creating zany, comic book-like poster panels are unique, as each artist not only adds something to the design but can also enforce a veto power.

Jim Evans is the oldest of the trio, and was thus involved with silk-screened posters when the art form was first developing in the '60s. "I used to work with Rick Griffin and the rest of that early hippie surf crew." Jim's air-brush art designs appeared in many of the underground comics and surfer magazines of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Comics like (I)Tales from the Tube(I) (originally a free insert in

troubled middle class youth."

Evans hadn't been doing any rock posters for a long time before TAZ formed in 1992. Jim elaborates: "My stepson (the singer of Trash Can School) was married to one of the girls in the band L7. At the end of a tour one summer, she came to me and said, 'Hey, there's this guy called Kozik doing silk-screened rock posters.' They brought back some of his posters and I thought they were really cool. L7 asked 'Can you do a poster like this for us?'. And that's how it happened."

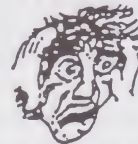
Lindsey Kuhn is both an artist and the curator for several small companies known

as the posters. According to Kuhn, the re-emergence of the silk-screened poster "rocks". Kuhn developed a love for art, music, and skateboarding at an early age. He built the "Swamp" ramp (named after the surrounding area) in his backyard and began having contests while he was in high school. He saw other kids wearing bootleg T-shirts and decided he could make some himself. He began to silk-screen T-shirts in his garage which derived from his own designs. On summer vacations he traveled to Dallas and worked for Zorlac Skateboards, thereby further developing his skills.

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7" LIMECELL "Bloodthirsty stalker"
7" TR6 "Psychobilly mayhem"
7" THE WRETCHED ONES "Tributes suck"
5" ANTI HEROES "Live on à five"
5" THE CANDY SNATCHERS "Live on a five"
5" THE WRETCHED ONES "Live on a five"
(5" records are the real underground)

In 1990, Lindsey dropped out of college and took a job in a silk-screen "sweat shop" that printed hundreds of shirts every day. He worked there for six long, grueling months. This job provided the opportunity for Lindsey to learn silk-screening on paper; a skill that would become his true talent. That same year Lindsey met Frank Kozik at a record convention, and was offered a job. Today Lindsey has printed posters for a handful of famous artists, including Robert Williams, Big Daddy Ed Roth, Joe Coleman, Pushead, the Pizz, Coop, and of course, Kozik. Many of these artists have sought Lindsey out for his exceptional printing talents.

Lindsey's imagery often involves a combination of styles, since he mixes illustrations with photo collages and characters from Japanese comics. He has silk-screened posters on metal, giant canvasses, and huge plywood surfaces, and is constantly seeking out more challenging planes on which to print. Last year, he moved to Denver, and has single-handedly created a new market for his work there.

Chris Cooper goes by the name of "Coop" in the poster world. His illustrations are notorious for the big-breasted, voluptuous devil women who inhabit his landscapes. His style has a certain flare for capturing "sexy babes" in a uniquely slutty, cartoon splendor, so that when you see one of these hedonistic women you know immediately who the artist is. It comes as no surprise that Coop has done illustrations for several American pornography magazines (including (I)Hustler(I) and (I)Chic(I)).

Artists who have been a big influence on Coop are Robert Williams and Big Daddy Ed Roth. He also loves the Rat Fink, Weirido, and Nutty Mads toys of the 1960s. But Coop gives Frank Kozik the credit for getting him started doing silk-screened posters. "One day Frank said 'Dude, you'll make so much money', so I decided to do some."

Coop is a little skeptical about the recent popularity of the silk-screened poster. "A lot of people are jumping on the bandwagon. Every time I turn around there is a new poster artist. I will say I like the fact that it is regional. Most of the shows I do are for Southern California. TAZ is basically also Southern California. Then there's Mark Dancey (formerly bass player of Big Chief and the artist responsible for all of the band's designs) who is pretty much based in the Midwest. With the advent of MTV, every little thing has become a fad. I like the poster thing to be isolated in little pockets. Hopefully, the posters will last a little longer than most trends."

The posters of Derek Hess blend figure drawing with a dark view of pop culture. His approach developed from working with spray paint, pen and ink, and photo stat paper. In 1989, he began doing flyers for shows he was booking at the Euclid Tavern in Cleveland. In '93, Hess says, "This guy moved here from Texas who had seen my flyers and offered to pay for all of the silk-screen poster printing."

Hess has an art school background, though he never graduated. In school he studied how to make lithographs. As he puts it, "I take more of a lithograph approach to making silk-screened posters. I do all of my own separations, pick the order in which the colors will go down, and tell them how dense the ink should be." Hess never uses the day-glow colors that are popular with other artists and adds "I think you can get a message across more effectively using subtle colors and implied images instead of graphic violence. You shouldn't have to shout your graphics."

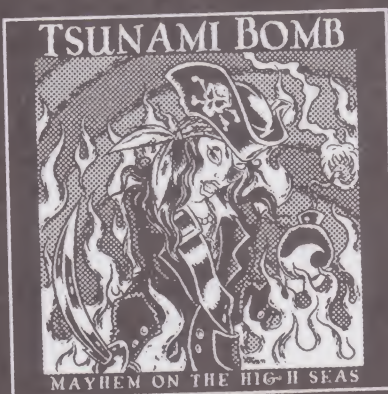
American comic book artists have been a major influence on Hess. He says that the "big one is Gil Kane, especially his stuff from the '70s." Other comic artists he admires include Neal Adams and Jack Kirby. "I still collect comics,"

Hess confesses, adding that music has also affected his work. When asked, he simply replies, "I think that the poster is perfect documentation for music in our time."

Despite Hess' love of rock posters, he says he "would really like to get back into doing fine art lithographs. I was doing them before I started booking. Now that I have an audience, people are willing to pay attention. The prints are basically my posters without lettering. Doing show posters has allowed me to get recognized without being affiliated with an art gallery, because I always hated the whole 'art fag' angle."

As silk-screened posters appear in cities all over the world, there is little doubt that they will continue to draw a crowd. Though other artists will spring up, the five individuals mentioned above have all made major contributions to the art form. All have had their work featured at major underground/alternative galleries, both within and outside of America. There is little doubt that most of them will continue producing art in some form long after the silk-screened poster craze has ended. In the meantime, watch for their designs plastered on a wall nearest you! ☺

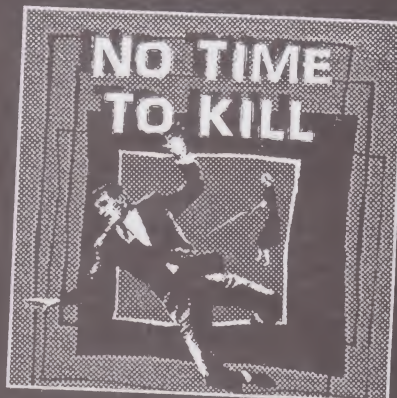
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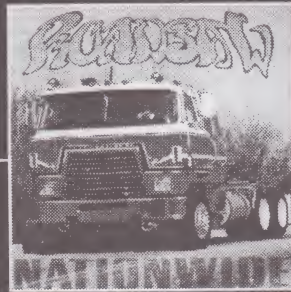
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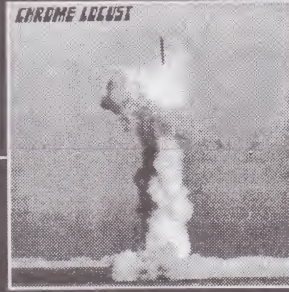
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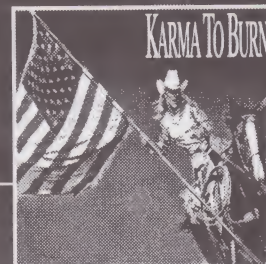


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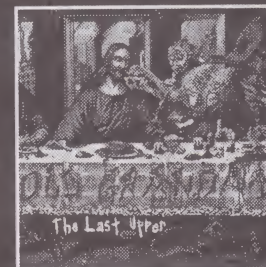
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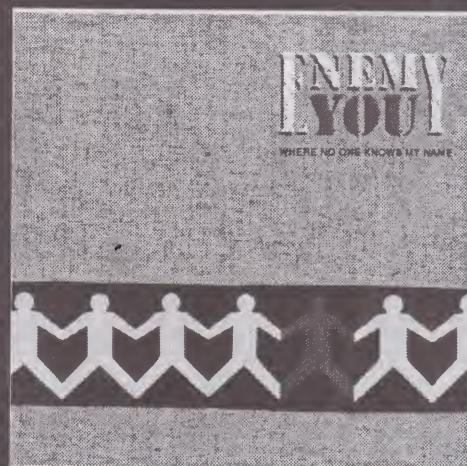
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"[W]e rolled over the bridge into Riverside . . . But at the hot bus station a Negro saw me with my pack and came over . . . when I told him I was going back up the road to sleep in that riverbottom he said, 'No sir, you can't do that, cops in this town are the toughest in the state. If they see you down there they'll pull you in, boy' . . . I saw many cop cruising cars and they were looking at me suspiciously: sleek, well-paid cops in brand-new cars with all that expensive radio equipment . . ."

—Jack Kerouac, 1958

WE GOT A PIG IN THE GROUND AND THE BEER ON ICE

Aqua Mansa Cemetery. A real boothill-looking collection of tombstones, a few small and crumbling crypts, and a few more old wooden crosses. Situated at the crossroads of Rivercide and San



Bernardino, overlooking a horse ranch and the industrial steel squalor of Bloomington/Colton, California, allegedly lies the cemetery's one nationally-known figure. I say allegedly because even the nice, white-haired octogenarian caretaker doesn't know for sure where the actual grave is located. She pointed us to the N.E. edge of

the grounds towards an ancient willow. There, amongst the mostly Hispanic graves, lie the remains of Virgil Earp, brother of the infamous sheriff/outlaw Wyatt. The grave-site is unmarked, the headstone has been stolen...like at many other known graves. No doubt it served as the conversation piece in someone's home for a while, then was destined to lie forgotten in an attic or, more appropriately, be strewn amongst the trash and used car parts in the tall grass next to a garbage burn pile.

Following the shootout at the OK Corral and its aftermath, the Earps (minus Wyatt, who had a shitload of good ol' fashion revenge to heap on his family's arch enemies) moved out to the area known today as the Inland Empire. Virgil continued his cop career in this area. Since then we have had more than

Deer Blind and Naked

with Richard Tater

our share of infamous cops. I think the Earps maybe set a trend for outlaw cops 'round here. A trend I'm sure will continue.

It was good to stand over his grave drinking a tall cold beer. It was better to know he was long dead. And it was especially wonderful to know that his grave is almost forgotten. I don't think cops should be allowed to be buried and given a "hallowed" place for reverence and remembrance. Hunter S. Thompson's idea for Nixon's funeral and body disposal stands out as a good template for law enforcement personal: burning them in a city dumpster or tossing them into the sewer. Simple genius.

PIG PEN

Unfortunately, I was born here in Rivercide. I shot out of my mother's bleeding hippy twat at the Knowlwood Psychiatric and Chemical Dependency Center nine months after my dead-beat-nik dad blasted his Summer of Love seed into her up in San Fran'. I still live in Rivercide. At least most of the year I do. I try to escape the sweltering, choking summers by doing labor jobs up North. The fact that I prefer working during the summer over slacking should give you an idea of the unhealthy climate 'round these inland parts for several months--unhealthy, weather-wise, in addition to the standard hazards of modernity. You may have heard about Rivercide, as our police force has once again put us on the map. When this town makes the news, guns, brutality, and/or death are sure to be the catalysts.

This smog-shrouded, commuter bedroom-burg, 60 miles east of L.A., sometimes referred to with derision by the locals as East Orange County for the obvious right-wing leanings of its political machine, was best described by a local artist named Nick Ianelli. Nick, who spent a great deal of time on the East Coast, said of Rivercide, "It's like New Jersey with palm trees and Spanish tile roofs." He also stated that the cops here are far worse than those in N.J. Like many other sane young people, he relocated. He chose Florida. Since then, we've heard no complaints from him about the local cheese in the fantasy land of Miami Vice, Tony "Scarface" Montana, and the birth-



place of the ten-year old primetime show *COPS*. That says a whole fuck of a lot about this once citrus-infested uber-village of flint-hearted cops.

With this in mind I'll take you to the Tyisha Miller debacle. In case you skip the mainstream media and only read musical periodicals and zines, and I dare say I don't blame you, I'll bring you up to snuff on the Tyisha Miller killing, at least the short version. On Dec. 28, 1998, two female youths of African-American descent, after spending an evening in the time honor'd American tradition of party hopping and D.U.I., pulled over at a gas station when they discovered they had a flat. After seeking assistance, Ms. Miller elected to stay behind and watch the car while her companion sought help from a "Good Sam". Tyisha passed out in the car with a gun in her lap. When her family returned they couldn't wake her, freaked out, and called 911. The cops showed up, tried waking her, saw the gun, and regrouped. They decided they were going to take evasive steps as she may have needed medical help. The plan was to break the window, snatch the gun, and let the medics do their job. The result was breaking the window and blasting her twelve times, four in the head, after she allegedly grabbed for the piece, and then letting the coroner do his job.

Needless to say the media jumped on this like a thousand fleas on a bleeding, limping rabbit. Tyisha Miller is not the first person to be unnecessarily shot up by the cops, and is definitely not going to be the last. Since then numerous protests have arisen from this fucked-up episode. The fact that people are protesting is in itself a refreshing and wondrous thing. It gives me the merest spark of hope that people will not just sit down and accept this enclavist mentality and say, "oh well. It wasn't me or anyone I know."

when you live here it won't go away, especially the race issue. It's either "evil, cracker cops with itchy trigger fingers carving nigger notches on the handles of their sidearms", or "the cops aren't racist, they made a mistake, and she asked for it by driving around with a loaded gun."

No one seems to question the rationality of a young woman, regardless of her race, having a loaded gun for her protection. Especially when she's alone in a broken-down car on the midnight streets of a town like Riverdale. The cop-friendly media will bash the race issue, if only because it doesn't want you to even consider arguing about an uncontrollable leviathan of a police state or a person's right to carry a weapon for self-defence. Only cops and "perpetrators" carry weapons. Everyone else is a "civilian". Civil and disarmed, just the way governments like their constituencies. And, in case you haven't noticed, anti-gun legislation is on the rise.

THE OTHER WHITE MEAT

(Pardon the three-month old rehash of stale news, but Bubba and the Congress won't let this go so why should I?) As anyone with half a brain could have predicted in the wake of the latest high school rampage in Colorado, the gun issue has once again been brought to the forefront of politics and the media. Everywhere you turn, every channel you turn to, every paper or mainstream news magazine you look at has been ranting on about gun control, and very few people are standing up against further proposed restrictions. The ever-cuddly N.R.A. is about the only major PAC taking a hard-line, "fuck you", strict-to-the-letter-of the 2nd amendment approach. And with friends like that...well, it's hard to jump into the sack with those strange bedfellows. For a rational person to jump on their bandwagon is about as hypocritical as feminists hooking up with the same Bible-



Officer Mike Alagna



Officer Paul Bugar



Officer Daniel Hotard



Sgt. Greg Preece



Corporal Ray Soto



Officer Wayne Stewart

Protest = good. Tone of protest = bad. Once again the race card is getting pulled out of the deck, especially since the Doc Holladay of race-based litigation has been employed by the Miller family. Yes, Mr. Johnny Cochran is in the game. All media attention is centering on race rather than on the issue of police brutality in general. This is somewhat warranted, as one has to question if the man would have handled the situation differently had they rolled up on a 19-year old, white, debutante passed out in her daddy's Porsche with a sexy, silver, Colt Mustang .380, as opposed to a young black girl in a rattle trap shit-box with a Saturday night special. Then again, maybe the white girl would get the same treatment if she was your stereotypical speed queen, trailer park-dweller passed out in a pick-up with a .44 magnum.

I've heard several sides of the issue argued over and over endlessly as the debate drags on. This news story may go away for the rest of the U.S.A., only popping up when my perennial fave Al Sharpton brings the Circus de Civil Disobedience to town. Unfortunately,

thumpers that they were throwing eggs at during the last abortion protest just so they could get a porno store closed down.

Unfortunately, I find myself siding with that group of vacuous, mostly arch-conservative, right-wing fucks. As a gun owner, and a generally paranoid individual, I cherish the strict 2nd Amendment approach. And when people from either side of the political spectrum start arguing about taking away guns, I get a wee bit edgy. I was even incensed when they outlawed assault weapons and armor-piercing ammo. Some tie-dyed in the wool Birkenstalker tried arguing with me about how these weapons have only one purpose, killing people. I heartily agreed, and pointed out to him that not only did they kill people, but they were designed for use against military targets and cops. That's precisely why I want assault rifles and black talons. I don't want the military and the police state to have overwhelming firepower vis-a-vis the common man. That's the whole idea of the Second Amendment-keeping tyranny in check.

I tried pointing out the ideals behind the Posse Comitatus Act to

red eyes. This is the law that in part kept the military and its weapons of war from being used against the American people on our own fucking soil. However, as a result of the Drug War, this idea--like so many other of our rights--has been almost completely disassembled, rendered into confetti, and thrown into the wind. Furthermore, I pointed out that a "crisis management database" has been established by the Special Operations and Research Unit of the F.B.I. and that it is linked up with local law enforcement agencies. And that the National Tactical Officers Association, established in 1983, links the thousands of S.W.A.T. teams together into a brotherhood of fear and local paramilitary control. And that local police are incorporating higher firepower into their arsenals and daily use--special weapons for special people. The lines between the separation of Fed, state, and local policing are being blurred further everyday. This trend, when combined with further gun control measures, sets a rather ominous precedent.

He didn't get the message. He said something about everyone needing a big naked hug, and floated away to continue passing out flyers for some ecumenical cause his hairy girlfriend had put him up to. I can only hope his upper-crusty, unbathed ass gets a couple cop batons across his skull at some protest against cutting old growth timber or stopping cow slavery at mega-dairy farms. A little well-directed feral energy has a way of cutting through the purple haze.

One thing I didn't tell this follower of Jerry GarC-YA! was the one and only way I would agree to any kind of gun restrictions. If the three branches of the gov' would kindly rescind the drug war via a constitutional amendment, halt the building of new prisons, strip all cops of every gun except a service revolver, dismantle the National Reconnaissance Office, make the only crime punishable by death to be treason against the American people by government agents (including the FBI, CIA and NSA), strip the IRS of their power to incarcerate without habeas corpus, and--since I'm really taking a major pull off the opium pipe here--drag Jesse Helms naked through the streets of DC in chains, then fuck it, I'll be satisfied with just a black powder rifle. Until then don't even talk about fucking with my firearms.

Oops. I got a little sidetracked. I was babbling about Tyisha Miller. There are many similarities between Ms. Miller's roadside execution and the Rodney King case. Except that the Riverside P.D. make Koons and his compatriots look like a bunch of Peace Corps workers. It's unfortunate that Ms. Miller's family wasn't circumspect enough to have brought a video camera with them. If they did, I'm sure this latest whitewash would have made the '92 riots pale in comparison. The D.A. didn't even take the cops to trial. He pooh-pooh'd them for using bad judgement and dismissed the case. What do think would happen to you if you "accidentally" shot some cop? Do you think the D.A. would be so forgiving? Well maybe, assuming you made it to trial or even made it to a hospital in one piece.

I was surprised that the D.A. didn't take some bizarre tack like accusing Ms. Miller of being suicidal and using innocent law enforcers to carry out her will. It's too bad for the boys in blue and their suit prosecutor brothers that there were witnesses. Otherwise she could have just been painted

RICHARD TATER

as another depressed freak, without the balls to drop the hammer herself, who ended up turning the cops into some drafted, Kevorkian-style suicide machine.

Police-assisted suicide. That's my favorite new propaganda catch phrase. Cops are now being portrayed as powerless tools for other peoples' deathwishes. Goebbels and Streicher are laughing their asses off in Hell over that one. I'd like to buy a beer for the government sociologist/psychologist that thought that one up. Pure genius. It's a great tool to get people to accept further violence against them by the state, not to mention to shift the blame from the killer to the victim. The equivalent would be blaming a rape on a woman's choice of clothing.

So what's next? Police-assisted masochism? Rodney King was just a heavy, pig-bottom looking for stout men in uniform to scratch his itch? Fuck, all these trendy, suburban kids in rubber clothes could save a bundle on doms' and dungeons. The boys in blue are just here to help. Wrench some of your tax money out of them. Get them to put those sadistic tendencies to work on your behalf. Personally, if they're truly here to serve and protect, then why not just say "hey, pig. Go get me a double cheeseburger and make sure it gets here hot and in one piece."

The fact that people are buying this police-assisted suicide concept is yet another turn toward the "Brave" New World Order. The propaganda pressure cooker is really cranking up the heat and boiling the daft pinheads of average schmoes to a fine mush. It's a slow, grinding process, but they're getting better at it every day. People are so used to accepting our "liberal", "free" media's every word as the

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objective truth, that just about any idea can be put into play with enough priming. It's like the old analogy of the frog in the frying pan. Put a frog in boiling water and it will jump out. Put it in cold water and turn on the heat, and it won't notice until it's too late. Hitler didn't persuade the German people to exterminate the Jews in a day. It took years of propaganda and priming the pump before action was initiated, goose-step by step.

GERMAN SAUSAGE

While I'm on the Hitler tangent, I recently learned that Hitler's picture is the most shot-at image at shooting ranges. Not Jane Fonda, MLK, Jr., or the Pope--good ol' one testicle himself gets the top spot. This is because of his stance on gun control. Hitler was very much for keeping guns out of the hands of the population at large. The Jews were disarmed far before Hitler ever came to power, and were that much easier targets because of it. On a further tangent, one of the latest little tidbits of legislation to come across the table was an act that would ban everybody but law enforcement and the military from shooting at targets in human form, even Hitler. This is allegedly designed to curtail the desensitizing of people in connection with killing another person. I can't wait till they try to outlaw video games with violent themes. Talk about outrage! You think the Jesse Ventura campaign helped organized a youth vote. Jesus. If the powers that be don't want to see the raising of the MTV vote come to pass, then they better pass on this potential bit of legislation. Talk about protests! If there's one thing that would mobilize a cross section of people hitting the streets with pickets in hand, it would be trying to take away their video games.

On the protest tangent, I took off work on Monday May 10th to attend the rather boring downtown "civil action" (only one baton-fest and no tear-gas). The protest was in response to the



D.A.'s decision to let the cops off the hook. It followed a tense weekend and levels of tension I haven't felt since the 1992 riots and unrest. The town was put on tactical alert for about 72 hours. You couldn't hit a main street without crossing paths with a couple rollers riding two- to three to a car. The tension left a tang in the back of your mouth, like you were chewing on a block of raw zinc. Everyone was waiting for the black cloud trails in the sky, sirens doppler shifting as they tore around the streets, choppers cutting through the smoke, and reports of this shopping center looted or that business set on fire.

Nothing happened. I guess we are all getting a little numb. A beating caused riots only seven years ago, whereas this shooting caused only a few small protests. I guess you have to have it on video tape for anyone to buy it. That's the power of TV. Get out

your video cams, kids. If Big Brother is going put up surveillance everywhere and get away with it, it would behoove the public to do the same. Fuck carrying cell phones. Every person living below the poverty line should cough up the few hundred dollars for a good compact model and carry it with them at all times.

PIG SKINS

As predicted, the D.A. finally bowed to public pressure and took action against the shooters. He fired the trigger-happy rookies. It was the least he could do. The very fucking least he could do. People should get used to this treatment and this level of violent shithead police. Since the cop-loving Clinton brought about his Omnibus Crime Act, the one which promises 100,000 more cops nationwide, we've seen the ranks infested with frothing-at-the-mouth morons who wouldn't have passed the screening and psych tests prior to the police state's perceived need for warm new bodies. I've overheard several older cops crying in their scotch over the new recruits' rather diminished level of competence. It seems as though they've been watering down the psych tests and recruiting animals who should have been left, at most, to perform bouncing jobs at nightclubs. Welcome to 21st-century Amoronica! You'll get a kinder, gentler bullet in the head.

The cops had their own reaction to the firing of four of their comrades-in-arms. They shaved their heads. Many a short and long mullet or crewcut fell to barbershop floors all around the county that day. You have to just love cops for their predictableness and complete lack--or even comprehension--of irony and self-reflection. Let's say that four of your buddies blow away a sleeping black girl and get fired, not thrown into jail but fired. What do you think the appropriate response would be? I don't know, but they apparently said "let's shave our heads in protest. Let's look like the audience at a Skrewdriver gig, but wearing cop uniforms instead of Third Reich insignia." Yeah, that'll definitely show the community that you understand and care. Maybe I'm not reading this correctly. Maybe the cops do have a sense of irony. One that is sadistic and cruel, but no less ironic.

I would have loved to be at that precinct house meeting when the state-paid skinheads left en masse. It would have been priceless to yell out "SIEG" to see if I would have gotten a few Pavlovian "HEIL's" with full German salutes. This of course would have been followed by a mass baton beating, after which my almost lifeless body would have been hauled off for assaulting a police officer. I still may have gathered up the stones to give it a try, but I was busy letting a full-beer piss flow onto the unmarked and vandalized grave of a long-dead lawman. It's a nice relaxing way to spend an afternoon. I highly recommend it.



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#

fastbacks

Cop Motorcycle Meets Bill Crockett (1994-1999 pt. 4)

4

by Scott Lee

1994 – Beat Your Heart Out

How do you know if a drummer is at your front door? The knock speeds up.

What do you call a drummer whose girlfriend has left him? Homeless.

The recording sessions for “Answer the Phone, Dummy” began in June of 1994. This record features no less than six different drummers:

Rusty Willoughby – “Waste of Time”, “On the Wall”, “Old Address of the Unknown”, “And You”, “I’m Cold” (5)

Jason “Mr. 3 %” Finn – “Went for a Swim”, “On Your Hands”, “T.H.I.N.K.” (3)

Dan Peters – “Back to Nowhere”, “Future Right” (2)

Mike Musburger – “I Found the Star”, “Trumpets Are Loud” (2)

John Moen – “COATED”, “In the Observatory” (2)

Nate Johnson – “Meet the Author” (1)

Along with trying to coordinate a chaotic practice schedule it was necessary to figure out which drummers would play which songs. As illustrated above, Rusty received the lion’s share of the songs that would ultimately end up on the record. Each drummer got anywhere from 4-6 songs to learn. According to Kurt, “People would sign up for their songs even though they didn’t know how they went.”

Two weeks of rehearsals were set-up, 5 nights a week, and then a recording schedule was made. Practices sometimes consisted of early and late sessions, where one drummer would attend the early session and another would come in for the late session, but it was always one drummer per session. Overall, there were approximately 27 songs divided up amongst the six players. When it came time to record the songs, oftentimes it would only be Kurt and the drummer in the studio to lay down the basic tracks. Despite the somewhat haphazard way of learning and recording these songs, “Answer the Phone, Dummy”’s core strength lies in its consistency. Many of the songs are quite different in style and execution, but as a whole this record is a stunning achievement. There are many shining moments on it, and to this day “ATPD” remains the favorite of many Fastbacks fans.

Lyrically, the record employs a rather sar-



castic, contradictory and aloofly pessimistic point of view (themes not too unfamiliar to Bloch songs, past and future), almost to the point of not caring about not caring. The opening track introduces our newest cast of characters: “They said it was such a good time for everyone to not get along/And how was everyone so right if only everyone was wrong . . . And then it called for opinions and no-one cared to call/And so they all cried “apathy” and no-one cared at all.” Bloch’s apathy regarding apathy extended itself into a personal space in “Back to Nowhere”: “Back to nowhere I am going/Back to nowhere I’ll be there/Nowhere is where you’ll find me/Because I’m there all the time.” The record is like a surreal day at the races. It’s almost like a Blochian Alice In Wonderland. The listener is taken from swimming in a lake that has no water, to daydreaming about being at home listening to records. Next is a trip through an observatory that you’ve seen a million times before, to a book signing where you fall asleep and dream about a party that you can’t leave, only to find that the party is going on inside your head. The final realization is that the ordinary is only uninspiring, and by this point it’s quite an obvious epiphany.

“Answer the Phone, Dummy” also marked the first time the Fastbacks recorded over a set amount of consecutive days at a “big” studio (Hanzek Audio) with the actual inten-

tion of creating a full-length release (all the previous albums were started with much less than a final product in mind). It only took them 14+ years to finally get to this point in their career. The resulting sound of the record is crisp and full, while still maintaining all of the aspects that make the Fastbacks so distinctive: powerful songs that are well-crafted and vigorously performed. The whole album was recorded and mixed in about twelve days, from June 16 to June 28. After finishing the record, the Fastbacks took four months off. During that time Lulu married her longtime boyfriend, David Wild. It was also around this time that Mike quit the Posies. His permanent tenure in the Fastbacks was quickly approaching.

Outtakes from the “ATPD” sessions yielded 4 UK Subs covers, all of which would later get released (3 on the Gearhead split single with the Meices, and 1 on the “Home Alive” compilation). They also recorded a stunning version of Tommy James’ “Ball of Fire”. That track remains in the vaults, and we can only hope that it will someday see the light of day. Those lucky enough to order “ATPD” initially through Sub Pop were rewarded with a bound book that included handwritten chord charts and lyrics to every song. Many of the other songs that didn’t make it onto the “ATPD” final cut were later released on the “Alone In a Furniture Warehouse” EP (a few were dusted off and polished for “New

Mansions In Sound" and various 45's).

To promote "Answer the Phone, Dummy", Sub Pop also released a promo only CD5 for the song "Waste of Time". Lulu directed the video and it features cameos by many of the drummers, along with various friends and relatives of the band. The CD5 also features a blazing cover of the Pixies' "Allison" (with Lulu on lead vocals), along with an "unfinished" number called "For Tomorrow" (which ironically was the first song recorded during the "ATPD" sessions).

"Answer the Phone, Dummy" was released on October 25, 1994. It features a nifty 16-page full color booklet, complete with pictures and handwritten lyrics. The first show after its release was at the Crocodile on October 28. This was followed by a short tour down the West Coast and through Texas (with Canadian popsters Zumpano). The critical reception of "ATPD" was good, with *Spin* magazine even writing, "Assimilating anything that strikes their fancy without need of irony, Fastbacks seem that much more generous, unpretentiously inclusive in another great Northwest tradition dating back to garage kings such as the Sonics." The year concluded with a final show in Seattle at a club that used to be called Moe (now Aerospace).

1995 –
"Goals are
the enemy
of creativity.
A goal
can only
serve to
fail."

For the most part, 1995 started off like any other year in the Fastbacks. A local show at Green River Community College was followed up by a quick jaunt to San Francisco for the annual Noise Pop Festival (an event they play every year). By the end of '95, however, the Fastbacks would play 3 shows in front of more people than they ever had before (and I would venture to guess that more people saw them at these 3 shows than the combined

audiences of their previous 15 years' worth of gigs).

The second Midwest/East Coast Fastbacks tour began in March of 1995. After a quick stop in Minneapolis, the Fastbacks stormed into Chicago. On March 2 they played the famed Lounge Ax. This show is foot-notable for a few reasons: 1) it was the live debut of Ben Weasel's Riverdales, and 2) it was the first time I got to see the Fastbacks perform live (6 years after I first heard them). The rest of the tour took them through many of the major East Coast metropolitan cities and then back through the Midwest with a final show in Kansas City, MO on March 22.

June of '95 saw the Fastbacks going to Spain for three quick shows. If the pre-show events were any indication of how this trip would turn out, the Fastbacks were in for an interesting journey. In an e-mail from Kim, she wrote: "This Spain thing is out of control. I'm getting so sick of it, I can't tell you. The new disaster is that our travel agent, for some reason, fucked up. . . So the new problem is that instead of leaving on the 14th, we now have to leave on the 13th. Why is that bad? Well, Mike won't be getting back from his Love Battery video shoot till that day and he might not be able to rehearse that night.

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That leaves Sunday the 11th for our one practice because Kurt is in the studio with some band on the 12th. . . We'll even have to practice without Kurt, the night he works, and that sounds awful, always. This is the biggest hassle in the world . . . I know it will be worth it if and when we get there, but right now I'm running out of patience." (June 5, 1995). Well, after a little panic, the tour did happen, and here's the recap Kim sent me on June 22 (the 3 shows were: 6/16 in Zaragoza, 6/17 in Vigo, and 6/18 in Madrid):

"So, I finally got out from under all the stuff on my desk, so now I'll try and tell you all about Spain. We got there on the morning of the 15th and were promptly whisked away by Rosana, the booking agent that brought us. We went from the airport to her office and hung out there for a while and then she took us to our hotel where we all took very long naps, 5 hours.

Then Saturday morning we get up to drive the long drive (12 hours) to Vigo, which is on the coast up north. Finally got there at 11:30 pm, checked into our hotel and went and ate. Got to the club and played at 1:30. . . Then Sunday we drove back to Madrid, which only took 8 hours. But we got to see the most beautiful countryside, castles and everything. We got to the club and found that the amp Kurt would be using wouldn't work. It worked but he hated it so they had to find something else and the PA was just a joke. But that show was wild. People went crazy for us and were even singing along! I've never signed more autographs in my life, well, maybe Japan. We had to finish by midnight and afterwards we went out for dinner and then to this bar where some friends of ours were spinning records. Kurt and Mike went back to the hotel and I went to another bar with these people. I

to my hotel room. I had to get up really early and take a cab to the airport and get our tickets re-issued and wait around until the rest of the gang showed up. Plus, it cost \$60 US dollars to re-issue them. But the good news is that we made a lot of money. And I had a great time! They want to bring us back in October. Also, right down from our hotel a car bomb went off killing a policeman. Weird. But I loved it over there and I can't wait to go back. Now I'm just really tired and jet-lagged and want to go home and go back to bed."

The Fastbacks played their next show at the Crocodile eight days removed from Spain on June 26. This show was recorded and would come out in early '96 on Lance Rock Records ("The Fastbacks Live at the Crocodile Café"). For those who've never seen the Fastbacks live, this recording is a good

All of a sudden, the next thing I know I wake up, standing in the hall in front of my hotel door, with nothing on except boxer shorts. Nothing. Nada. I look down and realize I'm pretty much naked and locked out and I start laughing. I sometimes sleepwalk when I'm drunk.

-Kim Warnick

Once awake and feeling almost human, we went out to dinner and then to this club called Templor Del Gato because this guy that we know, from there, works at the bar and they were having a birthday party for this girl in a band called the Pleasure Fuckers. This bar was great because they had a live DJ that played only the best punk music, and tons of FBX. "Rat Race" never sounded so good. Tres punk. I called it a night fairly early, but not Kurt. He stayed out till 7:00 am and was so hung over the next day I thought he would die. So the next afternoon we left for Zaragoza, a 3 hour drive, but we were really late getting going so we didn't get a soundcheck. And the place we were playing was a HUGE coliseum like place. Giant. Like Metallica would play there. It was a festival and because we were late we had to go on last. Last was 3:00 am and Lulu got so drunk she fell over onstage and finally had to leave and not finish. It was pretty awful and she was really embarrassed and was crying. Ick. But an okay show for us, anyway. That city is so beautiful. Before the show we all walked around and took in the sights.

got pretty drunk which leads me to the funny/scary part of this story. I took a cab back to the hotel and went to bed. When all of a sudden, the next thing I know I wake up, standing in the hall in front of my hotel door, with nothing on except boxer shorts. Nothing. Nada. I look down and realize I'm pretty much naked and locked out and I start laughing. I sometimes sleepwalk when I'm drunk. So I, somehow, find a hotel phone and call the front desk and tell them I'm locked out and the guy says, "okay, come down and get a key." And I say to him, "um, I can't. I'm naked." So I wait for him to come up and let me in. Weird, huh? The next day we had a lot of interviews, the best one being National Radio in Spain. it was cool cause we had to have a translator. How rock n roll. Then the rest of the day Kurt and I just walked around and visited some folks and record shops. I finally went back to the hotel and waited for everyone to get home. About 11:00 that night we all decide to go out to dinner, but not before Mike tells Kurt and I that he lost our airplane tickets home. Great. So, we call up my travel agent and she faxes all the info

approximation of their live show. Formula One tempos, no gaps between songs, and an everything goes/nothing is sacred approach (14 songs in just over 30 minutes).

The final three shows of 1995 would take place on November 1, 2, and 4. The Fastbacks wouldn't find out about these shows until mid-October. Kim wrote, "It looks like we're playing 3 dates with Pearl Jam, Nov. 1 and 2, in Salt Lake City, UT and then Nov. 4 in San Jose, CA! I can't believe it. The two shows in Salt Lake City are in a place that holds 12,000 and the CA show is outdoors and holds 35,000. That's 35,000 people! Sometimes we're the luckiest band in the world, I think." The Fastbacks had indeed come a long way from playing the Rascals "Good Lovin'" at Aurora Records some ten years prior to their arena rock debut. Here is Kim's description of the shows:

"This will be the most difficult e-mail ever. So much happened and we had so much fun it's really hard to write everything down, but for history's sake, I'll try. Let me just say that Eddie Vedder is an angel, there's no doubt in my mind. And all the people that work for Pearl Jam are equally

nice, all the way down to the road crew. All nice and not bogus Spinal Tap. Just the fact that we got an hour soundcheck the first night in Salt Lake City was mind-blowing enough. They made it a little less scary for us. But the real amazing show was for sure in San Jose! 38,000 people watched us and liked us. Imagine this. Before we went on, I'm standing on the side of the stage and Eddie rides up on his little sting-ray bike to watch us. He asks me how I'm doing and I tell him I'm so afraid that people will start chanting, "Eddie, Eddie." So, he asks me what he could do to help me and then he decided to open the show, just him and an acoustic guitar singing some new song he'd just written and then he'd introduce us. I couldn't believe it. And you better believe the crowd went insane when he stepped out there. I've never heard a sound like that in my life. And of course, because he gave us the big endorsement, the crowd was very nice to us. In fact, they liked us. Kurt Bloch was made for arena-rock shows. He had a 50 ft. cord and was all over the place. Plus, I've realized that a lot of FBX songs are actually designed for arenas. People love the quiet guitar parts, they cheer through them and then go crazy when the song comes back in. I had goosebumps most of the time. And after we had finished I had to walk back out onstage to get my bass and everyone started cheering so I put my arms in the air, very rock n roll-style. Also, right before P. Jam went on Eddie comes riding back into our tent and hands me some lyrics on a piece of paper and tells me he wants me to sing the first verse and chorus of their encore, which was "So You Want To Be A Rock N Roll Star." I almost fainted going out there, but I'm glad I did it. Not too many chances like that in life I don't think. After it was over Lulu was crying cause she was so sad and today is a little depressing because now it's just back to being a regular joe, or as Kurt and I were laughing about, a "working stiff." I know we should just be happy we got to do these shows but I never wanted it to end. Maybe we'll be asked back someday. . . . I can't really focus on too much today, but that's to be expected, after all, not too many people get to play in front of 38,000 people and then show up to their desk job the following day. We are the weirdest band in the world."

Ten months later the Fastbacks would find themselves as the support act for Pearl Jam on a 3-month North American and European tour.

1996 – Let the instruments tell you how they want to be played


The beginning of 1996 saw the Fastbacks release two EP's: "Alone In a Furniture Warehouse" (Munster – 8 songs) and the "Live at the Crocodile" CD-EP. On February 11 they started recording what would later be called "New Mansions In Sound". A quick 5-show tour (including Rusty substituting for Lulu) with the Muffs occurred in March. April and May saw them putting the finishing touches on the "New Mansions", which was released on June 18.

"New Mansions" is a peculiar record. The 15 songs included feature some of Bloch's

strongest to date, including "Fortune's Misery", "No Information", "Stay At Home", "Just Say", and "Banner Year". The production of the record took the next logical step for the Fastbacks. Each record got more polished, as Kurt became more familiar and comfortable in the producer's chair. He was already accustomed to producing a variety of records by many different bands (and basically made a living by doing so). "New Mansions" was the slickest Fastbacks record to date, but therein lies my biggest criticism. While still a very strong effort on behalf of the band, "New Mansions" suffers from a bit of over-production. It's almost as if they were consciously trying to be too meticulous in their execution of the songs. The result is a record that sounds a little bit "canned". Don't get me wrong, the record is still excellent (and worthy of a spot in any Fastbacks collection), but it did lack a certain something that was present on the previous efforts. There was one video released for the record. It was for the song "Just Say", and Lulu's husband directed it. Eddie Vedder makes a harmony vocal appearance on the Fastbacks' cover of the Who's "Girl's Eyes" (written by Keith Moon).

The lyrical evolution of "New Mansions" is evident from the second song:

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Used to be afraid of what I liked
 Used to be afraid of what was right
 Never thought I'd get too far in life
 Never thought I'd last another night
 And then morning came and with it a new light
 I'm telling you it wasn't all that bright

But it helped me to perceive all that I might
 Put off for so long that I lost sight
 Of the reason why I started this to write
 Why is it so hard sometimes
 To keep feeling sorry for myself
 And finish ruining my life
 The apathy of songs past has been

replaced with the realization that while things aren't necessarily perfect, they could be a lot worse. At the same time, fighting the urge to stay optimistic is a constant uphill battle when the grand realization is that mediocrity is the plateau from which we measure success. It's not exactly Depak Chopra, but it's definitely a lot happier than "and so they all cried apathy and no one cared at all." Still, there is more than a tinge of self-doubt when one thinks about what is being said, but when placed in the context of what has been written before it's downright feel-good. The ironic title of this opus is "Which Has Not Been Written". This mixture of depressed optimism is also evident on "Banner Year". The song starts off "Tell me what's been going on?/It's been a good year this far along/And a banner year for things gone wrong." The ending, however, shows the light at the end of the tunnel: "And it looks like I might get my way." A song that is too overtly positive can oftentimes come off as contrived, but Kurt never seems to run into this problem.

June saw the Fastbacks going on tour as the support act for the Presidents of the United States of America. The tour brought them through the Midwest and East Coast in venues ranging from 300-1,000 seaters. They took July off before playing a handful of shows in California in late August. Pearl Jam was next.

The Pearl Jam tour started on September 16 in Seattle's own Key Arena. I vividly remember attending this show and being awestruck about seeing the Fastbacks on the big stage in front of thousands of their hometown residents. Kim had a special "space suit" designed for the tour and she christened it that night. Prancing onto the stage in this silver skintight jump suit, she looked primed and ready for an evening of rock. They played a nervous and energy-filled 30 minute set, finishing off their Seattle arena debut with a blistering version of AC/DC's "Riff Raff".

During the next 3 months the Fastbacks played all sorts of places and venues. Places they never imagined they'd be able to play stared them right between the eyes, including cities like Budapest, Istanbul, Zurich, Warsaw, and Barcelona. They even got to play Wembley Arena in London. The tour ended on November 25 in Lisbon, Portugal. The last show the Fastbacks played in 1996 was at Moe in Seattle. It was on December 7 and it was clear for most audience members that the weeks on the road had helped to perfect the power of their live show. With opening bands Brody, Sourmash (now Once For Kicks), and the Meices providing an adequate introduction, the Fastbacks sizzled through an evening of punk rock nirvana.

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1997 to present – I Want Rock N' Roll

The last three years have been very laid back for the Fastbacks. 1997 saw them play 11 shows, with only two of them outside of Seattle. 1998 had 17 shows and also saw the released of the "Win, Lose Or Both" EP on February 13 of that year. This release marked their return to Popluma Records. Having been dissatisfied with the direction of Sub Pop through 1996 and 1997, the Fastbacks made the decision to leave the label. Popluma's Conrad Uno offered to release the EP and they gladly accepted. It's a 4-song EP with 9 bonus live tracks. The studio material includes a Mr. T Experience cover, as well as 3 other songs pulled from the sessions from

the last two full lengths. Among the live bonus material is a hair-raising 9 1/2-minute version of "Always Tomorrow" featuring three guitar players (Kurt, Andrew McKeag and Rusty) and two drummers (Mike and Jason) all playing in cacaphony.

In December of 1998 the Fastbacks began working on their next record. Going back to a more "live" approach in the studio (and perhaps also in reaction to the somewhat tepid results of "NMIS"), the Fastbacks cranked out 15 new songs live in the studio (at Stone Gossard's Studio Litho). I think there are a total of only three guitar overdubs (and some keyboards) on the whole album, and the record required less than two weeks to record and mix. 14 of these songs will appear on this record, which is tentatively scheduled for an October release on SpinArt Records. As of this writing, the record is entitled "The Day That Didn't Exist". Despite having played drums for the Fastbacks for the better part of the last five years (and also playing on more songs than any of his predecessors), this is the first album to exclusively feature Mike

Musburger on drums. It is also the first record since "Zücker" (recorded in '91 & '92) to only have one drummer. The results are astounding, and when the time comes to scrutinize "TDTDE" as part of the Fastbacks legacy, I firmly believe it will go down as one of their strongest recordings (I'm refraining from reviewing it until its release).

It has taken me four parts and over 6 months to write this article for *Hit List*. I hope you have enjoyed reading it as much as I've enjoyed writing it. I'm sure there are many things I failed to mention in my narrative, but some things are best left for the listeners/readers to discover for themselves. A band as eccentric and as wonderful as the Fastbacks can never be completely unmasked, but I hope I've shed some useful light on their extraordinary history and career. ⊕

If you have any comments or questions related to the Fastbacks, please feel free to e-mail me at dsharpie@hotmail.com. You may also check out my Fastbacks website (<http://www.subpop.com/~scottl/>).

Fastbacks Complete Song Listing (released songs – through 8/1/99)

3 Boxes
5-5-5 pt. 1
5-5-5 pt. 2
A-A-A
Above the Sunrise
All About Nothing
All In Order
Allison (The Pixies)
Alone In a Furniture Warehouse
Always Tomorrow
And You
Answer the Phone, Dummy
Apologies (The Pointed Sticks)
Back to Nowhere
Banner Year
Beaujolais' the Beat (Bill Ramone)
Believe Me Never
Better Than Before
Bill Challenger
Bitter Drink, The
Book of Revelation (Mr. T Experience)
brd "COATED"
Breakup Theme
Brighton Rock (Queen)
Buried Treasure Was Crap (pt. 1), The
Call It What You Want
Dear Mr. Oswald
Don't Cry For Me
Don't Eat That It's Poison
Everything I Don't Need
Exposed (The Dictators)
Eyes of a Child (pt. 2) (The Moody Blues)
Fanfare
Fast Enough
Find Your Way
For Tomorrow (unfinished)
Fortune's Misery
Future Right
Girl's Eyes (The Who)
Go All The Way (The Raspberries)
Gone to the Moon
Hit Or Miss (The Damned)
Hot Rods to Heaven
Hung On a Bad Peg
Hung Up On a Dream (The Zombies)
I Can't Win
I Found the Star
I Guess
I Know

I Live In a Car (UK Subs)
I Need Some Help
I Never Knew
I Won't Regret
I'll Be Okay
I'll Return
I'm Cold
If You Tried
Impatience
In America
In the Observatory
In the Summer
In the Winter
Is It Familiar?
It Came to Me In a Dream
It's Your Birthday
Jester (Pure Joy)
Just Out of Reach (The Zombies)
Just Say
K Street
Kind of Game
Ladders, The
Last Night I Had a Dream That I Could Fly
Light's On You
Lose
Love You More (The Buzzcocks)
Marionette (Mott the Hoople)
Maybe
Meet the Author
Midnight Confessions
My Letters
Never Heard of Him
No Information
No Lethal Hope
No Music Played
Now Is the Time
Old Address of the Unknown
One More Hour
On the Couch (The Supersuckers)
On the Wall
On Your Hands
Only At Night
Out of the Charts
Parts
Please Read Me (The Bee Gees)
Queen of Eyes (The Soft Boys)
Ramblin' Rose (Tim Tayler)
Rat Race (UK Subs)
Really

Right Thing, The (Wenies)
Rocket Man (Elton John)
Roll Away the Stone (Mott the Hoople)
Run No More
Save Room For Me
Says Who?
See and Say
Set Me Free (The Sweet)
Seven Days
Sign of the Times (Petula Clark)
Someone Else's Room
Sometimes
So Wrong
Space Station #5 (Montrose)
Stay At Home
Swallow My Pride (Green River)
Swallow My Pride (Ramones)
T.H.I.N.K.
Teenage F.B.I. (Guided By Voices)
Telephone Numbers (UK Subs)
That Was
They Don't Care
Time and Matter (UK Subs)
Time Passes
Trouble Sleeping
Trumpets Are Loud
Turn of the Century (The Bee Gees)
Under the Old Lightbulb
Used To Belong
Wait It Out (Wenies)
WAIT!
Was Late
Waste of Time
Went for a Swim
Weather: Perfectly Clear
What to Expect / Dirk's Car Jam
What Will They All Say?
What's It Like
Whatever Happened To? (The Buzzcocks)
When I'm Old
Whenever I'm Walking
Which Has Not Been Written
Won't Have to Worry (The Modernettes)
Wrong, Wrong, Wrong
Yesterday at Midnight
You Can't Be Happy
You Will Be the One



Sometimes you're better off not trying to help people out. I have a friend who's got a really bad memory. In the song "Luka", he could never remember what floor Luka lived on. I think he used to eat lead paint as a kid. Over the summer he was coming over to my house, and was supposed to pick up a couple of pizzas. The pizza chain was having a promotion where each of their boxes had one quarter of a *Star Wars* mural on them. I already had the box with Darth Maul on it, and had taped it to my wall, and thought it looked pretty good. I told my buddy that when he got to the pizza place be sure to tell them I've already got the Darth Maul part of the mural, and to get two of the other parts. I was going to be 75% done with my



mural--cool! So he shows up with two more Darth Mauls! I was so pissed off it was crazy. I don't think I've ever been that angry in my whole life. I was so upset I just threw in the towel on any hope of ever finishing the mural. In fact I'm considering taking down the one box that's taped to the wall 'cause it looks kind of stupid.

I told my friend I was really sick of how his crappy memory causes problems for other people. I told him he should go to the library and get one of those "how to improve your memory" books. I was trying to help the guy out, but he ended getting in trouble when he went to the library and they confiscated his library card. What happened was he owed a bunch of money in fines for previously borrowed books he'd forgotten to return. It wasn't totally his fault because in Northern California libraries have stopped stamping due dates on books after being sued for three million dollars by a former librarian, who claimed to have suffered repetitive stress syndrome from stamping due dates on books. They said in the paper that if the library lost the suit they would have to shut down all the libraries in Marin County, where I live. Anyways, my buddy asked me if I could go into the library and use my card to take out a memory book so that he could read and then return it. I wanted to help him out, but with his bad memory it would have been too much of a risk. I told him he should go to a bookstore instead and buy a memory book. I suggested he look for *Better Memory For Dummies*. I advised him to look for a yellow and black cover. He said, "Wait a second, I better write that down."

Unfortunately, there are no chain bookstores where I live because of protesters. They were going to open a Borders at a local shopping plaza, but protesters picketed claiming that a Borders would destroy neighborhood values. I can certainly understand that point of view. I wish I had a dollar for every time I went past a bookstore with masses of hookers and crack dealers hanging out in front of it. Anyway, I drove in to San Francisco, where they still have libraries and bookstores, in order to help Ed shop for his book at Barnes and Noble. At the counter they had a lot of miniature books that measured about 1 inch by 2 inches. They had several different books, including about half a dozen *Star Wars* books. I told the woman at the counter that I was interested in getting a *Star Wars* book, but wanted to know if they had anything smaller. She said no, and I said that's too bad cause I'm not interested enough in *Star Wars* to read anything that size, but if only they had something smaller I might be interested. I asked the woman if she had ever seen one of those *Star Wars* pizza box murals, and she said no. I told her I was working on one, but that I wasn't sure I'd be hungry enough to finish.

As I was looking through the bargain books I came across a very impressive looking book imported from England called *The Life of Ayrton Senna*. I said to the clerk that they'd never sell the book in this country since nobody here even knows who Ayrton Senna was. Ayrton Senna was like the Michael Jordan of European auto racing, but he'd been killed in a crash. The clerk said that a guy with a British accent had tried to buy a copy of the book about an hour earlier, but when he went to pay for the book all he had were Euros. The store told him they couldn't accept Euros. The guy got upset and was complaining that Euros were the most popular currency in the world, and that he couldn't understand why they couldn't accept them in the U.S. He complained that he shopped at the Barnes and Noble in London all the time, but had never had that problem before. The British guy didn't have a credit card with him, but said he would come back because the book was only \$3.95, whereas in England it sold for ten times that much. I guess that's a pretty good bargain, although not if you factor in airfare.

While looking through the bargain section I finally spotted a cheap memory book, which I pointed out to Ed. Ed wanted to pay \$19.95 for the *Dummies* book, but I told him that the *Dummies* book might

be too advanced for him and that he should consider *So Your Memory Really Sucks* instead, which would also save him \$16. He said he thought the bargain book might not have all the latest memory techniques. I told him that all memory books are pretty much the same, but he argued with me! I fucking drive this guy 30 miles to do him a favor, and now he won't even listen to me. He's insisting that the *Dummies* book looks easier to follow, and he'll easily make up the \$16 difference by saving future library fines, and by not forgetting where he puts expensive stuff, and by not forgetting who owes him money. Then he says that he thinks I borrowed \$20 from him a couple weeks ago, and asks if I remembered to pay him back! "No way! It was the other way around. You borrowed twenty bucks from me a couple weeks ago and never paid me back!" Ed apologized and paid me the twenty bucks when he got his change back from buying a copy of *So Your Memory Really Sucks*. The weird thing is that when I got home, I realized that he was right, I did owe him 20 bucks. Oh well. I saved him 16 bucks on the book, so we'll just call it even. ⊕

In the song "Luka", he could never remember what floor Luka lived on.

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1. Position of a punk, pushing 40, traveling at 485 mph, 28,000 feet above the Bavarian Hills, 120 or so miles North of Messkirch, where Martin Heidegger was born.

When did punk rock get to be about respecting your elders?
I mean: there I was, on the hop from Vienna to Frankfurt, second scotch into the time-tested method of killing time by reading glossy magazines—in this case *Hit List* #2—browsing through the mag and it suddenly struck me that most of the columnists are my age. To the uninitiated, that's middle-aged, when you don't have to shave your head to be a skinhead.

Granted, almost all of us were there at the origin, but that didn't certify anything we wrote as profound or interesting. I couldn't figure out why anyone 17 or 18 would want to read the columns. Because when I was 17 or 18, I wouldn't have been the least bit interested in what anyone from the rock scene 20 years earlier had to say. Elvis had just died like some pathetic sideshow freak on the shitter, and I sure as hell didn't respect that. I didn't respect anything. That's what punk was about, right?

I kept thumbing through *Hit List*, noticing that half the reviews were about reissues. I had visions: "Harrisburg County Convention Center welcomes Punk Rockers to the Third Annual County Record Swap!" I noticed that some of the columnists had it in for *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, which was also strange, since if that magazine was that crappy, why the hell were they reading it? I hadn't, for a good fifteen years or so. Apparently, *MRR* has become some sort of bible for the politically correct, so *Hit List*, by way of the loyal opposition, will become some bible for the politically incorrect? But no, the tenor was: *Hit List* is about individual opinions, and punk rock is about individualism. Yeah, right. And how's your scene?

I kept looking for something in *Hit List* I couldn't find: the movement, the moment when a bunch of talented, snot-nosed brats with no respect for anything, delivered a ripping cultural enema to society: something new that could change the world. That's what rock 'n' roll was about 40 years ago; that's what punk rock was about 20 years ago. Is anything at all about that now?

2. The band Pat and I both like.

So Pat was in town for the wedding and we went down to Ranier to get some elevation before the big day. Early risen and over-caffinated we managed to cover the distance in about two hours flat, pushing 100 in the one-lanes. Washington State delivers a felony conviction and pulls your license for 25+ over the speed limit, but fuck it, I've got a new car with serious horsepower and a booming sound system, so I'm goddamned well going to drive.

Since we haven't seen each other in about 8 months, we take the opportunity to get re-acquainted. He's brought his CDs and I've brought mine and we're going to swap on the drive down and double-check what each other has been listening to, just to make sure that neither of us is getting too lame. The advantage is with me, of course, because if the bastard has had a taste lobotomy and mysteri-

ously produces a CD of some shit like Green Day, he's walking.

It's highly unlikely. We played in the same band for 5 years, and have more or less the same taste in music. And Pat is still in the business, and his ear is pretty close to the ground, and he just got off the road on the Hard Knock Life tour, and Jay-Z bought him a lap dance in Orlando, and that is cool. So I've got some high expectations for what Brother Patrick will produce from his CD collection.

But Pat lets me down. Or maybe I should say, the disappointment is mutual. We start off the drive at about 95 listen-



ing to AC-DC and old Aerosmith, which is appropriate for the speed and all well and good, since the only difference of opinion we have is over whether "Sick As A Dog," or "No More," is the greatest Aerosmith song (it's "No More," Pat). But then Pat plays some old Beatles and then some old Oasis, and I'm thinking to myself that maybe Pat is stuck in that Brit-Pop groove that he always had a fatal weakness for, and thinking that maybe I should throw some American Music Club or Dylan in the deck just to retaliate.

Finally he gets around to some new music, some band called Slant or Slint or some "S" something, and they've got the guitars tuned down to C or B to give them bottom-end and that's fine, but not all that original. And I put on Murder City Devils and Pat dislikes it so much he has me punch it out of the deck. "I fucking hate punk rock," he says, and even though I agree in principle, we've arrived at an impasse. Four years after playing in the same band it appears we don't have a lot of musical taste in common.

So we do the hike and then drive back red-lining the rpms and I'm wondering if we're ever going to hit on a CD that we can agree on. Around Kent Pat flips in a new one. And this god-almighty manly thunder comes through the speakers and almost deafens me such that I risk wrapping the car around a tree. It's unbelievably great and original sounding and finally we hit on a new band that we agree rocks: Burning Airlines.

"I saw J Robbins in New York," Pat says. "He says hi." Well, goddamn J. Motherfucking hello.

3. Martin Heidegger's unkind fact.

In 1932, Martin Heidegger was looking for something new that could change the world. So he became a Nazi. It's an unkind fact that philosophers ever since have been grappling with, as



Heidegger was one of the seminal thinkers of this century. His uncompleted treatise on ontology (the study of existence and its structure), *Being and Time* (1927) influenced a host of later philosophers, especially the Existentialists and the Post-Structuralists. None of them were Nazis. Heidegger was a card-carrying, dues-paying member of the NSDAP, right up until the end, in 1945. So most of them evade the unkind fact of Heidegger's fascism by arguing that 1) Heidegger wasn't really a Nazi (at least, not a rabid Jew-hater); 2) he was a Nazi but it is unconnected to his philosophy or 3) yes, his philosophy gave rise to his Nazism, but there's so much more to it than that.

Well, fair enough. Heidegger is a lot to chew on. *Being and Time* is filled with jargon, much of it of Heidegger's invention and thus idiosyncratic. The Greek comes fast and furious, and I'll be damned if I can keep track of his seemingly endless definitions of Being. But a lot of people continue to pick the old Nazi up, even if he did use Hitler's party to opportunistically win appointment as the rector of the University of Freiburg in 1933. They do so because *Being and Time* has a complex architecture that appears to resolve certain technical problems in ontology and phenomenology, by way of his teacher, Edmund Husserl. I can't comment on this aspect of his work because I don't really understand it, and don't care about the issues enough to do the hard work of trying to understand it. But I do get this: Heidegger was troubled by the way in which what we are is what we remember. His mythic category of being, *Dasein*, is a memory of itself remembering itself, and exactly where it was was difficult to know. But we are moving through time and what we are is precisely what we have ceased to be. And a lot of people read Heidegger as the last of the great deep thinkers, busy grappling with what one has been (and what one will be, when faced with death), achieving through his struggle a sort of complex, intellectualized heroism.

Not me. I read him as the last solipsistic Rationalist, busy plumbing the pre-Socratic shadows for some key to the horror of living alone in time. Or maybe just living alone. Because while Heidegger asserts that meaning can be found for life in a host of objects, for him escape from the endless finitude of his own existence was found by joining the great movement of his day, immersing himself in a historical moment grounded in myth and in what he perceived to be the absolute order of things. Which was Nazism. Not by happenstance, but because Nazism appealed to myth over history and asserted that it was invested with the

spirit of an age, and suggested to millions that their crisis in destiny could be overcome by the Destiny of the Reich, the community, the Volk. All of which appealed to Heidegger's conservative instincts and his upbringing in that particularly dark corner of the German-speaking world where anti-Semitism and twisted, reactionary Catholicism were born. In the words of Victor Farias, the Chilean philosopher who has mapped the intrinsic connections between Heidegger's philosophy and his politics, "Heidegger's thinking overcame the disadvantages of an avowedly decadent individualism in favor of a distinct conservative-revolutionary solidarity." Which is another way of saying that Heidegger resolved his radical, crippling self-reflection by looking back to the future, and pitching in to build a terroristic government that promised to restore German greatness by dominating other people ruthlessly and absolutely.

4. Yes, I do know J. Robbins.

So it turns out that what Pat and I both liked really wasn't that new. Because, of course, Robbins used to be in Jawbox and Burning Airlines sounds a lot like Jawbox. And I like J. and he's a friend and I've always liked the music he's written. And to be perfectly honest Jawbox and Alloy both had that same sort of sound, so it figures we'd like it.

But I didn't know it was Robbins when Pat put on the record. For one brief moment I thought I'd found it: some young, pissed-off kids kicking off the next round of cultural hell-raising. Which is not to say the new Burning Airlines record isn't good. It's great, phenomenal. It's also familiar. The reason Pat and I both liked it is because the guitars sound the way we like them, angular and biting, and the drums pound at the right time, and there's melody, but not that lame-ass sing-song pop shit.

The funny thing was that when I got home from Europe, Tod from Vancouver had sent me this cassette with some of the bands he liked that he figured I'd like. Tod's young and pissed off and ready to administer the next great cultural enema to society. And the music he liked that he'd figured I'd like is Burning Airlines.

A contradiction, right? On one hand, I'm always bitching about how there's nothing new in punk rock, and urge you to try something different and make your own scene and for God's sake don't respect your *Hit List* elders. On the other hand, I like what I like, and what I like is music that sounds a lot like the music I used to play. Because—kiss my ass—it rocks.

Because also there is the lingering memory of a time that has ceased to be, when the cultural revolution of 20 years earlier had

Tod's young and pissed off and ready to administer the next great cultural enema to society. And the music he liked that he'd figured I'd like is Burning Airlines.

stalled, its heroes sold out, and the country was drowning in a sickening wash of cracked liberal sentimentalism apologizing for a thoroughly vicious and brain-dead conservatism. A lot like today, except we did create something new that didn't quite change the world, but for a few moments seemed like it would.

5. No, that does not mean punk rock is fascistic.

Heidegger's story isn't really about the politics of the left and right. Others have resolved the same dilemma of individualism through commitments to radical left movements that have been fairly bloodthirsty. The story is about radical individualism that resolves itself in social movements and political action. Heidegger's philosophical method was that of a radical individualist committed to pursuing the dictates of his own reason. He seemed to abandon this position to join the Nazis, and returned to it after 1945 in an effort to defend his early philosophical ideas and to minimize the impact his service in Hitler's party had. He abandons the notion that the crises of existence can be resolved through movement in history and settles somewhere to the immediate right of Sartre, accepting that the horror of existence is tragic and cannot be mediated in any form. You're going to die, and you're stuck with it; you're alive, and you're stuck with that, too. Sartre didn't settle there: he remained convinced that even though it might be absurd, political action in solidarity with others brought a degree of meaning to life.

VICBONDI

But Heidegger was boxed in, with no place to go. He never really abandoned the radical individualism that was the central method of his philosophy, and it was his isolation from others, and his categorical diminishing of their position in his world that led him towards Nazis. His philosophical methodology, with its radical assertions of a transcendent yet absolute subjectivity precluded the type of solidarity Sartre could embrace. Individualism led him to movement, and having tried movement, he could only retreat to individualism. And that left him nowhere.

Which leaves us here: Every time punk rockers talk about what individuals they are, I always wonder why they identify with punk rock; every time individuals talk about the punk rock movement, I wonder what kinds of individuals will make it up. Movements that have their participants check their individuality at the door end up fascistic, but individuals without movements are atomized, powerless, empty.

Which is another way of saying that us old farts still wish you young bastards would get off your ass and create something new that could change the world. ⊕

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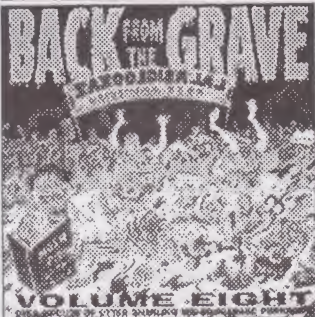
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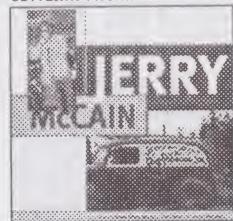
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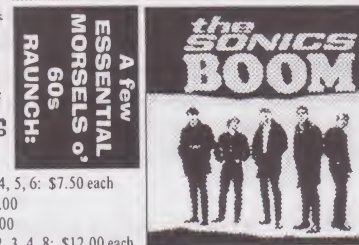
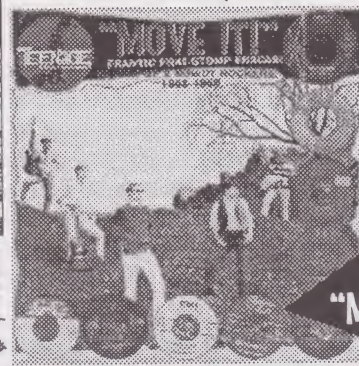
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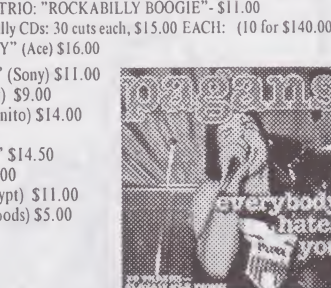
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Eric Burdon's life has been a musical journey matched by few other performers in modern music history. He has gone from being the driving force behind one of the grittiest British Invasion bands, the Animals, to adopting and adapting and the San Francisco psychedelic sound, to fronting the band WAR, which was the biggest funk band of the 1970s.

Most of you were just a floating spermatozoa in your father's scroatsack when Eric Burdon and the Animals were one of the most famous bands in the world, along with the Rolling Stones, the Byrds, and the Who. During the 1960s his band helped to define an era musically with songs like "San Franciscan Nights", "When I Was Young", and the fierce anti-war song "Sky Pilot". Who among you hasn't heard earlier classic Animals songs such as "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood", "We Gotta Get Outta this Place", "It's My Life", "Bring It On Home to Me", and "See See Rider", not to mention "House of the Rising Sun", their best-known song? His work has graced soundtracks for such movies as *Casino*, *Hamburger Hill*, and *Boogie Nights*, and his own acting has been on display in *China Beach*, *The Doors*, and *The Eleventh Victim*. Most recently there has been a 60-minute VH1 special on Eric Burdon which traces his entire 4-decade career. If you missed it or weren't lucky enough to see it the first time around, don't worry because they'll definitely be rerunning it!

I noticed that Eric Burdon was coming to the Sunset Station casino here in Las Vegas. I had always wanted to see him, so me and my significant other went to the first of two shows that were advertised for that particular night. Eric's band was incredibly tight, but the thing I noticed most was that his voice was still INCREDIBLE. In fact it was even more incredible than it sounded on any of his recordings. The entire audience was singing along to every single song, since everyone knew the words. This is not surprising, since they had grown up listening to all of them. Another thing I noticed was that Eric was not fat and paunchy like some of the musicians of his era. He looked great! He was a fox. Eric Burdon is a BABE! And his fabulous voice made him even more attractive.

I had previously asked Eric's agent (who was based in Palm Springs) if I could get a photo to go with the review. She was very accommodating in setting this up, so we were ushered backstage by the security guards. We found ourselves in a small white room with only a mirror, one chair, and a steel coat rack on wheels. Eric came rushing in, his hair dripping with sweat and his shirt wet from perspiration. Apparently his agent had told him we were there to take some photos. "I'll be right back," he said, "I just have to go clean up." True to his word, in a 5 minute flash, he was back with his hair in place, a dry shirt, and a skull scarf surrounding the velvet vocal cords that had crooned thier way through several million sellers. By this time, industry people, friends, groupies, nymphos, and other Eric Burdon addicts had all entered the room. Eric strode in, reeking of confidence and authority, and said "Alright, everybody out." And the groupies, nymphos, industry people, and Eric Burdon addicts all filed out like small children just



ERIC BURDON

by Justice Howard

given an order by their emperor.

Then the door slammed shut and it was just me, Eric, and the Nikon. For a millisecond, my brain wouldn't work. Then my mouth wouldn't work. "House of the Rising Sun" was still playing in my head. "Don't Let Me be Misunderstood" was rolling in my brainpan. A few seconds went by like they were snippets of small psychedelic eternities. Finally, he said "Well then, where do you want me?" The first answer that popped into my head was "between my legs", but what came out (thank Gawd!) was "well, over by the coat rack would be fine." And I positioned him in a casual pose with his hand leaning over the coatrack. I cropped the body out and centered on the face. The shutter snapped and the flash followed...snap, flash, snap, flash, snap, flash. I shot through eight wonderful frames of B/W film, and it was all over in six seconds. Our legend was now documented on emulsion for a lifetime.

The thing that I remember most about Eric was that he was so unaffected, so WITHOUT attitude. Unlike thousands of his lesser counterparts

I came across in L.A. who had so much attitude—UNDESERVED attitude, I might add—that you could hack it off with an axe, he was gracious, gallant, and very low key, especially considering he is such a rock legend. He even has his own VH1 special, for goodness sakes! And did you know he does all his own art on his album and CD covers?

I asked him if he would mind if I used a shot for my upcoming coffetable book and told him he'd be in good company alongside Dave Navarro, Marilyn Manson, Steve Jones (Sex Pistols), and many other musical madmen. He said that if I sent him the shot and he liked it, he would send me a release to use it. The shot, which I thought was a good one, was sent to him a few days later. And weaving through my fax machine the very next day was a release, with Eric's name at the bottom, and a note attached saying that he loved the photo. He said he would be back in December, and asked if I would consider photographing him again. Would I? Are the Kennedys gunshy? ☺

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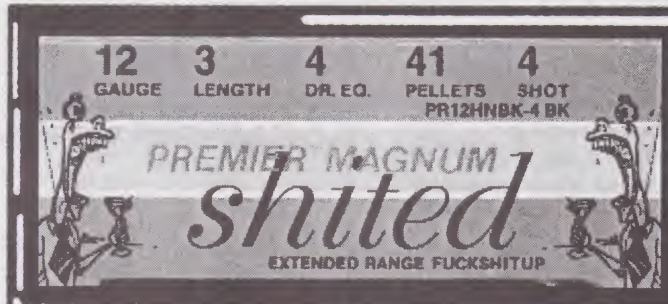


Rock 'n' roll music has always been sexual. And since punk is considered "maximum rock 'n' roll" by many, then punk rock must be THEE most sexual! Consider this for a moment. How many punk or underground bands can you think of which are named after:

- 1) male sexual organs?
- 2) artificial male sexual organs?
- 3) receptacles for # 1 and 2?
- 4) actions having to do with # 1, 2, and/or 3 above? Yeah, let's think about it.

Let's start off with the band that kicked off the punk rock craze, not the first punk band to exist, but certainly the first to get the big ass worldwide press: the SEX PISTOLS. Just what exactly is it you think you're looking down the barrel of, eh? Is that a "sex pistol" in your pocket, or are you just glad to see my girlfriend? Also qualifying as organic organs are the DICKS, whereas the DICKIES attempt to be funny by using a mere diminutive of same. Riding the short bus to that same old school we have DICKY RETARDO. The GONADS went the generic route to that place, while THROBBING GRISTLE and SCHLONG took unusual detours. On one hand the HARD-ONS stood up to be counted, but on the other LIMP remained flaccid through the whole thing. Perhaps they should borrow the DICKIES' logo? I doubt if REVOLTING COCKS is a reference to disgusting male chickens. There are also the small but mighty musical organs RUDIMENTARY PENI. Texas Terri's band is called the STIFF ONES. The DISCOCKS continue the DISCHARGE-inspired tradition of placing the prefix "DIS-" in front of literally anything. GUNS N' WANKERS

seem to have a hand firmly grasping each sort of weapon. I think we all know what a PUD is, or at least what it's short for. One also has to wonder if SQUIRTGUN and the MEMBERS aren't similar euphemisms for such things. The 4-SKINS are keeping it well covered, while FORESKIN 500 put their wee circles of flesh between their ambitions and the long distance racetrack. The BANANA ERECTORS can get a hardon out of the yellowest of fruits. The VIBRATORS are pretty obviously a classic example of one of those artificial organs. And the BUZZCOCKS must have come with batteries included, 'cause they're still vibrating away. And everyone has heard of the CHROME CRANKS, right? What about the DILRODS? Or the DEMOLITION DOLLRODS, who sound



a little frightening. A non-punk band gets honorable mention for being named after a dildo, viz, STEELY DAN.

The MUFFS have always seemed to me to be a little fuzzy. ANAL CUNT are probably their hairy backside equivalents. FIFI are named after the fifi bags used by prisoners to wank off in. As for HOLE, we know exactly whose hole that is--Courtney's love hole. SLUTS FOR HIRE had Courtney's ex, Falling James, for a mentor, which makes me wonder just who taught who the biz, if you know what I mean. Don't pick up any splinters from WOODPUSSY; it would be better to get some southern slit instead from NASHVILLE PUSSY. I'm not sure I want to know what an OVAR-IAN TROLLEY is, but if I find myself on one I think I'd probably want to get off. You'd better wear a raincoat if you get into the YEASTY GIRLS, who sound like they could use a dab or two of Vaginal Creme Davis (though I strongly suspect he'd be more into ANAL CUNT).

As far as the friction action goes, we have a new entry in the form of the RIVER CITY RAPISTS. I wonder if they're registered with the local police along with the SEX OFFENDERS? Another happening action band from the old days was the CIRCLE JERKS, and they didn't just sit around and wack off, either. The JERKOFFS had the same sort of action going, but without lending their neighbors any helping hands. The HUMBERS never specified whether they were dry-humping or wet-humping. The old 60's protopunk band the FUGS



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HIT SQUAD

spelled their name that way because they arose in an era which was far less permissive than today's. Their original intended name was, not surprisingly, the FUCKS. But a more recent band seems to have chickened out in that manner and called themselves the JAG OFFS. Hey, we know what you're doing! A more recent version of the FUGS' not so subtle scam was Rik L Rik's old band F-WORD. Other bands have since followed in that callow tradition: KOMMUNITY FK (i.e., Fuck) always made me wonder if Patrick Mata made himself available to every-

one in the community. Some apparently only do it for the very best of reasons, such as the PLEASURE FUCKERS. You can get a helping hand from the REACH AROUND THE RODEO CLOWNS. SLOPPY SECONDS are what you get when you aren't the first visitor in someone's hole. Get closer to God with the CRUCIFUCKS. You can tell at a glance which

direction the FUCK UPS were heading in, but it's not immediately apparent whether FUCKFACE are handing out the action or receiving it. This whole bunch should go party in Austin, Texas with the FUCKE-MOS. I'd say it's pretty obvious what the FUCKBOYZ are used for, so perhaps the CHICKEN HAWKS would like an introduction to them. If not, they can always fall back on some CAMPUS TRAMPS, CADILLAC TRAMPS, or the aforementioned SLUTS FOR HIRE. Unless, of course, they're busy with the BONE DADDIES. The BARNYARD BALLERS aren't shy about their favorite place to party, but one can only wonder who, or perhaps what, they are getting down with. (Note: fuck the rules, I love ending a sentence with the preposition with!)

They probably do it DOGGY STYLE. JACK OFF JILL sounds like a sketchy proposition, unless Jill had an operation called an "addadictomy". Besides, if Jack tried he might get arrested by the JACKOFFICERS. I don't think I want to mix it up with COCK SPARRER, since they sound like they fight dirty. Don't even try to tell me what a COCKNOOSE is, 'cause I don't wanna know, though I suspect the STRANGULATED BEATOFFS would be hip to it. Even worse, try to imagine exactly how one undergoes VIOLENT ANAL

Even worse, try to imagine exactly how one undergoes VIOLENT ANAL DEATH! That sounds even more dangerous than the EXPLODING FUCK DOLLS!

DEATH! That sounds even more dangerous than the EXPLODING FUCK DOLLS! One also has to wonder exactly what is being dispensed by BORIS THE SPRINKLER, but personally I wouldn't

stand too close. I always see lesbians hanging around PENIS FLYTRAP--shades of the old CASTRATION SQUAD! I don't know what the fuck to make of a band with a name like JAPAN'S TEENAGE POWER MOTHERFUCKER, but perhaps they should hook up with the CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS. Last but not least, in this action category we

have the pleasantly explicit "powerviolence" band FUCK ON THE BEACH, which sounds like a lot of fun to me.

Feel free to add more to this list. ⊕

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INTERVIEW
BY EVAN

JACOBSON

What's it like starting over? You guys have not played, until recently, for how long?

Popeye: About two and a half years. The last record we did came out in 1995, so in a lot of ways we are starting over. Not entirely, though, because we still have our reputation and the other records we did to kind of get things going again. It's not like we're starting over from zero, we're starting over from, the halfway point.

EJ: Isn't that kind of good, though? I mean, do you guys feel sort of rejuvenated from where you left off?

Popeye: Yeah. It's harder than it would

have been if we would have put this record out two or three years ago. In a way I think it's good for us because I don't think we've ever worked so hard specifically on one record. Before we just kind of did whatever we felt like doing, and when one of our records would come out it was almost peripheral. And now, everything we're doing is specifically to try and promote this record and be a little more focussed about what we do. So I think it's good. I like that feeling, but at the same time, we are working harder than we ever have before. In a lot of ways, getting back to that whole "starting over" thing, I definitely feel, and I think everybody else does too, that we have to prove ourselves in a certain sense to a lot of people since the last several years we haven't done too much. I mean, we were barely a band at all.

EJ: Which leads to my next question: where

have you guys been?

Kevin: Well, we've been practicing sporadically for the past three years, mainly just trying to get this record done. We spent a lot of time mixing and a lot of time sitting on our asses not getting things done. Which isn't to say we weren't doing anything at all. I mean, we've all finished school, we've all got ourselves "straight" or "real" jobs, most of us are married, or even if not we're not we're involved in serious or fairly serious relationships. We've just kind of had other things going. The band has always been like a hobby, and we've been lucky that it's been able to take us overseas and take us across the country and allow us to play so many shows. But the time has come where we either stop letting it be a hobby and pursue it as something more worthwhile, or we just sort of give in and quit. At this point in our lives we can't have a hobby that's as time consuming and as expensive as doing a band like this is. We've just been wasting time, basically. At least from a

music career standpoint. I don't think in our minds we've wasted any time, but probably to other people we have. To people that don't give a shit about real life and just want to buy records, we've been wasting time.

EJ: What happened to Bryan Chu?

Kevin: Three or four years ago we really should have pursued the band full time. It probably would have paid off a lot better than it will if we pursue it now. For a couple of reasons: The time was just sort of primed for accessible punk rock bands to become popular, and we really didn't have any commitments. Popeye and I chose, however, to make commitments to places outside of the band. And I think, understandably, that Bryan and Bob were pretty disappointed, but they understood. And when Popeye and I decided that this is what we wanted to do, it just wasn't feasible for Bryan to do it. He's contracted to finish teaching all the way to sometime next year, and he lives in San Francisco, so practicing would be really hard. That was never really an issue because we never really practiced all that much anyway, but it would really be tough now. Also, with him living so far away we kind of drifted apart from each other. I think I was surprised when we mentioned at some point, "Yeah, when *The Monroe Doctrine* comes out (yada, yada, yada)," and Bryan said, "Oh, is that what the album is called?" and we were like, "Yeah ... It's been called that for a couple of months." There comes a point when people live so far apart from each other for so long that they lose that connection. I think that's a vital part of being in a band that wants to spend a lot of time together.

Popeye: Another thing that's great about how things are going with us now is that, for the first time in I don't know how many years, we all live in Orange County, which is great. It makes it really easy for us to practice twice a



week and spend time with each other outside of just practicing, which is nice because we all like each other and we're all very good friends with one another. It's unfortunate that Bryan didn't fit into the picture, but we also knew that he didn't have too much interest in doing the band anymore. And, like Kevin was saying, he demonstrated that to us in a lot of ways. The conclusion we came to was, "Can he be a part of this? Is there any possible way that he can be a part of this?" And we thought about it a lot, too. It wasn't a very quick decision we came to. We talked about it for several weeks and then decided that we wanted to continue doing this band and do it on the level that we want to do it, and to sound good. That's always been the most important thing to us;

we just want to sound really, really good. And if we had somebody who was only going to be able to come to practice, if we're lucky, once every six weeks for a couple of days, it's just not going to work out. He also wasn't sure if he could commit to the short touring plans we have for this summer, so it was either break up the band now, when we finally have the opportunity to do something after several years of stagnation, or get rid of him and get someone else to fill the space for him. So, we chose the latter.

EJ: Do either of you regret not taking advantage of the buzz that your album *Rigged* created?

I always thought the same thing as you, that we're too vague of a band to make much of a dent.

-Popeye



Popeye: I wish that we had everybody beating down our door again, but I don't regret not taking those opportunities at that time because there were other areas in my life that I wanted to take care of, and I'm really glad that I did. It's not like I said, "I just don't want to do the band," and then stayed at home sitting on my ass eating potato chips for three years straight. I was trying to finish my education, further my independence, explore other areas of my life, and achieve some personal goals in my life. I knew that if I had pursued the band at that time I wouldn't have been able to do those other things then, and there was a possibility that I would never be able to achieve those goals that were so important to me. And like Kevin said earlier, the band has always been important, but it's never been the

most important thing in any of our lives. I guess the simplest way to say it is, no, I don't regret it but I do miss the hype and the buzz that we had. We had a big window of opportunity that we could've jumped through and we passed it up.

Kevin: There's a line from one of the songs on the Kid Dynamite LP that says something like, "I don't regret the time we spent, but I do regret the day we met." That's kind of the way it is. Everything that has happened since we decided that we weren't going to pursue the band full time, I'm glad it all happened, even the awful stuff that happened to me and all of us. I'm glad it all happened because all that stuff makes you a better person in the long run. But I think

that if we given some sort of opportunity to go back and make the choice, I think I would make a different choice. But I'm not crying about it. It's too late and I think my life has been pretty good because of it.

EJ: What's it like being looked at as an influence? You guys have been around for a long time and there are a lot of bands that cite you as an influence.

Kevin: I don't agree with that. I think we're just another band, just another CD in the pile.

Popeye: Well, I've actually spoken to people who have cited us as an influence, although I always thought the same thing as you, that we're too vague of a band to make much of a dent. But I think now that it's been ten years since we started.

Kevin: I guess if that's true then it just makes me feel old.

EJ: Old in a good way?

Kevin: No, just old in an old way. It's not good or bad. I don't see it being because, like you said, we're too vague. I listen to us and I think, "OK, we're a pop band, but our guitars are so up front in the mix that, well, we sound like a punk band." But then the punk rocker kids tell me, "Ah, you guys are too happy sounding and too melodic." When I think of influences I think of bands that shaped someone's life. I guess it's hard to picture us doing something like that. When I think of Farside I think of four guys spending three hours at practice playing bad metal and then spending 45 minutes at the most practicing our songs. I just don't see us as being an influential band.

Popeye: Plus, that's kind of a hard thing for us to notice, even if it were true. A lot of people have pointed out parts in other band's songs that they try to use to convince me were heavily Farside-influenced and I wouldn't hear it and I would say, "I don't know what you're talking about."

Kevin: Yeah, with the most recent Foo Fighters record, everyone told me that it sounds just like Farside and I was like, "What?"

Popeye: Obviously, the Foo Fighters were not influenced by Farside, but I guess we can't listen to our own music the same way everyone else can, or the same way we can listen to another band. I probably couldn't notice if a band was blatantly ripping us off. Not that there is a bunch of bands impersonating us, but if for some strange reason there was, I probably wouldn't be able to notice.

EJ: After ten years of being in a band, what have you guys learned about doing a band? Or at least, what are the top two or three things that stick out in your minds? Have your experiences shattered any preconceptions that you had about doing a band when you were kids?

Kevin: If you want your band to work, you've got to be an asshole. There have been so many times when we have played, mostly on tour, when we had a guarantee - maybe \$150 - you know, almost nothing, and the promoter would say, "Uh, you know, I got to pay my security guys and the bartender lost money because all these damn straight edge kids came in ...", and we'll get like \$10. And I think in the past we just sort of ate it and said, "Oh, that's cool. We understand," and it wasn't real-

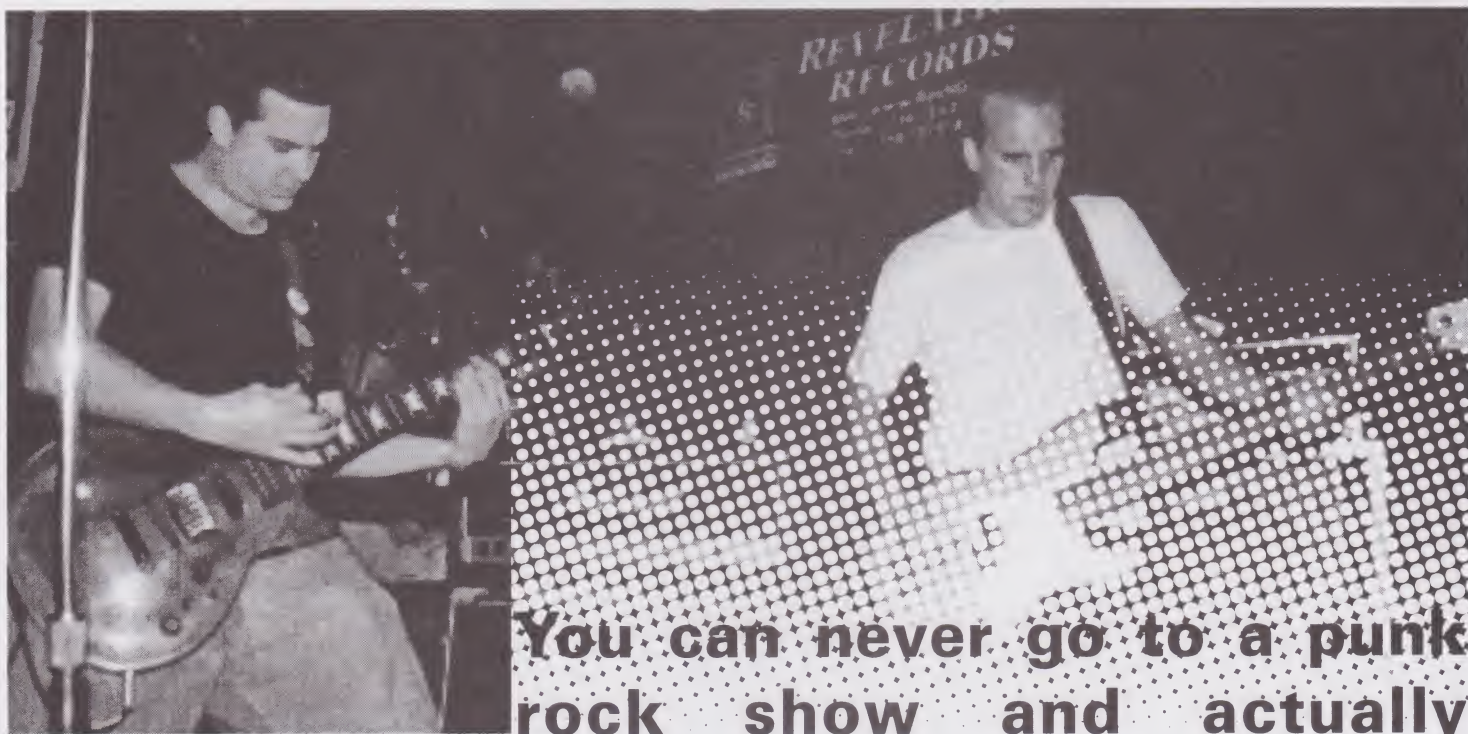
years. I can think of 100 bands that are way more amazing and way more intricate and way more talented that are just pushed aside and never given the time of day. There are people that I have a world of respect for as musicians, and people that I know personally who I think are the most talented people that I've ever met, and they can't sell 5,000 records because of one of those "X" factors. It's really sad, especially for this so-called punk rock scene, where all that stuff isn't supposed to matter, but now that it's in an era where it's really lucrative, all that stuff does matter.

Kevin: That stuff has always mattered, especially in punk rock. You can never go to a punk rock show and actually escape from materialism and people being into the way a certain band looks. If you look at music scenes that

have fashion sense, punk rock is at the top of the list. And it varies so much. If you drive down to San Diego, it's like you're on the moon as far as fashion is concerned. None of the San Diego bands do well up here in Orange County, mainly because people think they're just weird. They dress differently or they don't know them, and it has nothing to do with music. They could be the greatest band on earth but if they're not fitting into what your conception of what punk rock is, they're not going to be a successful band. We like to think, in the punk rock scene, that we're above all that, but we're not.

Popeye: We're so not above that.

Kevin: I think another thing I learned is that it doesn't matter how good a musician you are.



ly because we understood, it was more because we were pushovers. So I think that if you want to get the things you want, you've got to be a bit of a dick about it.

Popeye: I've learned that music doesn't mean shit, and that the successful bands are the ones who know the right people, have the right formulas, have the right management, are on the right record label, and have the right look about them. That was a hard lesson to learn, not because we were looking to be the next arena rock band, but a lot of the bands that are popular are some of the worst bands ever. If you listen to the commercial alternative radio stations, they're full of the worst fucking bands in the world, who can get away with playing a three-chord song that's been done 100 times over for the last 15 or 20

You can never go to a punk rock show and actually escape from materialism and people being into the way a certain band looked. If you look at music scenes that have fashion sense, punk rock is at the top of the list.
-Kevin Murphy

And that goes either way. If you're a crappy guitar player but manage to write some sort of catchy song that KROQ or whomever could pick up, than you're doing all right. At the same time, you could be a really good guitar player and a really good songwriter and go nowhere. When I was growing up and was part of the metal scene, there was a real emphasis on musicianship, and I don't think that, at

and hardcore bands, I think it's definitely easier. There's more money in it now, a lot more money is circulating around. There are a lot more labels putting out records, a lot more places letting those kinds of bands play, more fanzines, a larger network of people ... I think it also ties in with the information age that we're in. Now that we have the Internet and e-mail, it's a lot easier for information to get

they were five years ago, and a lot more bands are putting out records. I think a good example of that is when punk bands and hardcore bands and straight edge bands are pulling in \$500 to \$1,000 a night at their shows.

EJ: And playing places like the Whiskey and the Roxy?

It's much easier to take a walk into your bedroom and download some shit off of the Internet, burn a CD, and print up the cover art than it is to drive down to Bionic Records and hope that they've got that import of the Monomen that you're looking f o r .

-Kevin Murphy



least in the 90s, that that really matters anymore. It's sort of like how the 70s were: It's all about hype. It's kind of sad.

EJ: Do you guys think it's harder now, given the present state of music, to exist as a band?

Popeye: I think it depends on the kind of music you're playing and whether or not it has a thriving network of fans. For punk rock

around about a band. You used to have to rely on word of mouth or mailing a letter to some kid on the East Coast to tell him about what was going on in Southern California, and vice versa. Now it's a lot easier for everyone to know what's going on everywhere, and I think that ties in to it being a lot easier for bands to go on tour. So many bands are going on tour now. A lot more bands in this genre of music are going on tour now than

Popeye: Exactly. That was absolutely unheard of just a few years ago.

Kevin: That used to be reserved for bands like the Dead Kennedys or GBH when they'd play one of those giant international festivals at the Olympic Auditorium or something, and now that's commonplace. But the flipside of what you were saying about the information age is that now I think it is a lot easier for bands, but

if you look at MP3s and what they're talking about now with just downloading things and making your own CD and printing up the cover art, we're looking at the end of record stores. So, it might be a little easier for bands to get out there and promote their own stuff, but at the same time, I think we're looking at the end of independent stores, I think a lot of labels are going to go under when this really starts happening ...

EJ: Do you think that they won't be able to compete on the level of the bigger compa-

things are going to take over as well, and I don't think there's any way to stop it.

Popeye: Luckily, it's going to take quite a while for it to get to that point because it's brand new technology and there's still a large percentage of the population that doesn't own a computer and doesn't have Internet access. Internet access was virtually unheard of just a few years ago, so that's even still considered new technology.

Kevin: You know, it's funny, the computer that

Do you guys think that technology will ever get to the point where people stop leaving their houses?

Kevin: I think it's in people's nature to get out of the house, but I think the Internet and everything else are going to make a big impact on people's lifestyles for better or for worse.

Popeye: I think it's going to take a lot more evolution with technology because, as it is now, you can watch a concert or a movie on



**think
we're a
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Black Flag
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cess. They
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their bills,
and that's
f i n e .
- Kevin
Murphy**

nies on the Net?

Kevin: No. People need convenience. It's much easier to take a walk into your bedroom and download some shit off of the Internet, burn a CD, and print up the cover art than it is to drive down to Bionic Records and hope that they've got that import of the Monomen that you're looking for. It's just a matter of convenience. Record collectors are going to be pissed off about this, but they were pissed off about CDs and CDs took over. I think MP3s and all these wacky, high-tech computer

I'm sort of borrowing at my house, there're two actually. One is a Macintosh that has all the modern stuff on it, and then there's the older one with Windows 3.1 on it. I was typing up my thing for the Revelation web page, and then when I did the spell check it couldn't find the word "Internet." I thought that was kind of neat.

EJ: Why, because it's an older computer?

Kevin: Yeah, that program's only from like 1993 or 1994.

your computer, but how comfortable would you be sitting at your computer for an hour and a half or two hours and watching something with a jumpy feed and a not-so-clear visual image on a screen smaller than the one on your TV? I think it's going to take some time improving the technology until it gets to the point where you would be comfortable doing that. I realize that you can do some of that stuff with WebTV, but not that many people have WebTV. I think that there's a lot to be said for seeing something in a movie theater or seeing a band play live as opposed to

watching a videotape of it. Anyone can tell you that the experiences are completely different from one another. I don't think it will ever get to the point where people stop leaving their houses. I think a lot of middlemen will be eliminated. I mean, you can grow vegetables in your backyard but most people go to the store to buy them.

Kevin: You could hunt your own deer if you wanted to.

Popeye: Yeah. I think there are some things that aren't going to change. Some will, but I don't think it will ever get to that extreme point where people simply never leave their houses.

EJ: Do you think it's possible for Farside to make a living off the band and, or to achieve the success you desire without losing the heart of the music?

Kevin: If you're talking about us signing to a major label, that's nowhere in our plans right now. If the major labels come to us with an offer, we're more than willing to sit down and listen, but our stance about that has not changed one bit. If they're going to offer us something that's 100% of what we

want, then, yeah, we'll do it. We've always said that, but I just don't think it's ever going to happen. The other thing is, success is a fairly relative term. What some people would call success other people would call failure. I'm looking at paying my bills and that's about it. If we can get the band to pay our bills and we're not starving, then I think we're a success. Black Flag was a success. They never made any money but they paid their bills, and that's fine. I think we've achieved huge amounts of success just when we had our first 7" come out. To me, we've always been an enormously successful band because we've had the opportunity to put out a lot of records and play a lot of shows all over the world to a lot of people, and people clapped when we finished playing. People actually went out and bought our records and bought our T-shirts, and to me that's amazing. The bottom line is that that's what always made it worthwhile to all of us and I think it's extremely feasible for us to make a living and survive solely by doing this band. The sacrifice we would have to make is that we would have to be on the road a lot, and we're still trying to figure out if that's possible for us right now. It's something we all want to do, but

for the first time in our lives, money is an issue for us where it's never been one before. Now we're at the point where we've got enough responsibilities and we all have enough debt that we each need to be assured that we're going to make a certain amount of money every month. So right now we're investigating those avenues and I think that's also going to determine whether or not we continue doing the band or not. The biggest reason that we're doing this short tour this summer is to see if anybody cares that we're still together as a band and to see if anyone has been buying the record. After the summer, if all goes well and we're able to reestablish some faith with the record label and the booking agents and the promoters, then we'll look into doing a lot more touring. We'll do a full U.S. tour and then we'll do our Farside World Domination tour that we've been wanting to do for so long. If we decide to do all of that, than I know we can definitely make a living off of it. We don't have enormously expensive lifestyles, just certain minimum requirements that we have to fulfill every month. It just kind of comes down to numbers at this point.

EJ: What's one moment that really sticks out about being in this band, where you felt a sense of pride or a sense of accomplishment or a sense of self-realization about what you were doing?

Popeye: I remember several years ago when we were playing a show in the east coast on one of our tours, and after we finished playing, this guy that I had never met before came up to me and introduced himself and told me that he just wanted to shake my hand and say "thanks." I asked him what he meant by that and he told me that he had always had a really difficult time articulating his thoughts and that a lot of our songs had spoken to him in a way that really helped him to get through some difficult times in his life. I said, "you're welcome" and then he walked away. I was totally hung up about that little incident for about the next three days. Even though we had already been together for about four years at that point and had done quite a bit as a band, that was the first time it was ever really shoved in my face that I had truly affected someone's life. I wasn't prepared for that kind of emotional connection with somebody and I barely slept that night. It was one of those things that made you evaluate who you were and it made me feel very small and very important at the same time. That was probably the most significant moment in the band's existence for me, personally.

Kevin: Well, there's two things. One is fin-



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Popeye: If I could just shake his hand and say, "Hi, Elvis. Nice to meet you," and have him say, "Oh, Hi, Popeye. Nice to meet you, t o o . "

Kevin: And then he would say, "Popeye? Are you some kind of an asshole?"

ishing this record. I didn't play on the first two, and then on *Rigged* I didn't really feel like I was part of the band. I still felt sort of like the new guy that was just playing guitar. I really didn't want to overstep my boundaries so I wasn't really writing a lot and was just sort of going through the motions. And then, the self-titled 7" I wasn't happy with at all. But this record is the first one where I feel like I had a significant role in creating it, and I'm really, really happy with it. I listen to it all the time, not because it's my band, but because I genuinely like it and I think it's a great record. I catch myself every now and then thinking, "Wait ... we did this. Cool!" That's the first time I've ever really been tremendously proud of something I've done. The other thing is that ever since I set up the Farside e-mail account, I've been getting these e-mails from people that are saying the same kind of stuff that Popeye was saying. Like about the songs and lyrics. One kid wrote to me and said that his girlfriend had broken up with him that night. It was evident that he was a young kid based on the way he wrote, and he went on to tell me about this girl who just broke up with him and how much he was head over heels in love with her. And then he wanted me to e-mail her and tell her what a great guy he was. I didn't know this kid. My first reaction was

that this was really goofy, but then I just started thinking about it, and if I was 15 years old and something really bad happened to me and I wrote to Bob Mould or Henry Rollins or some other person that I idolized at that time, if they wrote back to me and just said, "hang in there, buddy," it would really change my life. It would have been so cool. So I suddenly realized that to this person I was somebody important. He didn't know who I was, but because I had written a particular song or because they heard Popeye sing a particular song, we were suddenly important. It didn't matter that we have crappy jobs, or that our transmissions break and we have to borrow money from our parents, or that I can't make my marriage work. None of these things that are going on in our real lives matter to this guy because we're important to him. And again, that made me feel like I was something special. It was kind of cool.

Popeye: Well, Kevin, I think you're something special.

EJ: What's one thing that people don't know about the band or yourselves that you think they should know? Is there something you guys feel you need to clarify?

Kevin: Farside does not have a lot of female fans, contrary to popular belief.

Popeye: You know, I know a lot of bands who get letters and photographs from teenage girls, and over the years we've received nothing but letters and photographs from teenage boys.

EJ: Who is someone, famous or not, that you would like to meet?

Popeye: Elvis Costello. I'd love to meet Elvis Costello. There are a lot of people I would like to meet, but he's the first person that popped into my head. He's been such a major influence on my life as a musician, he could shit on a plate and I would probably think it was brilliant.

Kevin: I have that record.

Popeye: I can't imagine what we would discuss, and don't even know if I would have any questions for him, but if I could just shake his hand and say, "Hi, Elvis. Nice to meet you," and have him say, "Oh, Hi, Popeye. Nice to meet you, too."

Kevin: And then he would say, "Popeye? Are you some kind of an asshole?"

Popeye: That would probably change my life.

Kevin: I would never want to meet anybody that meant a lot to me because I would be afraid of being let down. I would like to meet Metallica because at one point they meant a lot to me, but now they just seem like normal people to me. If I met them and they were assholes, it wouldn't phase me, but if I met them and they were cool, it wouldn't be that big of a deal. If I had the chance to meet someone that I idolized like Bob Mould, who is probably my all-time favorite guy ever, I wouldn't want to because I wouldn't want to be let down. I wouldn't want to shake his hand and have him blow me off because he was busy that day or because he was sick or something. That would stay with me forever.

Popeye: Maybe it would be because he hates the Irish.

Kevin: Maybe. A lot of people do.

EJ: After being around for 10 years, other than musically, how does a DIY band like yourself gauge progression?

Kevin: I hope you're using the term DIY very loosely. There haven't been any barriers. I think the barriers come when you start to gain any kind of financial success, and we haven't had that. So it's not like we've really had a choice. We do everything ourselves because we have to. Obviously, Revelation puts our records out and we have other people book our tours, but we're just not at the point yet where we can do it any other way.

Popeye: I think that progression is another thing that is relative. We can line up all of our records next to each other and be able to see musically how we evolved, but I also think it's a matter of not just success but also longevity. I think the fact that money and huge amounts of success haven't been issues for us is a reason why we've able to stay together for so long. We never got to the point where we were so sick of each other that we never wanted to see each other again. That's pretty amazing. Most bands don't last this long, not that we've spent the last 10 years being on the road all the time or been constantly active, but we've always stayed in touch with each other and in one way or the other did the

band on some kind of level.

Kevin: I don't feel like I knew Bob until this last year. I mean, I'm suddenly starting to know Bob as a real person. It's really cool.

Popeye: At this point I would be hesitant to change things, because I wouldn't want to do it if I wasn't having a good time. I know people who are in bands that are very successful and they hate doing it. They don't like their bandmates or don't like the music, but they make really good money so they keep doing it.

EJ: What is one thing that you want to accomplish with the band before it's all done?

Kevin: No matter how outlandish it is?

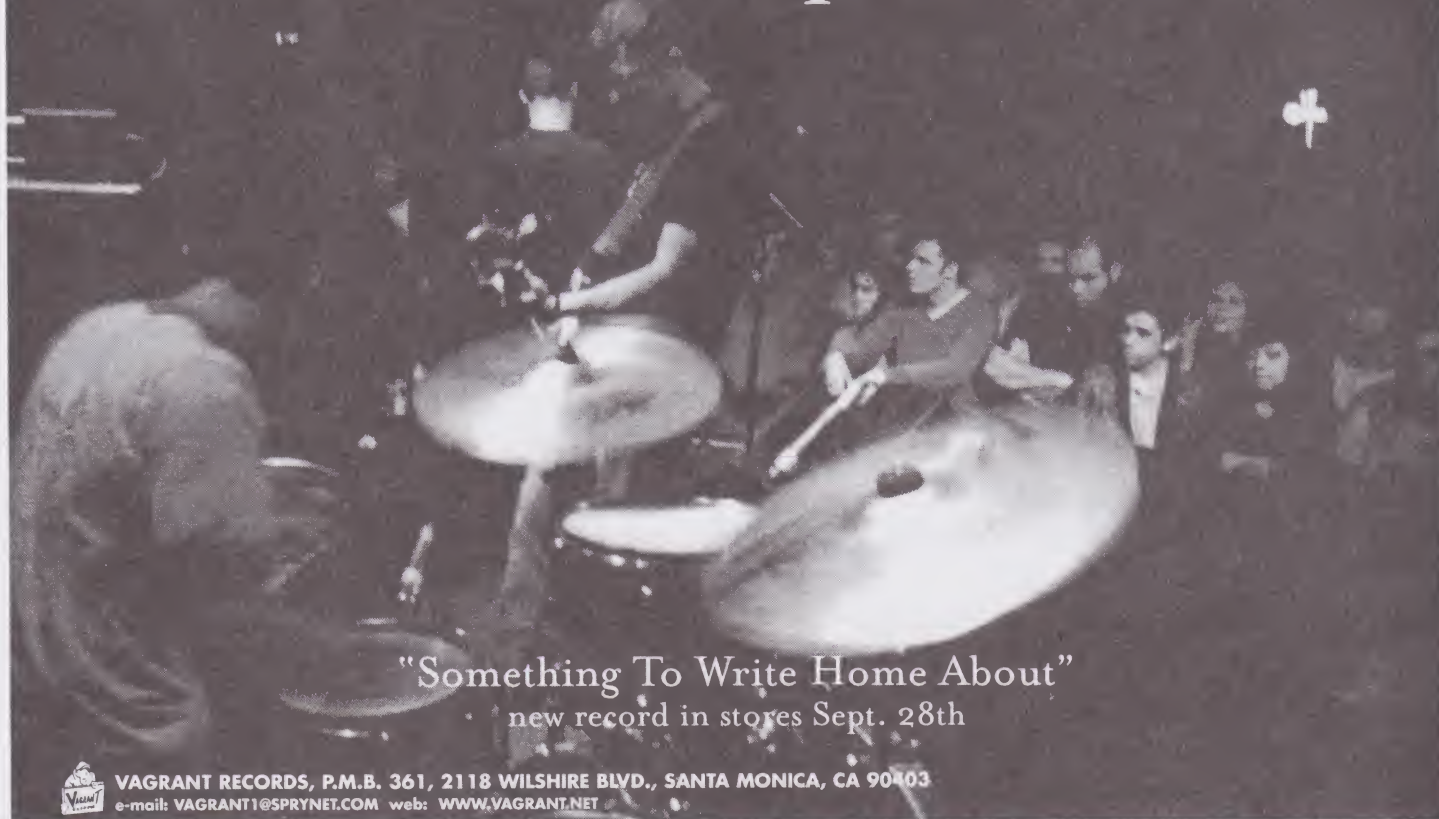
Yes.

Popeye: I want to be on TV.

Kevin: Yeah, me too. I would love to be on Conan O'Brien or Saturday Night Live.

Popeye: Or David Letterman. ⊕

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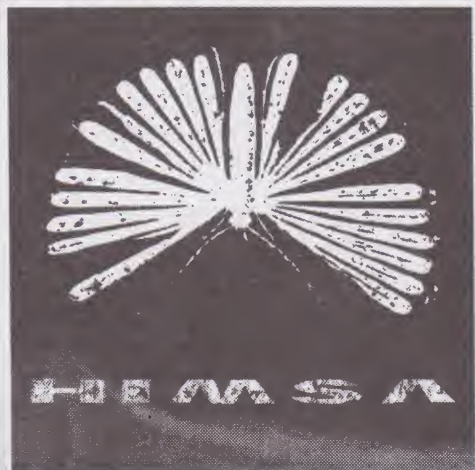


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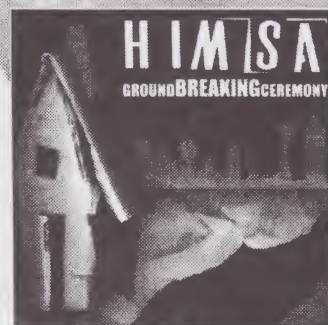
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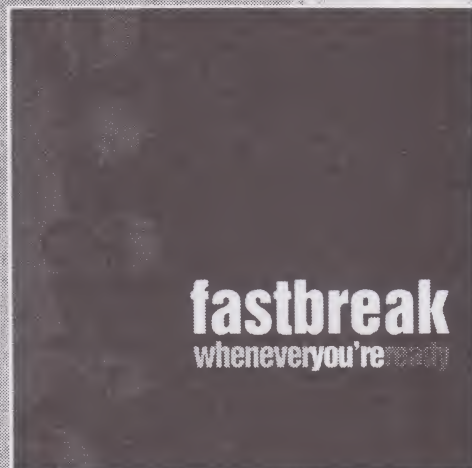
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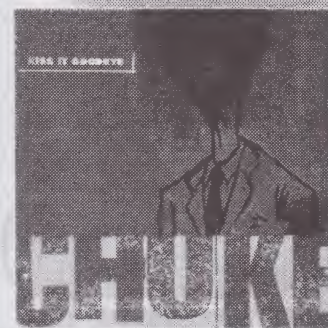
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Well, here I sit—another old gaffer in front of a hot screen (eyes squinting, hemorrhoids flaming). Mr. Bale asked me to contribute to his new mag. Having read the first two issues, it's clear that my confusion about what I should be writing for a goddamn punk 'zine in 1999 is not unique. And it's possible my confusion is even more extreme than most, since the history between Bale and myself is not all that sweet. Indeed, it doesn't seem that long ago that one of my chief hobbies was poking fun at him. The fact that this all went down a decade and half ago make the specifics sorta fuzzy, but the way it happened was something like this.

My main gigs in the early '80s were *NY Rocker*, *Take It*, *Boston Rock*, *L.A. Weekly*, and various fanzines. Bale wrote and sent a copy of the first *MRR* when it came out, mentioning that he'd enjoyed the scope of the review section in *Take It*. These were the years before people bothered to review too many fucking records in their 'zines, so we both felt that there was a kinda quantity-equals-quality kinship between us. Anyway, *MRR* was pretty good (esp. the foreign hardcore reviews), but the political tenor of the writing struck me as being a bit bogue. It all seemed sorta dull, pedagogic, and more like warmed-over-yippie-gruel than anything that'd actually be fun to read. If I wanted lectures I woulda finished college, right? My own gang was a fairly dionysian (or, at least, mock-dionysian) bunch at the time — we were in it for the fun, and one of the things we really liked to do was to make people squirm.

Maybe it was Tesco Vee, maybe it was John Crawford, anyway, somebody got the idea to do an anti-*MRR* scree section in Mr. Vee's *Touch & Go* 'zine. A bunch of us wrote mean rants about Jeff and Tim. It was standard stuff—intimations of pedophilia, tampax-sucking, and what-not. This was all just mixed w/ that great mag's usual stupid-dupid miscellany, but man—the shit hit the proverbial dick. This may have also been the issue of *T&G* that had Pushead's drawing of Henry Rollins as a hippie w/ a water-pipe. Between the *MRR* things and that, there was so much boo-hooing in so many serious punk camps that you would've thought that we'd killed somebody's cat. Prior to this moment, all of the old-line hardcore tarbabies had pretty much cut each other infinite slack. I mean, the scene was so small (relatively) that if you said you saw Barry Hennsler sucking a goat's cock, or that Glen Danzig was fat, the objects of yr "humor" might well be pounding on yr door the next week or so. This is why nobody ever heard about Rev Norb and the "red twinkie" incident, or Jack Rabid's lost weekend w/ Paul Cook and a party-size tube of minty Crest.

Anyway, the sound of all the moaning was so sweet that when I moved back east in '84 and started doing *Forced Exposure* with Jimmy Johnson, we made a point of skewering *MRR* (plus a few other select whipping boys) as often as possible. Amazingly, it continued to piss people off. And since this was all about making as

much noise as we could in order to get people to forget about our glowing *Venom* reviews, there was much poop slung from my hand toward Bale over the yrs. Consequently, it was kinda surprising that he got in touch about doing this column, but now I'm starting to think that he did it to get back at me. As I look over my manifest, it states that he doesn't want me to write about jazz or art music or any of that shit. Jesus, this's gonna be a tall order.

As a geezer, the sad truth is that I listen to far less punk rock than I should. The reasons for this are several. Firstly, my contention is that punk is a genre designed to be heard on 7". Anybody who doesn't believe this should get a new wig



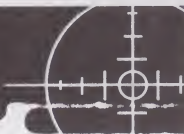
and go back to clown school. The main problem is that playing 7" is so fucking labor intensive (and my kids are so sloppy w/ the tone arm) that it's not something I do on a regular basis any more. And let's face it, punk was a xerox musical form almost from the get-go. It started recycling itself decades ago. So it's not very often that a punk record actually jumps

outta the speakers and messes me up in a new way. But I'll tell ya what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna train those kids to work that turntable w/ precision, then I'm gonna make them take their wagons down to the barn and start hauling out some boxes of 45s. I've sold off much of the known heavy-weight crud I accrued over the past few yrs to pay bills, but I've still got 5-6,000 of the bastards I've never even listened to. Amongst those years' worth of magazine cast-offs and fifty-cent bin

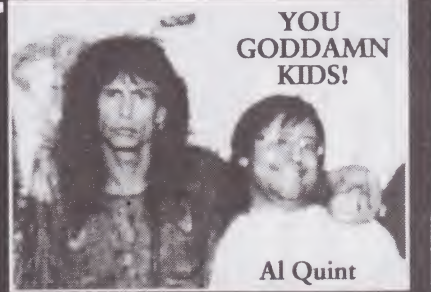
This is why nobody ever heard about Rev Norb and the "red twinkie" incident, or Jack Rabid's lost weekend w/ Paul Cook and a party-size tube of minty Crest.

"treasures," there has to be something that'll get the blood boiling through my head. I'll try to sample a buncha stuff that's still laying about and see if there's anything worth a listen. If that fails, I'll just write some mean stories about Al Quint.

But hey—this installment's already overdue, so I'll get it in and see what happens. If all's well, I'll tell the kids to grease those wagon wheels soon. If not, I'll probably take a well-deserved peek at Tom Byron's new opus, *Lords of the Ass 2*. I've heard that it's his long-overdue masterpiece. Alright! ⊕



So the one and only Frank Discussion of Feederz fame (infamy?) is now a fellow *Hit List* scribe. I'm proud to be on the same masthead as the composer of one of the most uproarious, deliciously offensive songs of the last 20 years. I'm talking about the brilliant "Jesus Entering From The Rear." By the way, the version on "Let Them Eat Jelly Beans" is my fave, compared to the 7" version. I don't have the version on "Ever Feel Like Killing Your Boss," which I understand has been reissued recently (Frank, babe, I'd review it in my zine...promise!). How can you not love someone with the cojones to put out an album called "Teachers In Space," complete with a photo of the Challenger explosion, just months after that tragedy.



A n y w a y , "Jesus" is rolling around in my head 'cause I just got home from doing the final installment of a radio program called "The Next Generation" that I've co-hosted for the past year or so. It emanated from a 750

watt high school station and the equipment was archaic, to say the least. The console is a hand-me-down from a commercial rock station that was probably obsolete in 1976. There haven't been any working turntables since last Fall, so my partner Steve and I had to play all CDs. Tonight, though, I wanted to play some vinyl nuggets that I'd been chomping at the bit to convey over the airwaves for months, now. So I put a bunch of my favorites on tape—"Tojo" by Naked Raygun, "No Illusions" by the State, "Break The Bank" by Toxic Reasons, "Too Political" by the completely underrated Really Red, "Shattered Mirror" by Final Conflict (their almost-Oi song!). "Jesus" was one of these selections. In fact, it was the next-to-last song ever played on this

program, right after "We're The Pist" by the Pist and before the final song, "The Great American Going Out Of Business Sale" by Dillinger Four...that one had to be last because the song's closing line is "I'll die the day I find that I'm fucking useless." Now there's a

credo I can subscribe to and the way they emphasize FUCKING just rings out so nicely over the speakers. By the way, Dillinger Four can do no wrong at this point—if you're sick of limp pop punk, this band will restore your faith. This Minneapolis group writes songs with great hooks and smart/funny lyrics and pounding arrangements. Both their album on Hopeless, "Midwestern Songs of The Americas," and the recently-released comp of older material, "This Shit Is Genius" (THD Records for the CD, No Idea for the vinyl), are highly recommended. Getting back to my point, though, this being a high school station, we usually have to censor the naughty words. I know it sucks. We almost got thrown off a few

times for letting words slip, too (sometimes on purpose, sometimes not). The station advisor is a fucking state cop, for chrissakes. We dealt with all this bullshit as best we could and I did let the line in "Jesus" about splitting his shitter with a soldering gun pass uncensored, anyway.

But, yeah, what an unforgettable song. The type of song I keep singing around the house until my wife wants to fucking KILL me! I particularly love yelling out the line that goes "fucking you in the aaaaaaassssssss!!!!" Y'know, as much trouble as the Feederz apparently got themselves into back in their late 70s/80s heyday, I have a feeling a song like "Jesus Entering From The Rear" might stir up quite a few problems today in certain segments of the punk scene, especially with the line about Jesus that goes "Just another faggot." Now I'm a pretty liberal, kinda PC guy (but PC with a sense of humor, as I like to say), but I understand the context here. The poetic license, the use of vulgar metaphor, if you will. Saying that Jesus has been performing a rim job on his gullible followers for 2000 years. Yeah, it's strong stuff but you don't forget it easily, do you? I stand up for gay rights and confront anyone making anti-gay comments. I don't particularly like it when people refer to something as being "gay" or say someone is a "fag," in the course of a conversation. The latter is a word I consciously avoid using myself. But Frank's use of the word "faggot" doesn't offend me in this context. Is it a contradiction? Am I a hypocrite? I'm human and I have a sick, warped sense of humor, sometimes. There are some things I can't justify. That's the way it goes. Regardless, this song is such a glorious trashing of religion, so beyond the pale, so tremendously TASTELESS, that it's bound to piss off who it's intended to and I say (pardon the pun) "AMEN". (A side note to my born-again friend Mark, if he's reading this column—I don't hate all Christians. Honest!) It'll probably annoy and offend even some so-called open-minded people, as well, and I think that's fine.

That's the contradiction, the paradox, the yin and yang of my musical taste. Sometimes, I want my consciousness raised. I like to hear bands singing passionately (and intelligently, I might add) about ideas and issues that I find important. Sure, it's usually preaching to

the converted, and someone even more jaded and cynical than this correspondent will likely argue about how much it can accomplish in the larger scheme of things. That may be true and, granted, many of these bands don't always have the knowledge or facts to back up their arguments, but some of them do. Also, the members of some of these so-called political bands do get off their asses and try to effect change on differing levels. The ones who get out and, say, feed the homeless, distribute clean

needles, etc...have my respect.

But I digress...there are other times when I want to be entertained or amused, even when the lyrical matter might be objectionable in some quarters. How else to explain my affection for the Mentors. El Duce was, from all accounts, a reprehensible slimeball, but I still laugh out loud whenever I hear "My Erection Is Over" or "Four F Club." Same for "Crippled Children Suck" and "One Down Three To Go" by the Meatmen or "Homo-Sexual" by the Angry Samoans. First

Dillinger Four can do no wrong at this point—if you're sick of limp pop punk, this band will restore your faith.

HIT SQUAD

civil liberties is among the worst in recent presidential history, got into the act concerning R-rated movies. According to an article in the June 14th issue of *Video Business*, a trade magazine, Clinton announced that the National Association Of Theater Owners will begin requiring that young patrons unaccompanied by a parent or adult guardian be required to show photo ID to gain admission to R-rated movies. He said, "From now on, parents will know that the R-rating system means what it is supposed to mean: restricted, no one under 17 without a parent or guardian and no exceptions." Never mind the capriciousness of the rating system to begin with, where films with sexual or so-called profane content will get slapped with an R before more violent fare. It just gets ridiculous after awhile. So I'm going to do my part by "adopting" kids who want to get into R-rated movies, if I see them hanging around unable to get in by themselves.

I'd sure as hell hate to be in high school these days. I'd hate to be a kid, period. Kids in general are under attack, but the amount of shit that people who don't fit the so-called norm get must become unbearable after awhile. They are now under fire from peers, teachers, law enforcement personnel, and parents. Then again, the so-called freaks and rejects have always had to deal with this sort of scrutiny/abuse. I just fear it's going to get worse, given the immediacy and saturation of the sensationalized media. PFAW make some good points, especially about government involvement, but I don't know if I want parents meddling, either. The ACLU is going to be working overtime the next few years, and I just read an article where the local rep said

they've had more complaints coming in since the Columbine incident. Kids getting hassled for having colored hair, wearing certain t-shirts, etc...One moronic principal at a high school in Portsmouth, NH attempted to ban the wearing of trenchcoats. Other schools are getting rid of lockers and/or requiring clear bookbags. My friend Seth, who was the manager at the radio station where I did my show, wears a trenchcoat himself and told me he was accosted three separate times the day after the shootings.

So that's why I'm proud to play "Jesus Entering From The Rear" on the radio. And thankful that the college and community radio stations in this area don't have as many restrictions as in other parts of the country (our station was an exception). That's why I'm glad that the underground punk and hardcore community I still consider myself somewhat a part of basically flies under the radar of these authorities—although problems with shows getting shut down seems to be on the increase lately. As much as it might not accomplish anything, might be viewed as completely immature, or might just constitute pissing into the wind from a "safe suburban home", I still like to extend something of a middle finger to the world and thus feel a kinship with others who do likewise. I guess that's what many of the writers for this magazine, for instance, are each doing in their own way...



Shameless plug time, again: I publish a 'zine called *Suburban Voice* and if you have any questions, want to send wild 'n crazy punk, hardcore, garage or what have you for review or need mailorder info, the address is:

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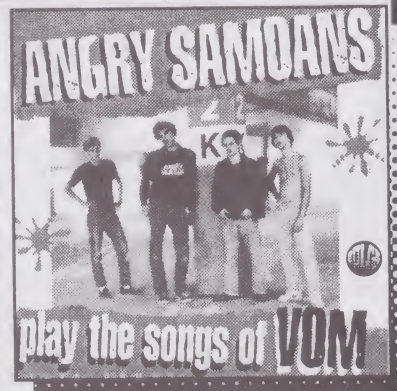
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off, I think I have a decent bullshit detector and can tell when something's a put-on, a crass offensive joke and nothing more. On the other hand, I don't think a band like the Unruly, with their anti-gay song "10%," are kidding. The bottom line, though, is, no matter what the lyrics, it still has to rock. It has to move something in my soul to hold my interest, and that usually means volume, energy, guts, passion, etc...The folkies that my lovely wife listens to might have a righteous message, but that doesn't mean I want to listen to them...

Blasting offensive songs becomes increasingly pleasurable, given the current climate for, ahem, "artistic expression." I thought we were rid of those moral arbiters after all the PMRC bullshit in the 80s. Oh no, not by a long shot....Well, we've never really been rid of them, anyway, but now there's a new lightning rod, a rallying point: Columbine High happened, with two mixed-up lunatics in trench-coats, who happened to like goth and industrial acts and violent video games and were full-fledged computer geeks, going on a shooting spree before they offed themselves. All of a sudden, there's all this paranoia. In particular, anyone who looks different comes under suspicion. The entertainment industry is being told to clean up its act. It's a climate of fear, fueled by media and government. Think I'm kidding or being bombastic? The following passage comes from the People From The American Way website, an organization set-up to protect First Amendment issues and counter the Family Research Council, the Christian Coalition, and others of their ilk (yes, they have a bias, like anyone else). Here's what they had to say in early June about the fallout after Columbine:

"Don't make the First Amendment another casualty of Littleton, Colorado," said PFAW President Carole Shields. "Parents are better suited than the government for deciding the CDs their children listen to, the movies they watch, the video games they play and the Internet

ALQUINT

sites they visit."

Measures currently or soon to be under consideration in Congress include:

- A bill by Senators John McCain (R-AZ) and Joseph Lieberman (D-CT) that would mandate a uniform "violence labeling system" for all video games, movies and CDs. The bill would prohibit selling an entertainment product to anyone outside the age range identified by the label. Small business owners and others who violate the bill's provisions could face a \$10,000 fine for each violation.
- A bill by House Judiciary Chairman Henry Hyde (R-IL) that would prohibit the sale of violent material to teenagers. This is an unconstitutional attempt to significantly restrict speech--speech that in most cases is protected by the First Amendment.
- A bill by Senator McCain that would require any school or library receiving federal discounts for Internet service to install and use content-filtering software on their computers. Such software is flawed because it has been found to filter out constitutionally protected speech and because it infringes upon the right of parents to decide how their children should use the Internet.

"Each of these bills has one thing in common," Shields said. "They ask us to give up our cherished constitutional liberties in exchange for a false sense of security that the next Littleton, Colorado won't be in our back yard. A better approach would be for us to summon the courage and willpower to make our classrooms safe without stooping to censorship."

That great liberal (HA!!) president Bill Clinton, whose record on

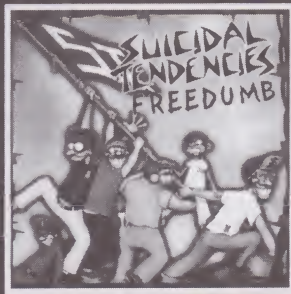
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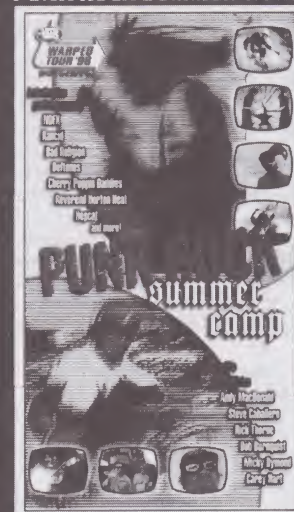
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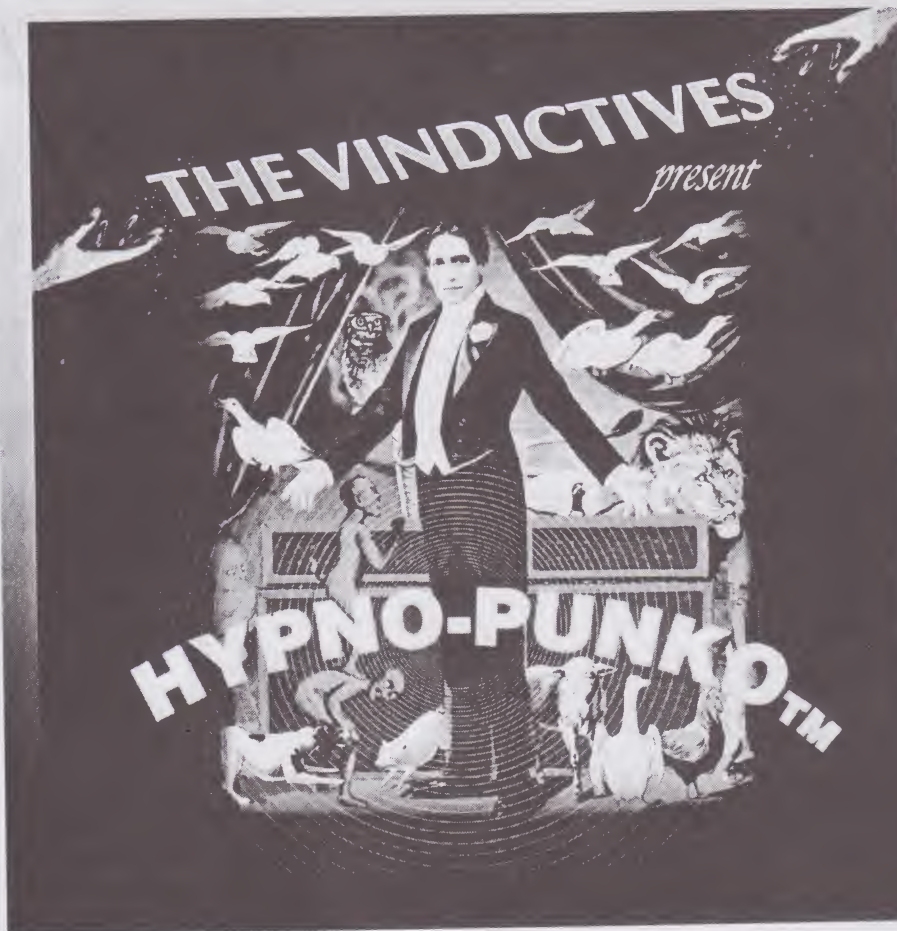
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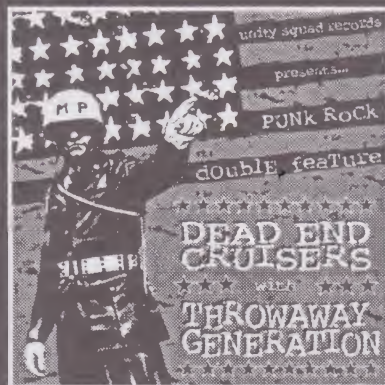
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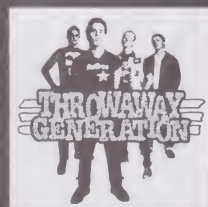
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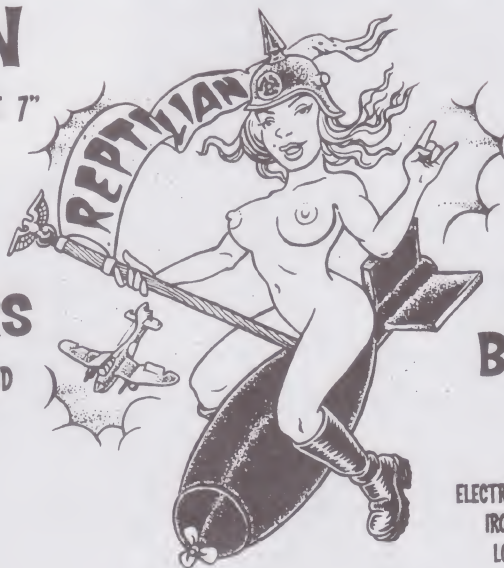
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A Study of Androgyny & Style in Punk Rock

Somewhere in the American Deep South, 1957: A young man sits in front of a mirror backstage at a seedy nightclub. His pompadour is stratospheric and his eyes are ringed with black liner. He's wearing a pink silk suit jacket and pegged black slacks with red piping down each leg. The tour manager announces that it's showtime and the band members all stand to leave for the stage. The young man can hear the MC at the mic as he approaches the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, the Georgia Peach his own self, LITTLE RICHARD!" And the crowd goes wild.

Rock and Roll has always been about defying convention, stripping life down to its red raw truth, and then shouting about it. ANY conviction held by those who would

By Chaz Halo

oppress us was ripe for the defying. During the 1950s a distinctive youth culture was born. Religious, sexual, and moral rules were gleefully broken down by greasy-haired guitar-slinging hoods. Even then, at the very beginning, in rock and roll's embryonic

stages, androgyny—or, to be more specific, the rejection of traditional/stereotypical gender roles—was an open invitation to rebellion for bored kids.

Whether we're talking about Elvis Presley's heavy eyeliner and dyed black hair or the flat out bisexual histrionics of Little Richard and his mentor, the great Esquerita, we're talking about ROCK AND ROLL, rebellion, and the smashing of gender myths and social prejudices. Elvis Presley was the ultimate masculine rock and roll image, but his appeal to females was based in equal measure on his femininity, his wild unbridled no-rules music, and his complicated and unfath-

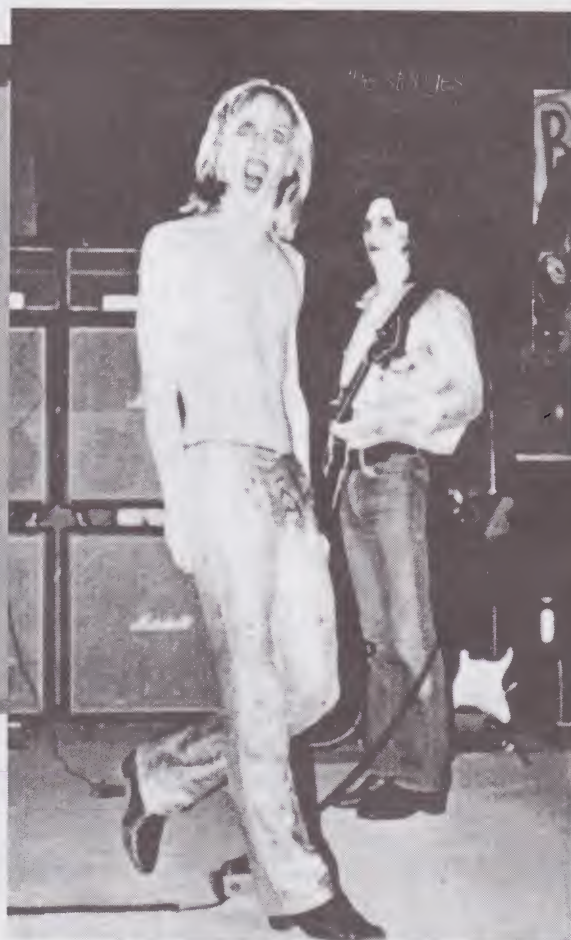


omable religious convictions. Forever and ever (amen), rock and roll would reserve a hallowed place for those who would break the gender rules.

The '60s

The first great androgynous heroes in the '60s were undoubtedly Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, the unstoppable Glimmer twins. Mick's appeal was largely based on his ability to anger homophobic policemen and government officials. He not only seemed female but seemed like a BLACK female, and he did this while singing some of the most superficially misogynistic lyrics ever penned, which is typical of great rock and roll—confusing, liberating and vulgar. As cool as Mick Jagger once was, it was Keith Richards who epitomized the brooding punk coolness that led a generation toward deviation. His shock of jet black hair, eyeliner-ringed heavy lidded eyes, and ever-present cigarette was an updated version of the style of his heroes, Chuck Berry and Gene Vincent. His slash and burn, bastardized blues guitar raping was the perfect antidote to all the hippy dippy "free love" hogwash that the late '60s were to be revered for by spineless rock historian types. Keith inspired even as he decomposed. THAT was great rock and roll. He was the very epitome of the male rock 'n' roll rebel, all decked out in his girlfriends' favorite blouses. Keith was the man, until...

Iggy Pop. A beautiful mess. Heavy psychedelics and a two-chord moronic thud beat. That was the Stooges. Imagine Chuck Berry if he was a suburban whiteboy wearing mom's lipstick and moaning about girls who were "not right" and chicks that had a "TV Eye" on him. Before glitter rock hit in the UK, Iggy was



a natural freak in Detroit. Before Bowie made androgyny cute, Iggy was horrifying and enraging jocks and frat boys. THAT was great rock and roll.

The '70s, Part One: All That Glitters Isn't Gay

Glitter Rock, the early Seventies' only real underground music, was a two-lane path. On one lane, you had the pop star wannabe, bubble-gum hit meisters like the Sweet and Gary Glitter, and on the other hand you had the raw rumbling noise that would become punk rock. Slade, Mott the Hoople, the NY Dolls, and Wayne County epitomized the real dirt poor, dirty-minded rock and roll that we all crave, even in these sterile times. These were real degenerates, some of them homosexuals, most of them not, some of them drug users, some of them deviants. Some of them could barely play their instruments, but all of them had something to say. Surely the best Glitter band was the New York Dolls. What were they? Transvestite womanizers obsessed with rockabilly and '60s girl groups. Great, insightful, intelligent lyric writers about depressed Manhattan kids, drugs and fast times, and rock and roll. Their two official LPs, "NY Dolls" and "Too Much Too Soon", were the best of a whole butt-load of classic rock 'n' roll records that came from the Glitter era. Life-changing slabs of wax like T. Rex's "Tanx", Iggy's "Raw Power", Mott the Hoople's "All The Young Dudes", the



the trash brats



Hollywood Brats' self-titled debut, and Alice Coopers' "Love It To Death" were the defining moments of this time period, while honorable mention goes to Silverhead, Wayne County,

Slade, Ziggy/Bowie, and even early Kiss. All of them broke the rules to the glorious soundtrack of catchy 3-chord apocalypse, and THAT was great rock and roll. Unfortunately, during the mid-'70s the glitz took over and the bloat set in. Orchestras, mini-operas, and boring overindulgence replaced energy and rebellion, and nobody cool cared about glitter anymore. It was time to reclaim rock n roll for the rock n rollers.

The '70s, Part Two: Crash Street Kids

Punk Rock, which originated simultaneously in the UK and US as far as anyone can tell, was not really about destroying rock and roll but rather celebrating what was truly great about rock and roll while ridding it of all the bloat and uselessness that the hippy generation and the glitter/indulgence years had instilled. This isn't a history of punk rock as such, as anyone reading this hopefully already knows all about Malcom McLaren, Richard Hell, and the Sex Pistols. The point is that ALL the rules were again being broken, and punk was a great time for cool, tough, make-up wearing rockers. The Damned's Dave Vanian, Slaughter & The Dogs, Teenage Head, the Boys, Menace, Darby Crash, Eater, Generation X, the Heartbreakers, the Cramps, the Rich Kids, the Misfits, the Weirdos, and more all wore make up, dyed their hair, and were as colorful and unconventional as possible. These were the pre-hardcore years, when being different was not only accepted but

was actually the GOAL in punk rock circles. Males were encouraged by the images of the first wave punks to experiment with make up and hair dye while wearing leather jackets, tight jeans, and cool shoes. In short, the punk look was a return to the drop dead cool of the 50's rockers, with an even more blatant tendency towards androgyny. The sound was knife-edge sharp, poppy, and full of harsh energy, and the look was all flash and leather and eyeliner and color. THAT was great rock and roll.

The '80s: Out Of The Closet

In the 80's it was hard to tell who was cool because almost EVERYONE looked punk, or at least had some kind of look happening. New Wave was the hit single-driven, acceptable side of the post punk fallout, while Goth was the refuge of the arty, depressed Joy Division/Bowie crowd. These genres both had a high androgyny content, and great bands like the Psychedelic Furs, Specimen, the Lords Of The New Church, and Flesh For Lulu effortlessly combined punk energy with New Wave melody and Goth darkness, topped off with Glam's traditional androgyny.

Rockabilly was resurfacing as "psychobilly", and bands like the Stray Cats wore make up with their pompadours and cat clothes. Meanwhile, bands like the Cramps and Gun Club used eyeliner, roots music, and horror imagery to obtain achilling, intense effect.

Punk Rock still lived in the hearts and guitars of Social Distortion and the rest of the early hardcore scene. Mike Ness made the statement that most men didn't know how to apply eyeliner and he was certainly right, especially as the mid- to late 80s witnessed a more jock-

like mentality creeping into punk rock. Homophobia and racism escalated, and violence became more and more common at punk shows. The colorful leather jacket and eyeliner imagery of punk was replaced by shaven heads and social conservatism. This was NOT great rock and roll. In England the Exploited and their ilk were also fostering a

more violent and less tolerant/intelligent mentality, even though their bright mohawks and tight bondage trousers looked pretty glam to me.

In the States during the late 80s, the final nails were hammered into glitter's coffin by bands like Poison and Cinderella, who married glam imagery to heavy metalish pop. For the most part this was awful, and of course America bought it in droves. MTV was saturated with long-haired David Lee Roth look-alikes wearing lipstick and screaming ridiculously.



Yet there were some bands, even in this dubious era, that had that essential rock and roll fire that cannot be manufactured by a major record label or music video channel. The Babysitters, Hanoi Rocks, Soho Roses, the Dogs D'Amour, the Quireboys, and the Bounty Hunters all made punk-influenced glam rocking noise that was intelligent and

full of world-weary soul. Most of these bands were European or, in the case of Hanoi Rocks and Smack, Finnish. Hanoi Rocks were the perfect collision of punk and the Stones, with a full-on glitter gypsy look that incorporated everything from Teddy Boy jackets and creepers to pink lipstick and spiked belts and cowboy hats. Their 1983 LP, "Back To Mystery City", was the best record of this era and the missing link between the Dolls and the Ramones. Perfectly GREAT rock and roll.

The 90s: Rock And Roll Is Here To Stay

Grunge was the first mainstream 90's trend, and since the grungers claimed punk as an influence in order to gain hip street cred, the major labels started signing punk bands. This made everyone who was still interested in punk pretty much vomit, but it also led to a worldwide resurgence of punk rock bands forming, playing gigs, and releasing records. Some turned to punk to cash in on the industry interest, and some did it to show the world how REAL punk should look and sound. Two of the finest early 90's punk bands were the Spent Idols and the Stitches, California rock 'n'

roll legends who knew the magic of a great song played loud by suave bastards in creepers and black nail polish. These bands, along with NYC's awesome D-Generation and the UK's devastatingly influential Manic Street Preachers, ignited an avalanche of bands with the tunes and the style to distract those with soul from the mindless techno and rap metal that plagues us in the late '90s.

Great Rock And Roll in the '90s is nothing more than Chuck Berry riffs, the suave cool of the Clash, eyeliner,

toilet boys leather jackets, creep-

ers, tight black jeans, and hair grease. Les Paul overdrive and black nail polish NEVER goes outta style, and the spirits of Johnny Thunders and Joe Strummer are still with us! The following is a list of the best new bands who understand the history of rock 'n' roll, and are offering the intelligent and discerning punk connoisseur something that is miles



away from macho hardcore and useless pop punk.

GLITTER PUNK REVOLUTION NOW!

THE TRASH BRATS: Formed in 1987, these veteran punk glamsters are still vital and going strong. Their look is full-on '70s glam, but the sound is a buzzsaw pop punk guitar attack to rival the Buzzcocks and the Ramones. These guys have always played punk shows and never minded the hardcore jock crowd throwing beer cans at them, as long as they could play and get paid. This is true punk rock because they don't even begin to care what you think of them. They are exciting and write amazing tunes, and you need 'em now more than ever. They have several records out and two CDs on Circumstantial Records.

LIBERTINE: Fronted by Belvy K., who did time as a teenage drummer in the UK Subs, 7 Seconds, and the first line up of D-Generation, These guys are the perfect synthesis of glam, punk, and the sharp song-writing of the Psychedelic Furs and Jesus

And Mary Chain. It's a tough, moody sound, and the look is next to perfect. Creepers, spiky hair, eyeliner, and cowboy shirts. A perfect band for imperfect times. They tour constantly and have releases on Alive and Kado Records.

THE TOILET BOYS: Campy, trashy Wayne County-meets-Poison and Kiss-esque gimmick band. Transvestite lead singer and typical NYC rock guys in the band. Huge potential, keep an eye on 'em.

THE CHEMO KIDS: Crazy Ohio kids hellbent on cheap noise and destruction, sort of like a Pagans meeting Teenage Head at GG Allin's funeral. The look is spiky hair, stripy T-shirts, skinny ties, and eyeliner. Releases on Pelado Records. Cannot miss with punk 'n' roll fans, and better than most of the Junk stable.

CHINESE TAKEAWAY: Wild poppy punk from Sweden. These guys and a girl write some of the best '77-style pop punk songs in recent years, and their dayglo, leopard print '77

punk image mixes well with eyeliner. Hugely influenced by Menace, the Damned, and Raped, with catchy Thunders-esque lead guitars throughout. Releases on New Lifeshark and Pelado Records.

THE BACKYARD BABIES: These Swedish rock 'n' roll kids are following in the footsteps of their idols, Hanoi Rocks. They're getting pretty big over here, and they deserve it given their synthesis of hard rock and punk. It's sort of a cross between Social D. and Guns And Roses! Records on CBS import.

MORAL CRUX: Like the Trash Brats these guys have been around forever and should be HUGE. Frontman James Farris is an androgynous spiky-haired cross between Billy idol and Hanoi Rocks' Mike Monroe, and he writes political lyrics worthy of Joe Strummer. The tunes have that great Ramonesy '77-type sound. Releases on Panic Button Records.

THE UPSETS: Awesome California punk 'n' roll band a la the Dead Boys and MC5. They

have that Johnny Thunders style down, along with hard, punchy tunes similar to great forgotten LA Glam band Motorcycle Boy. Releases on TKO Records.

THE DEAD END CRUISERS: Certainly the tougher side of the new wave of old punk, but glamorous enough to have covered a Demolition 23 tune on their debut album on

THE WEAKLINGS: One of the better bands on Junk Records, these guys are a "Raw Power"-era Stooges-meet-modern-hard rock-style punk like Electric Frankenstein. The singer slashes his skinny chest with sharp objects a la Iggy, and the guitar attack is lethal.

BLADDER, BLADDER, BLADDER: Relocated British icons of cool, more gritty than glit-

so, in the tunes. The singer is a guttural shouter in the David Jo mode and the band rocks with power and more melody than most Junk bands.

THE DRAGONS: THE best band on Junk by far, these guys mix the Replacements' sad romanticism with the Dolls' swagger and '77 punk pummel. The singer is related to a



new york dolls

TKO Records. A great band in the Clash tradition, with a hint of English glitter punk style.

THE BEAT ANGELS: Perhaps the greatest power pop band on the planet earth, these guys combine a Johnny Thunders-style look with a Clash-meets-Bay City Rollers pop sound. Their lyrics are a bittersweet view of the gutter a la Kerouac and Bukowski. If you dug the Clash for their melody, you'll love this band. CDs on Epiphany Records.

tery, but they did have the suss to cover the Babysitters glam-punk classic, "Everybody Loves You When You're Dead". Also dig this wisdom from the back of one of their Pelado Records singles: "a punk puts on plenty of eye make up for special punk occasions." Amen, brothers.

NEW WAVE HOOKERS: Their debut Junk Records CD had them paying homage to the Dolls via their cover photo and, even more

member of Cali punk legends the Zeros, and this band is an instant classic in much the same way. It must run in the family.

THE STRYCHNINE BABIES: These make up wearing degenerates sound more like the Misfits than Hanoi Rocks, but their bad attitudes and cool style place them firmly in this round-up. Single on American Punk Records.

There you have it, your true alternative music. Are you sick of Oi, swing, and hardcore? Are ska and rap metal getting you down? Are all those sleaze/cowboy/punk bands just a little too tuneless for you? Glitter Punk Revolution now! Buy a cheap pair of creepers, spike your hair, put on your girlfriends' eyeliner, and LET'S GO! ✚

About the Author: Chaz Halo sings & plays guitar in The Dimestore Haloes, a notorious-glam-punk band from Boston, MA. They have releases on Pelado, Junk, and American Punk Records.



Dead at Birth: The Inevitable Decline of Every Rock Band

“World tour, media whore, please the press in Belgium/This was your life/But you could have said no if you wanted to/You could have walked away, couldn't you?...And if it fails to recoup then maybe/You just haven't earned it yet baby”

-The Smiths, “Paint a Vulgar Picture,” from *Strangeways Here We Come*, their final LP, 1987.

One of the most persistent questions one encounters from underground music fans is, “Why do so many of my favorite bands break up after only an LP or two and just a handful of

tours, your booking agent (high powered William Morris), distributed albums, and tours, playing music that you obviously are proud of. You must be so happy. Only 1% of bands get to do what you are doing.”

How to explain that I loved the first three years, when we did none of these things, so much more than the last three? And thus, why our soon-to-come dissolution was apparent and unavoidable? And why the same fate has befallen just about every other band who has ever released a few LPs and done a few tours? It seems impossible to understand if you're looking over from the other side of the fence, as a struggling young band without these breaks.

These thoughts strike me now that I've done the unthinkable and formed a new band after five years off, which I will decline to name so it won't be self-promoting. I relish it, but probably will do so only unless/until the above “good” things happen. (So why bother? I don't know. An itch? Besides, we purposely only rehearse a manageable once-a-week, much less than my older bands.)

In order to explain how this could be, for anyone who has ever been in a few bands, let's trace this puzzling contradiction's evolution via the average indie-minded band, be it a group that plays punk, post-punk, power-pop, garage, psych, atmospheric rock, whatever (I will attack the malaise of new-hit bands in the second half of this piece). There's nothing that beats the excitement of early rehearsals. “Hey, we've got something here!” You can't wait to get to the space. It's just you and your mates, collaborating, intersecting, feeling the joy of working together. You listen back to crude tapes of your rehearsals and get a buzz. This goes on for a while, until it seems silly to keep it all to yourself. After months of honing, editing, experimenting, and tightening your material, you hanker to bring your precious prize to the public. You know it's good, and you want others to hear it too.

Time to play a show, then. But aside from everyone's 5-10 best pals, who will only attend the first one or two gigs (especially if your circle is past college age), who comes to watch an unknown band?

Exceptions exist if your music readily slots into a pre-established scene you can jump right into, like punk rock bands have since day one, but that experience can be limiting over time if you desire to do more than just play forever for that one set of music fans. For all other bands, assuming you can even get a gig being a “nobody” band-how closely does the club booker listen to the demo you spent a grand making?-you are assigned an unfavorable time on some Tuesday that makes it hard for even your girlfriend or boyfriend to attend. Expect to play so many such dead gigs that the novelty of an audience will fade to the discouragement

of a three-quarter empty club, or worse. This after humping your heavy equipment in some shoddy (rented for \$50-\$100?) van from the \$350-a-month rehearsal room you've taken now that you are playing regularly.

Did you notice that your thrilling little hobby has started to eat away at your bank account? You ain't seen nothing, yet! Since you're



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tours, or, just as vexing, begin to really suck if they are able to make a successful go of a career and begin to build a truly substantial fan base.” My answer is always the same: In the case of the former, basic lack of success is a band killer, because the entire industry is stacked against bands that fail to make a considerable commercial mark in their first stages of music business awareness. And as for the latter, it's a paradoxical observation that the more a band becomes successful, the more it is cursed. At the same time, the more a band achieves, the less fun it has. Until it hates itself.

As I often do, I will use my own experience to illustrate the former case. Just before my last group, Springhouse, broke up (after six years, two albums for Virgin subsidiary Caroline Records, four tours, etc.), we did our last tour, the sort of seven-week, 40-show national jaunt I always dreamed of. Yet I couldn't wait for it to end. This, despite (unlike most road bands!) getting along like close brothers with my bandmates. Everywhere we played, musician-fans or local support groups would gush, “You are so lucky, I would give anything to have a record con-

Did you notice that your thrilling little hobby has started to eat away at your bank account? You ain't seen nothing, yet! Since you're having a little fun expressing yourself, you just pay the price of admission.

having a little fun expressing yourself, you just pay the price of admission.

After a year's worth of loser gigs (again, assuming the bookers keep letting you play, and you don't just give up!), if you don't actually release something, you will never get more people interested in your band. Once upon a time, bands with no records used to build large local followings just on the strength of knockout live performances and a little demo tape fans might trade, but those days went the way of 8-track cartridges. Actual product is the only language of, and basis for, a real following in the 1990s. Oops, back in the studio, another few grand eaten, just to make a record that there's literally no advance demand for. Talk about your risky proposition. Many just throw in the towel right here.

Those who don't are faced with a dilemma. If you press your brand new debut record yourself, now you must become your own marketing/sales manager. Can you get the stores and national distributors to buy it? Hassle city! Really, why should they? They've never heard of you. If you take out ads with fanzines, which you will likely have to do in order to give the distributors a reason to carry it, that's more money. Plus the cost of shipping the records to them. More money. And the distributors don't have to pay you for all you send them, only for what they sell (and of course, many times they don't even pay you for that! They just go bankrupt and leave you with your unpaid invoices and a case of heartburn).

Perhaps by now the realities are becoming readily apparent. Obviously only the most committed (or those with industry connections or blind luck) survive this horrific incubation period, particularly as rehearsal becomes more of a job than a pleasure as the years pass and nothing much is happening to attract any notice. Still, expectations up to this point have been low, and public scrutiny has been equally low, so the mere, pure enjoyment of writing and playing can still keep

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a really tight (in terms of both playing and friendship) band flying, even while it is so badly struggling for so long. But there are plenty of reasons to quit here, unless you can get your records out and distributed.

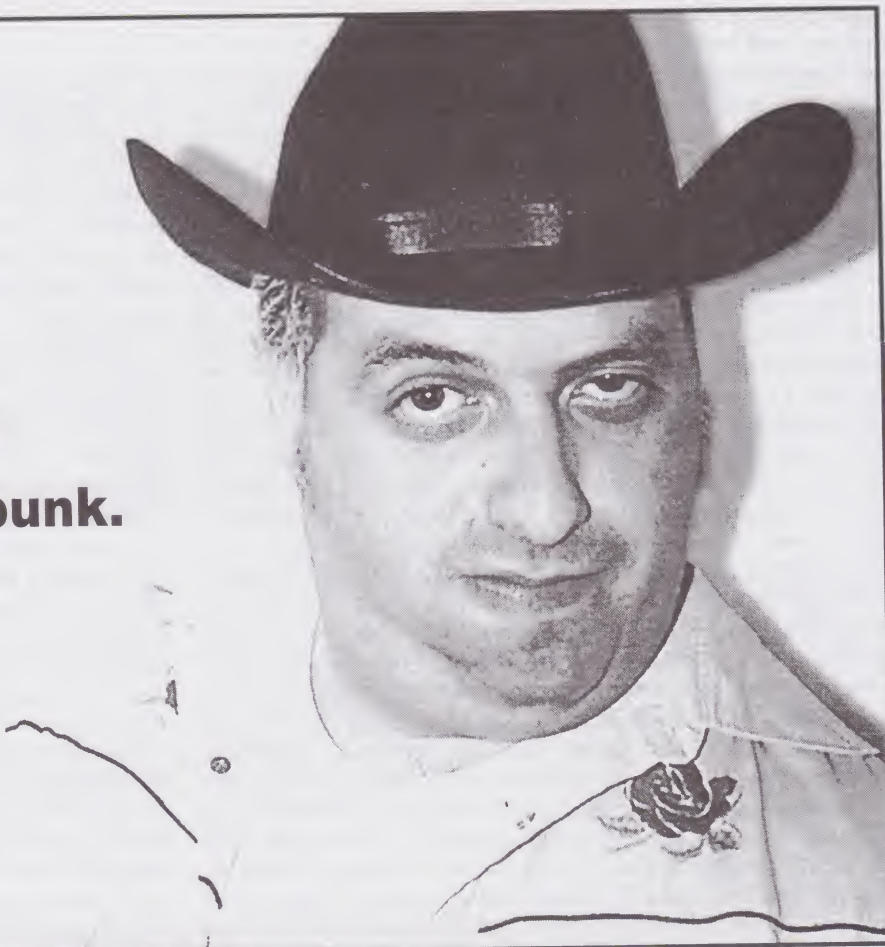
Now, if you are one of the few bands who can get a record contract with a decent indie label or perhaps a major label, leaving behind hundreds of hopefuls who wish they were you, you get distracted temporarily by the high of making your first LP. Hurrah!!! Finally! People will get to more widely hear and even own your great music! However, reality sets in again as soon as it's ready for release. Even now yours will be just one of 800 LPs the rock world spits up that month. How do you get the bored, inundated press and one-flavor radio to notice you? Or even college radio? And, mirroring your original local woes, how do you promote your LP with out of town shows if no one has heard of you? (And how do you cut through the deluge of other product released that month and get writers or DJs to even listen to your record, let alone decide whether they like it and want to feature it!?)

It gets more and more complicated here, with more and more personal control being surrendered in most cases. How do you even get the shows? Better find a booking agent. You've already had to hire a lawyer to negotiate the label contract, by definition, and you are now probably saddled further with a manager (who likely has enthusiasm, but not enough clout to open doors, as there are so few of them and they only give their time to bigger fish). You didn't want a manager at all, even if he or she is not the cigar-chomping jerkoff prototype, especially if you just signed an indie deal instead of the gigantic major deal, but it has become painfully obvious that you can no longer properly look after all of your manifold responsibilities and manage the music

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too, and as you've become more aware, you've already reached the limit of your own knowledge of the industry. And, even if you could still manage yourself and know all that needs to be done on several levels at once, you feel uncomfortable about being direct and arguing stringently against your new label's ideas for compiling/marketing/distributing your recordings, and feel better having a manager to hem and haw with them and fight for your interests. You'd rather have an experienced buffer.

In fact, everywhere you've been looking now, there have been heated arguments and debates on every little thing you never had to deal with before. Maybe there were huge disagreements between you and your producer or engineer, who had a differing view of which tunes to record, how they should go, what instruments to use, or how it should sound. And even if you forego the producer because you know your way around the studio or have found a sympathetic ear to engineer, maybe you and your mates bitch about this same stuff between yourselves, too (and don't get me started on the lyrics!!!), or, with a producer throwing his or her extra two cents in, there's four- or five-way disagreements. There's now so much to fight about, every little smallish decision on every song seems so big now that you are finally going to be captured for posterity and distributed to wider audiences. Whatever is recorded is what everyone will think of you, good or bad.

Maybe you already began fighting with the record company while recording it. Like the producer, they don't like something and decide they want it changed in the course of additional recording sessions, of course financed out of your recording budget, which ends up being deducted from your royalties. (Or, if it's a major, they may say "we don't hear a single.") Everyone gets steamed during this phase, even with a "cool" label that loves music. Even your middleman manager doesn't seem to buffer you from the disputes and what they might portend for the success of your record. After all, if the label thinks you're a bunch of stubborn, uncooperative malcontents, they might work a lot less trying to induce the industry to get behind your record.

And maybe your manager and the label clashed about the photos, the video (if the label is big enough to insist upon them), or the marketing plans. "That's stupid!," you say, not wanting your serious art to be promoted as a fad, or with smug irony. Or, worse, the label's plans are too narrow or too underdeveloped (or apparently non-existent!). A couple of indifferent ads and dozens of promos to fill up used bins just aren't going to cut it for a "baby" band with little or no reputation. Express your ire or insist of your own way, and now the label says you do indeed have a bad attitude, that they know the biz better than you, and you're not helping. Here's a typical example on the major label level: the label wants to make an alterna-hunk babe magnet out of the singer (when it's obviously the drummer who has the sex appeal, yuck yuck), or has some other quirky hook, and you think the music is the

most important thing. Or, on the indie level, with less of that B.S., there are still huge fights over genuinely important matters, like the track sequence of the record; or the song or songs that should be the "emphasis track" or single, since the industry hasn't time to digest a whole LP at a time; or the band's direction; or what the sleeve should look like...and on and on. The band becomes preoccupied with such infighting and constant bickering and comes to view the LP release as a pain in the ass instead of a longed-for triumph, before it is even released. Months and months later, when it finally appears, it feels more like winning a costly war rather than a well-loved piece of art.

It can get worse. Maybe your lawyer informs you quite angrily that the label is squeezing you on the touring support and video budget that he or she spent so much time (at \$200 an hour of your money!)

hammering out in your 10-30 page contract. They are required to provide it, but are balking, saying, "so sue us." (If you do sue, kiss your recording career goodbye for three-to-five years.) And maybe your new booking agent (if you are fortunate to secure one) remonstrates that he or she is not getting the materials needed to send to the hundreds of promoters/bookers. Or the label says the booking agent is a boob, and isn't getting you enough work or isn't hitting the right markets where your music might be more accepted. Or, the agent says that such promoters are balking

at taking a risk on you—hey, a local band at least has friends to draw from! The promoters are saying that they are not seeing you near the top of the CMJ charts, and they are afraid to take a bath on featuring you. You can try booking gigs at clubs without going the promoter/agent route, but then there tends to be smaller or no guarantees of payment, which makes the gas/van/motel expenses impossible to cover if your draw is poor, and there's virtually no outside promotion beyond your name appearing in a club ad! That alone just isn't going to do it.

And maybe you are proud of your dream-come-true LP, one you made without compromise, without selling out your principles, and without giving up the final say in all of the above endlessly-debated decisions. But you're caught in the midst of this distasteful game of dispute, distrust, disillusionment, and bad odds. Meanwhile you just keep waiting for the LP to come out, as the label keeps pushing it back. This is getting frustrating! Will it ever come out?

It gets worse after the LP appears, after you've long grown bored even thinking about it. You are thick-skinned enough to shrug off a few bad reviews, though they sting, but national mags likely won't touch you (too small fry) and fanzines are supportive but too limited in the number of music fans they ultimately reach, with few exceptions. And though you brag about your upcoming tour, you have to quit your job to do it. And you're broke. Uh oh.

And either you are headlining shows for 20-50 people a night (embarrassing!) after driving 300-700 miles each hot, cramped day, or you are going virtually ignored opening for some godawful band you despise that your agent or label put you out with for exposure. Or you coheadline with some band(s) you prefer whose draw is as shabby as yours. Either way, it's a lot of work for very little exposure. And your rent isn't paying itself. Unless you're still living with your parents, a

You're caught in the midst of this distasteful game of dispute, distrust, disillusionment, and bad odds. Meanwhile you just keep waiting for the LP to come out.

young kid, it takes more financial toll.

Bad food, no sleep, drive yourself, move your own gear, van breaks down or gets broken into, the sound is awful (you can't afford your own sound man who knows you and knows what you want), the local radio doesn't play you, the local store has you filed under "S" (or whatever) if they even stock it (never mind a display or rack mount, let alone your own section!). Then you get home and get letters: "I found out about your show a week after you played. I was so disappointed." Now that hurts.

Meanwhile, you see truly appalling new bands, bereft of talent, imagination, or a distinctive vision, getting all these things you're not: ubiquitous buzz, radio, press, in-store appearances, retail displays, in-street posters, road crew, hotels, and most of all, packed clubs and halls, since they're on MTV regularly, or in rotation on equally tight-fisted "commercial alternative" radio, or are mystifying college-radio darlings while you're not. You slip as quietly in and out of towns as if you'd never come! Are you a band or a ghost?

For now, after all this, you are becoming keenly aware that if your first LP doesn't catch fire in the marketplace and the industry, you'll lose your contract, or the label's interest, which is often worse (better to strike out with a new label than to keep making records for one that only releases them because they have to). So much for artist development, or the idea of your long-term desire to record and release your songs! You feel much like the manager of a losing baseball team who's just waiting to be fired even though you think you are doing a good job and are working hard.

If it goes on for more than a few tours, you, like my old band, get tired of leaving girlfriends/wives at home with a looted bank account and no prospects. Road weary, sick of not getting anywhere after months and months of such Herculean but useless effort, you capitulate. And thereafter, everywhere you go, the few fans you managed to make in every town, who played your record over and over and loved it, ask you why you broke up if you liked each other so much? Where do you start? I used to just say "it was Yoko's fault."

This is the most likely scenario, again, for bands who have no pre-ordained scene to be too tightly fitted into, which has its own frustrations after a while for musicians with any imagination and desire to constantly mature and mutate against the restricting wishes of a conservative crowd, ready to yell "sellout" at you: 98% of the bands that somehow survive the incubation period call it a day here, as we did, still rather early in their career, after only an LP or two. Perhaps they will be fondly remembered by what fans they managed to make, and they might sell a few LPs after they are gone too, until the label deems the records "out of print," the final nail on a submerged coffin. Now even the recorded evidence of your existence slips into oblivion, as if it never happened. The label won't repress because the demand is no longer there.

OR MAYBE, if you are one in a million "lucky" bands, after such humiliating experiences, somehow your record(s) catch on, or at least you find a little niche. You are that 0.001% of indie bands that suddenly finds an unlikely career thrust at you, seemingly without reason. The industry notices you. The same gig that drew 50 people last month, last year, last decade, now is sold out in advance, and you didn't do anything differently that you can think of. Your name is on the lips of tastemakers, and reviews of other people's records now compare their music to yours, in that ever-transparent show-your-hipness name-dropping way.

Then, sensing budding celebrityhood, and ultimately money, everyone makes demands and turns phony on you. All the shut doors open wide as one, like interlocking gates, while welcoming hands say they "love" you, they always loved you, you know, while throwing hissy fits (with threats of recriminations) if you don't "make nice" and give them special exclusives. You go on dozens and dozens of "shake and fake" appearances, accommodating all the industry fatcats and pompous, know-nothing media who know zilch about you in particu-

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lar, including several truly banal "lifestyle" mags and programs. You get to meet the sales manager in Omaha who claims to be a huge fan though he thinks you're the bassist when you're actually the drummer. You grow to hate these people, who you sense immediately care no more for your music now than when they were haughty and unhelpful to you. And in being forced to waste your time with these people, you are thus now shielded from your fans, the scores of newest ones in particular, who disappoint you by fawning on you the few times you meet them—instead of when you were nobodies, when your admirers had genuinely interesting opinions about you and your music that seemed far healthier. You thought your work had more substance than that.

Before you know it, your video is all over MTV, just one lousy song out of the dozens or hundreds you've ever conceived, composed, arranged, and set down as a finished piece. The fanzines are now sniping at you (even though most of them never covered you before because you didn't fit their special genre niche, or because your label was either too little or too big!), and your pictures are appearing in critics' "best of" lists as if they had always loved you, although they never noticed you when your earliest LPs first came out and you really needed their help.

You are now nothing but a commodity, after all that idealistic struggle. Period. Your music is about 1/20th of what you do, and you are never given time to do it. You call yourself a "professional whore," not entirely kidding. And now all your oldest, purist nincompoop fans are calling you a "sellout"! What a great reward for your amazing, dogged persistence! You never wanted to be a fad, or make derivative music to be popular, so you don't understand it, how you could be reduced so instantly to all the other bands of that ilk which you always hated too. Or, maybe you did make a few compromises, ones you could definitely live with, and you wonder if it was worth it if the price of being more widely known is such shallow living and constant gladhanding.

And the more you sell, the more such pressure hits from all sides. Every country now "must have" you, promotions and tours, as your label screams. When you try to say "no" you are warned that your "flavor of the month" status will likely die soon. Get on the plane. Do the TV appearance. More contracts, more lawyers, more accountants, more videos, more petty hassles, more idiots, more distractions, no music. Probably, some lawsuit will arrive, either directed at you or brought by you, as the money becomes harder and harder to account for. You're suing your old manager. He or she is suing you. Or the old label. Or the old producer. Or the ex-lawyer. As is often said, "where there's a hit, there's a writ." It sickens you. Everyone wants a piece of you, and everyone wants a piece of your first-time ever revenue stream that still hasn't even accumulated enough for you to buy a house and a car, let alone live off of too.

You didn't start like this. You are choking. Who are you? Your spouse or lover and other friends alternate between being proud and jealous, excited and feeling left out and neglected. You are out of town even more now, not only for touring and recording, but everything else you're expected to do to keep plugging yourself. When you're home, the phone still never stops ringing, with demands and decisions, petty problems, and angry situations to diffuse or inflame further. It goes on with each new LP, as the circus starts up again, only worse the bigger you get. If you get famous enough, you get bothered, maybe even stalked, by everyone in the world who seems to lack a brain or a sense of their own self-worth. The original love of just making great music never seemed further away.

And that's if all goes well. Maybe the new record didn't sell as many as the last, so the label is pushing you around again, making veiled threats, and your team of professionals is equally nervous. The

HIT SQUAD



Golden Goose is in trouble. Your lawyer, manager, label, and booking agent demand your time constantly, and you've lost your friends since you're never around anymore. You're always flying off for five crummy days in Tokyo, Berlin, London, L.A., or New York to indulge the haughty/clueless media and industry bigwigs who are now whispering you are "over." Or you're making demos in Wisconsin, and you've forgotten why you had to go there instead of closer to home. Or you're recording in Georgia with some new hotshot cokehead producer whose hip reputation is supposed to resuscitate your foundering career. Your girlfriend is history, having at last gotten tired of this tired act. Your friends are now your room service waiters, the only "real" people you seem to meet anymore.

So, finally, the biggest, strangest question. After all this, why do you still have no money? Was it the \$60,000 for the new video that only got played a handful of times? The \$10,000 for the record release party that came out of your royalties? The points (portion of your royalties) you had to give to your producer, and maybe your old indie label or manager? Those endless "packaging deductions" your contract calls for, the standard in the industry, that you never understand? Is it the 25% that venues take out of the merchandise you sell? Or did you have such a meager deal to start with, to avoid the major label run-around, that it was pre-ordained you would never make enough to live off? Unless your popularity lasts beyond that dreaded (and these days damn prevalent) one-hit wonder status, and you become a filthy-rich rock star able to buy whole countries, the money runs out after only a year or two, even if you still believe in the music and can't understand why your fickle audience is already on to other things. As the Dead Kennedys once sang in "Well Paid Scientist," "when will you crack?..."

From my own perspective, having never gotten that far, sometimes I think it's great that we never sold any more than 20,000 of either of our two LPs. These days, I find it much more satisfying in the long run to be a music magazine editor/publisher. I have few complaints about this life, in contrast to playing music. So I don't think that much about the band I am playing in just for fun on the side, hard as we work for the enjoyment. Here I am in 1999 going to rehearsals again, if only once a week. We cut a three-song demo and I am charged up listening to it, feeling creative, proud, and fulfilled. But where to now? From experience, both personally and as a result of watching all the other bands, I can't help but think that this is as good as it gets, and if we never go anywhere further from here, it might be just as well for my own sanity, as well as for those who know me.

True, I shall always treasure the memory of Springhouse playing our shoes off and even getting an encore from 1100 people supporting Belly (note, now also kaput despite such quick

success!!! Ya dig?) on April 4, 1993 at Minneapolis's First Ave. Or all the great Boston, San Francisco, and especially Washington D.C. shows we did, nights that made me feel like I have never felt as a writer, or doing any other thing creatively. I cherish these memories, remembering the stunning elation that I felt. And if I had to chose my own epitaph, I'd want our two LPs mentioned over anything else I ever did to this date, even all the issues of the magazine I have put out. Hundreds of others reading this could say the same about their late, lamented bands that got at least that far, to have released records that some people are still listening to, if a comparatively small number. There's nothing like an LP you are proud of to last forever in your life, but it takes so much out of your hide to get to that place.

Yet the truth remains: the pinnacle of pure, unadulterated, unconcerned, simply happy joy I shall experience in any band is during the first year, when it's just me and the other members, alone, without any pressures or other people to muck up the works. And in my new band, we all know that this high will only last until one of us, in a fit of unmentionable insanity, makes the first call to a CBGB or another local club begging like paupers to play, promising to send the demo, and thereby starting the slow, sure decline. Any band worth its weight in music can't help but want others to hear it eventually... ⊕

As per one other Smiths quote, from the same final LP: "Stop Me, stop me, stop me if you think that you've heard this one before."

(To check out Jack's 19-year-old magazine, The Big Takeover, have a look at the web site at www.bigtakeover.com. Sample issues are only \$5 and subscriptions are only \$20 for four issues.)

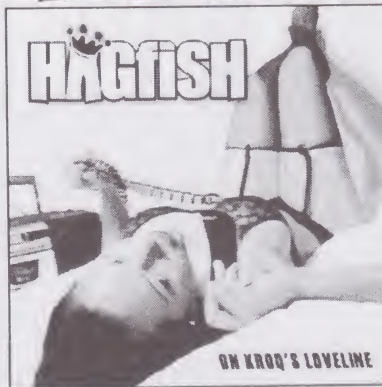
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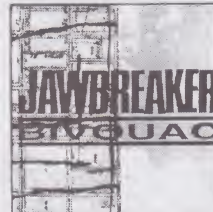
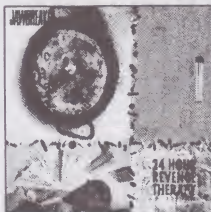
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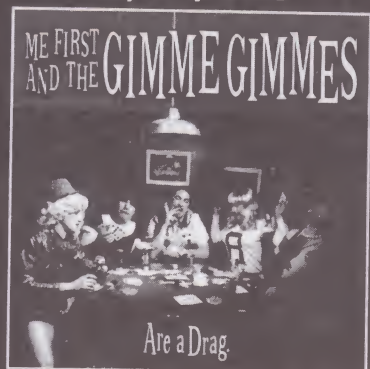
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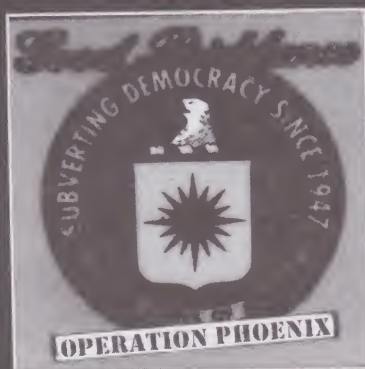
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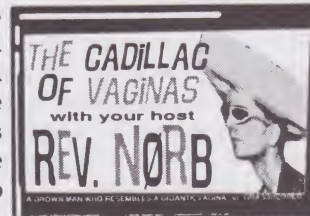


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FANTASTIC REVELATIONS OF GREAT IMPORT AND FRISKINESS: 1. There is a non-zero probability that the Circle Jerks *Group Sex* album is the best album of all time; 2. *Star Wars Episode One: The Phantom Menace* is actually a pretty good movie; and 3. I AM WRITING THIS COLUMN COMPLETELY NAKED. Well, except for my cock ring (hey, i figure if Pat from Dillinger Four can play bass naked, i can certainly write naked. 'Course, i'm not really the one-man all-anal extravaganza that Pat is, but i do my best with the meager gifts God gave me). Anyway, the thing about Fantastic Revelation #2 is that, okay, number 2.1, it probably should've been called Episode One: The FANDOM Menace (my brother and i went to the Vic Theatre an hour early the day *Star Wars* opened in 1977, and we thought we were kinda fruity for waiting in line that long [we were 7th and 8th in line, and, believe-you-me, Jack, it's WAY fucking cooler to have been eighth in line for the first one than to have been waiting in line two years to be first for some stupid sequel that isn't gonna fulfill your twitty little fan-boy expectations anyway]), but, regardless of how *The Phantom Menace* stacks up against the entire body of 20th century cinema as a whole, it is, undeniably, unabashedly, UN-FUCKING-QUESTIONABLY better than the other two gay sequels to *Star Wars*. I mean, *Return of the Jedi* or *Picnic with the Ewoks* or whatever that third one was called was pretty useless, except for Princess Leia in a slave girl costume and maybe Luke doing somersaults in his mod suit (actually, the best part of that movie was that i didn't bother going to see it until it got re-released a few years ago, and then i only went because the three-year old kid i babysat for wanted to go. Anyway, about midway thru, he was getting sort of restless, so we went to the lobby and i got him a big box of Runtz™, figuring, you know, sugar usually calms small children down, and we went back in and resumed watching what seemed more like a two-hour pilot episode for a lame *Star Wars* teevee show than a real movie, and any time anything of portentous import would happen on the screen, he would get all excited and start violently shaking his box of Runtz™, which sounded like a fucking king-sized maraca and loudly spewed stray Runtage every which way, amusing me to no end), i don't think there's much debate on that; my question is why do people think *The Empire Strikes Back* is such a frickin' great movie??? It's fucking lame! Han Solo is a dork, Princess Leia is bitchy, annoying, and couldn't've gotten stuck with a worse 'do if she had the singer of Slap Shot cut her hair (i've never found Carrie Fisher to be particularly easy on the eyes whatsoever; i will be more than happy to leave her to the tender mercies of the legion of dykes who, inexplicably, crave carnal clam-lock with her). Oh, shit. Now i've done it. I started talking dirty, and now i gotta go beat off. I knew writing my column in the nude was a bad idea. One second, please...(slight break here)...ah, much better. Yeah, i'm gonna get a lot done today. Anyway, while i'm up, so to speak, might i inquire as to why the people who make toilets and the people who make skin mags can't have some sort of a Masturbation Summit Meeting and come up with either a new standard skin mag size that allows said to fit atop a toilet tank properly, or a new standard toilet tank size designed with porno mag display in mind? 'Cause, i mean, with what we got now, you put up the toilet seat, and you set The Mag on top of the toilet tank, and the bottom of the pages rests on the top of the toilet seat, which is higher than the tank, so The Mag is displayed at an angle sloping downward from the viewer, and not at all conducive to proper diligent study. Then, of course, if you try to prop The Mag up on

the toilet tank, with the top leaning against the wall and the bottom resting in the vertex of the tank/seat confluence, The Mag will slide down the wall and flop the toilet seat over, thwarting your evil plans. What i think America needs (all you other screwy little countries out there just work on getting real toilets; you can fine-tune the toilet-as-masturbation-altar aspects of your latrines later, once your primitive fixtures have been replaced with real ones) is either a. higher toilet tanks, which are flush (ooh, look! free pun!) with the top of the toilet seat when in raised position; b. deeper toilet tanks, so an entire pofno mag can fit on top without encountering the seat; or c. some type of locking toilet seat, so that skin mags can be propped against the wall without sliding down and pushing the toilet seat over. I mean, ARE WE NOT AMERICANS???

IS THIS NOT OUR BIRTHRIGHT AND OUR HERITAGE??? What are we asking for here, ridiculous shoot-the-moon dreams like health care or being able to walk down the streets without having cops grab us and shove plungers up our butts??? NO!!! WE JUST WANNA JERK OFF WITHOUT HAVING THE TOILET SEAT FALL OVER ON US! IS THIS SO WRONG??? AMERICA, IS THE DREAM DEAD??? Cri-yi-yi...i bet the disgruntled old guy in the Miller beer commercials could right this terrible state of affairs (for your protection, i currently do not consume alcoholic beverages. However, if i did, i would consume nothing but MILLER HIGH LIFE, on accounta 1. Miller stands clear, and 2. i like the Disgruntled High Life Man character in their commercials [i also feel guilty for banking at Bank One, for whom the stadium of the Arizona Diamondbacks is named, yet not drinking Miller Beer, for whom the new stadium of the Milwaukee Brewers will be named, although i did pick the Diamondbacks to win the NL West. I refuse to drink Miller's non-alcoholic beer-flavored beverage, Sharp's, on accounta 1. i think "Mmm...foamy putrescence!" is a real lame marketing slogan, and 2. i decided that i really like that first Skrewdriver record]. I am currently awaiting a Miller radio spot where the Disgruntled Guy bemoans the shortcomings of today's poor excuses for bombardiers: "Time WAS when a man could bomb the shit out of some backwoods Balkan Republic without taking out refugees, civilians, and any embassies except the French..." i mean, are they still debating letting gays into the military? They might as well, the US military bombs like fags anyway. I'd send 'em all complimentary "I'm Into Boris The Sprinkler And I Throw Like A Fag" t-shirts with the word "throw" crossed out and "bomb" written in underneath, but i think that might do a disservice to fags. Fuck, NATO bombs like the Brewer bullpen pitches! No, they bomb like the CUBS STARTING ROTATION pitches!!! Sorry, that was cruel, i guess their aim isn't quite that bad. Who does America have pushing the buttons these days? Steve Trachsel? Mark Wohlers?? TJ Rubley???). Further, one more masturbation-induced question: Does anybody know if Toothy Ruthie: Bald Shanghai Barfly from *Shaved Orientails Vol. 3, No. 1*, and Karen Chow: Clean Shaven Concubine from *Shaved Orientails Vol. 3, No. 3*, are the same person? I suspect they are, but with mild photo retouches and a new 'do. Regardless, this person or persons is/are absolutely the most drop-dead





astoundin'-lookin' chick(s) i have ever seen in any skin mag, ever, and if anybody knows if she/they/it are in any other stuff under any other goofy name(s), let me know, 'cause I WANT IT. Thank you (*Shaved Orientails* is really a highbrow mag. In Toothy Ruthie's "quotes," "she" claims to be from Shanghai on one page, and starts another page's "quotes" with "Here in Korea..." ...up until i studied this educational eight-page, er, spread, i was laboring under the woe-ful belief that Shanghai was in China, not Korea. Wow, am i a dope! Thank you, *Shaved Orientails*, for being a beacon of light in the darkness and murk of my geographical inade-quacy!) ...okay, anyway, where was i before i went and jerked off? Oh yeah, *The Empire Strikes Back*. That movie sucks, Chewbacca is totally gay in that one, he just makes these annoying whining noises and bleats and cries and shit, like the neighbor's dog or something. I'm sure if George Lucas could've found some way to have Chewbacca come off the screen and crap in your yard, he would've done it. Let's see, who else sucks in that movie, C-3PO is real gay in that

one, but they shut him off for being too gay, so that's kinda funny. Darth Vader is in fine form in *Empire*, i'll give you that much. Yoda...i dunno...a green rubber midget version of Arnold from *Happy Days* with Spock's ears and Charlie Weaver's hair acting as the spirit channel for Grover from *Sesame Street*. You tell me if that was a good idea or not. And, of course, no one in their right mind gives two hoots and a handjob for that supreme icon of the blowdried L.A. 70's made flesh, Luke Skywalker, so i won't even bring him up. Just remember, in the

hippie dystopia the Dead Kennedys sung about in "California Uber Alles," Luke Skywalker is the head of the Gestapo. Plus, there was WAY too much kissing in that movie for my he-man tastes (smells like fudge, tastes like He-Man™! Mmm, that's good eatin'!). *Phantom Menace* was WAY cooler, on accounta 1. i'd much rather have Princess Medulla Oblongata's (whatever) weird two-tone lipstick smudged all over my dick than blow a load on those weird cinnamon buns Carrie Fisher had affixed to her head; 2. *Phantom Menace* had that scene where the humongous under-sea creature that was attacking their ship got chomped in half by a humongously more humongous undersea creature, which harked back to the scene in the first movie, which is, i guess, "really" the fourth movie, where humongous Spaceship A cruises by, and you go "Oh my goodness, lookit that crazy humongous

Spaceship A!", followed up by humongously more humongous Spaceship B, causing respiratory failure. I'd write more about *Star Wars*, but this is getting gay, and, since i'm still fucking nude, i'd better change topics. So anyway, the probability of the Circle Jerks "Group Sex" being the best album of all time is, to say the least, "not great," but, yet, it is greater than nada. Actually, i shouldn't've made that crack about the lipstick, i think i'm going to have to take another break and go Number Three again, please excuse me...('nother slight break)...i got it! Music stands! Music stands that mount on the top of the toilet tank. I'm a genius! I'm also getting sweaty. Writing columns in the nude is hard work, what with all this fucking with the toilet seat and stuff. At least if the keys on this keyboard start stickin', i'll know the reason why. Anyway, yeah, Circle Jerks "Group Sex." It's not produced particularly well and has few, if any, singularly great songs on it — yet masterpiece it be, sheerly on the virtuoso-like strength of its TIME COMPRESSION attributes (i wrote a whole bunch on "Time Compression" in the bio for that Descendents reunion

record, so forgive me if i repeat myself. Since no one ever sent me a copy of the record nor the bio, i have no real idea what i said anyway). The basic tenets of Time Compression As A Key Component of Punk Rock were laid down by, big surprise, the first three Ramones albums. The idea that 1. No song shall be three minutes in length or greater; 2. Some songs shall be one-minute-fifty-nine-seconds in length or shorter; and 3. No album shall be greater than 30 minutes in duration (in tandem with 3a. No album shall achieve proper running length by embodying less than fourteen (14) masters [if you ever sign a recording contract, "masters" means "songs." Why this is, i cannot say]) was a radical concept, mebbe THE radical concept,

at the hub of Punk Rock As We Know It. Any Time Compression found in the earlier punk rock forefathers like the Dolls, Stooges, Modern Lovers, Dictators, etc. (note: Modern Lovers 1st album roughly as important as any given album by any of those other three more venerated outfits) was relatively minor (although perhaps back then it was significant? i cannot say with assurance), and yet-earlier punk forefathers like the Velvet Underground and the MC5 had no interest in Time Compression whatsoever (in point of fact, often acted against it). The idea that the whole album-whump and any given song-whump could be administered to the listener (that's us) far more quickly and efficiently than had previously been the case and still be satisfying was, as far as i'm concerned, THEE MOST IMPORTANT quality that set homo sapiens punkrockicus apart from the lower primates (or

Yoda...i dunno...a green rubber midget version of Arnold from Happy Days with Spock's ears and Charlie Weaver's hair acting as the spirit channel for Grover from Sesame Street. You tell me if that was a good idea or not.

higher primates, depending on your temperament). But, o'course, the Ramones version of Time Compression left significant amounts of time to be compressed — after all, their songs weren't really significantly shorter than those of, say, Gerry & the Pacemakers or somebody (Ha! Orange you glad i didn't say "Freddie & The Dreamers"? — and, in point of fact, the Ramones "Rocket To Russia" LP is actually exactly the same length as Cheap Trick's oft-maligned "In Color" LP: 29 min, 32 sec...so anyway, bands like the Dickies, Suicide Commandos, maybe the Vibrators and later the Dead Kennedys toyed a bit with further Time Compression on their albums, but there were NO serious strides in Time Compression until "Group Sex" in 1981. For the clueless, "Group Sex" contained fourteen songs in exactly fifteen minutes — i.e., a full album in essentially half the time it took the Ramones, et al, the deliver the goods — with the longest song on the record, "Behind The Door" at 1:30 — being the EXACT SAME LENGTH as the shortest song on the first three Ramones albums, "Judy Is A Punk." THIS IS

NOT COINCIDENCE!!! THIS IS GREAT COSMIC PRINCIPLES IN ACTION!!! ("Cosmic Principals?" Mr. Peterson as the Silver Surfer? Ack!) Thus, with one fell swoop, the time it took to listen to an album (and, by inference, to any given song, on average) was cleaved neatly in twain. The first Circle Jerks album is shorter than the album version of "In A Gadda-Da-Vida!!!" Now THAT'S savings!!! (let the record show that i am not ignoring successful forays into post-Ramones Time Compression by Black Flag [b-side of "Nervous Breakdown", "Jealous Again" in its entirety] and The Crowd [their magnificent five songs on the "Beach Blvd." compilation — lemme tell ya sumpin' kid, if The Crowd woulda put out an album — 14 songs, 16 songs {who knows what the rules would've been?} — equal to the manic greatness of their "Beach Blvd." tracks, the Ramones would've been immediately obsolete, and the Circle Jerks wouldn't even factor into the equation whatsoever. Buuuutt...they didn't, their 1981 "A World Apart" album sucked, fuck 'em. Unhappy endings all around!]; however, none of these undertakings were undertaken at the album level ["Damaged" is no bulwark of Time Compression, plus it's too metal, plus its overrated; further, if you wanna tell me DOA "Hardcore '81," i'll tell ya that, as far as i know, "Hardcore '81" came out a couple months after "Group Sex," thus, Back In The Day, me and my friend Perry, who were the only people whose opinions really counted for much back then, both voted "Hardcore '81" a rip-off of "Group Sex," although we loved the record and the band]) AND YES, I KNOW, i have heard the rap sheet umpteen times from various members of the band's peer group at the time

REV.NØRB

about how the record was a product of a buncha phoney baloneys, hell-bent on quickly ripping off everything and anything not nailed down in the L.A. scene circa 80/81 for a quick cash in [Bill Stevenson of the Descendents/Black Flag/All nearly had a coronary when i made the mistake of praising "Group Sex" in his presence; i think the only thing i could've said that would've prompted a more anguished expression would have been to have told him "Hey, Bill — you know those groups like Lagwagon and Less Than Jake that your band has to open for every night? Well, i don't think that you should be opening for them because audiences are clueless fucking dopes who don't know good music from poo-poo, i think you should be opening for them because they are, in fact, superior to your own band" ...of course, i suspect i would be struck dead before i could actually see his reaction; however, if i ever said something like that and meant

it, it'd be a mercy killing anyway]; the fact that their later records — when they attempt to do something other than Time-Compression-And-Nothing-But — are "slightly above average" at their very best and at my most generous would seem to support this — but the fact o' the matter is that, unless one was actually

The first Circle Jerks album is shorter than the album version of "In A Gadda-Da-Vida!!!" Now THAT'S savings!!!

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HIT SQUAD

a part of the scene back then, hey! it don't matter! The only reality-as-most-of-us-knew-it back then was the record and the bedroom stereo; it ain't MY fault they got their album out first!). Anyway, "Group Sex" has pretty much remained the prevailing archetype for Time Compression albums to this day (the Dwarves "Blood Guts & Pussy" — which might be the album of the 90's just as "Group Sex" may or may not be the album of the 80's — does shave about a minute and a half off of "Group Sex," thus is, in fact "more compressed" than the Circle Jerks record, yet i am reluctant to say that it is distanced enough from the space/time constraints of "Group Sex" to actually have started a new era of Time Compression [like, my band just recorded a "Group Sex" tribute album — i stood in the studio with a stopwatch and made them record songs over again if they weren't faster than the originals, so we managed to lop about two minutes off the original version and we also clock in about half a minute shorter than the CD version of "Blood Guts & Pussy," but i wouldn't

say we're ushering in a new era of Time Compression, although you can say that if you want to], though i will gladly hear out any and all arguments opposing this theory) (plus, okay, you're saying "Fuck, dude, what about DRI and that twenty-two song 7-inch they re-released as a twelve inch, and A.C., and all that shit?" Okay, yes, that stuff is radically more compressed. Unfortunately, it isn't very good, so it doesn't count) and, as far as i'm concerned, also essentially begat hardcore, which seems like a kinda ignorant thing to say, yet also seems essentially correct, given enough footnotes, qualifiers, and annotations (and also brings up the legitimate question of didn't any given thrash band that didn't suck [note past tense, implying the obvious] successfully establish new post "Group Sex" Time Compression parameters? Ah, yes and no. Remember, i am not talking about the merits of the Circle Jerks as a band, but, rather, of the merits of "Group Sex" as an album.. The great hardcore bands of '81 and '82 and maybe '83 and, hmm, '84 is really stretching it [note: there were no good hardcore bands after 1984 at the absolute latest. I once thought maybe Los Crudos were good, but then i saw them live and, jeezus, anyone that talks more than i do on stage has really gotta have some screws loose] — and please, PLEASE be advised that when i talk about "hardcore," i am talking about **HARDCORE** — not this fucking emo plague, which is about as un-hardcore as i can conceive of, nor this hooded-sweatshirt-jock-ass-shit-puke-mosh-rock ["I am tough." "I use the word 'hoodie'." What is wrong with this picture?] [hey, bozo, hardcore was never concerned with being "heavy." I mean, there might have been

heaviness involved sometimes, like John Brannon's suave "dryer-full-o-cinder-blocks" vocal stylings, but hardcore was never about mass. It was about velocity. And who are you to tell me otherwise?], nor this bewildering rap-esque shit, don't ask me about that one [my band played with some band from Minneapolis once who kept screaming — in earnest — how they were "Minneapolis hardcore!!!" They then proceeded to play a set wherein every song seemed to be some variant on Led Zeppelin's "Immigrant Song." Do NOT ask me, i have no clue at all] — i'm talkin' the

first EPs by the Teen Idles, SOA, Minor Threat, Government Issue, Negative Approach, etc. — did, in fact, compress time more radically than the Circle Jerks, and did, in fact, not suck. The problem is that they didn't do their time compressing on full-lengths, only 7-inchers. As far as i'm concerned, the quintessential hardcore record is SOA's "No Policy" ep, which certainly compresses time more radically than "Group Sex," and certainly does not suck [sorry, honey]. Question is: Can a ten-song seven-inch 45 be considered a full-length? Not by any objective system of measurement; yet, subjectively, it's got a beginning, a middle, and an end, and seems to constitute a "full

dose" — which is, of course, what the great HC bands did: They compressed time to such an extent that their 7-inches essentially carried the same complete dose of album-whump as a full-length album does [supporting this theory: the later 12" records by bands like Minor Threat, Negative Approach, 7 Seconds and SSD are all pretty much pieces of shit {the fact that SSD never even managed the one good 7" is no concern of mine}], but can a 7-inch be a full-length??? Readers?) so the bottom line is this: 1. Time Compression is a wonderful thing; 2. The Circle Jerks "Group Sex" album is the still the current standard by which all other successful Time Compression albums shall be judged, i think; 3. It would be seemingly impossible to create a full-length album which was twice as fast and half as long as "Group Sex," (such as "Group Sex" was to the first three Ramones albums), as, in such a case, the record would be brief enough to fit on a 7-inch (if a 7-inch can be a full-length, the Jerks got dethroned about 18 years ago); so 4. As the [arguably] front-running Time Compression album of all time, and, perhaps, for eternity, "Group Sex" must be considered for "Best Album Of All Time" honors merely on the basis of Time Compression's great importance to punk rock. The end. It is the fourth of July, i have finished my column, it about one hundred fucking million degrees out, and i am still totally nude. I am going to make a t-shirt that says "PUT A SHIRT ON YOU FAT PIG," and wear it downtown. Actually, i think i'll jerk off one more time — all this talk about "Circle Jerks" and "Group Sex" is getting me aroused. If i can get off this vinyl chair without losing half my butt-skin, it'll be a good day. ☺

Letter from the Hanford Nuclear Reservation

by Vic Bondi

There is an iron law of economics that says that if you make something, it has to be used. Otherwise the stock accumulates and if it remains unused (or unsold) long enough, the surplus devalues the price of the product. A large enough surplus, and you're out of business. That's why manufacturers plan obsolescence into their products and spend billions in advertising attempting to drive consumers to buy and use their goods. It's an extension of the basic law of supply and demand. You might call it the law of make and use.

That economic law is terrifying when applied to nuclear weapons.

But since nuclear weapons have only been used twice and then never again, let's assume for the moment that the law is not so ironclad, that economic laws can be modified by unique historical situations, and that the Cold War was just such a situation. Let's discount the role the armaments industry has in promoting warfare and liquidating its surplus. Let's presume that nuclear weapons are so unique a phenomenon that businessmen can abandon their basic focus on the bottom line, and that the leaders of that industry aren't so foolhardy as to advance their livelihood at the possible expense of their lives. Let's view nuclear weapons as a special economic case: a product too catastrophic to use, but not too catastrophic to make. And because of those extraordinary dimensions, nuclear weapons somehow changed the way people think about economics. Let's be optimistic and view that change as a positive legacy of the Cold War.

I Then we still have a problem: the surplus. The United States currently stocks 50 metric tons (a metric ton equals 2,204 pounds) of plutonium from decommissioned nuclear warheads. With thousands of warheads still operational, that means there's potentially hundreds of thousands of metric tons of some of the most poisonous substances ever created, carcinogenic even in small amounts, out there.

No ordinary warehouse will inventory this surplus. The radiation from plutonium and plutonium by-products created during the manufacturing of nuclear warheads is so toxic that the government mandates that they be stored in places secured from human contact for 10,000 years.

That may not be long enough, given that plutonium's half-life is 24,000 years, and there are other waste compounds that stay radioactive longer. These materials are also volatile and prone to explosions, and therefore storing them is an extremely complicated and expensive process. So even if we don't use nuclear weapons, there's enough nuclear surplus and by-product out there to menace large parts of the human population for a very long time. It would be hard to view that as anything other than a negative legacy of the Cold War.

II Currently, much of nation's Cold War surplus of nuclear material is stored at the Hanford Nuclear Reservation, a sprawling complex located along the banks of the Columbia River in central Washington. Hanford was originally America's plutonium factory. The button of plutonium that vaporized 40,000

Japanese at Nagasaki was crafted here, as were many of the 70,000 warheads in the nuclear arsenal of the United States. Begun in 1942 as part of the Manhattan Project, the facility spans 560 square miles, about half the size of Rhode Island. It contains nine industrial nuclear reactors, several experimental reactors, a host of chemical processing buildings, and a vast array of 177 underground tanks and other storage facilities designed to warehouse the radioactive waste by-products that are created in the process of manufacturing nuclear weapons.

Hanford is a rough place for a paranoiac. It's in the middle of nowhere, buffered on most sides by shadowy government operations: a missile base on top of Rattlesnake Mountain, apparent only from the antenna arrays seen from a distance; an army test firing range; an NSA tracking site. Roads are blocked by guardhouses; fences host ubiquitous "US Military Reservation" signs. There are lines of shiny new diesel trains parked on tracks, waiting to haul heavy loads. There are small industrial parks festooned with signs from companies you've never heard of. Your guide at Hanford relates the names of these companies as though they are famous charities and tells you about ongoing scientific experiments dealing with gravitation waves and Newton's Constant. You get the impression that a lot is going on in and around Hanford, but, confined to your escort, you only get an impression.

One thing that isn't going on any more at Hanford is making nuclear weapons. Their creation has stopped, in part because of the weapons surplus, and in part because the location has become so contaminated by radiation as to make it too hazardous for manufacturing. So today Hanford is a Cold War ghost town with a decidedly funereal cast. The experimental reactors are on stand-by, awaiting a liquidation of the arms surplus, or a political edict that revives operations. The production facilities and the industrial reactors are shut down and locked up, fenced in by guillotine wire and tumbleweeds. They rise above the desert landscape as thick, concrete monoliths, gray-green monuments to the struggle against communism.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago the Hanford area was a primeval lake, and fossils from the period litter the landscape. Hundreds of thousands of years from now the reactors will very likely still be here, their radioactive bowels finally cool enough to tear the buildings down. Until then you will not be able to col-



lect the fossils, as the grounds on which they lay are highly contaminated. Any other use of the area will have to contend with the presence of the highest concentration of toxic material in the Western Hemisphere: 450 billion gallons, almost enough cancerous sludge to fill Manhattan Island to a depth of 40 feet. And while there are clean-up plans, nearly all of them presume that a great deal of that sludge will remain onsite, and the reactors will remain standing, clad in new concrete and lead sarcophagi. They're there for the ages. The Egyptians built the pyramids; we built Hanford.

III The pyramids, of course, were funeral structures, playing some still undetermined role in the Egyptian cosmology of death. Hanford is much the same. The facility existed and was maintained for a generation for the sole purpose of manufacturing effec-

tive death machines. Every day ordinary people with mothers and children and families clocked in and played their small part in the manufacture of a product whose sole use was the efficient annihilation of mothers and children and families.

There were rationalizations for this. They're printed across the historical documents I have from Hanford: "Peace Through Strength," "Mutual Assured Destruction," "The Security of Freedom-Loving Peoples." At another level they are "putting bread on the table," "just doing my job," and "doing right by my family."

I'm not belittling the sentiments. I grew up on military bases and understand the often-sincere intent behind such rationales. But at Hanford you encounter that horrifying capacity of people to delude themselves, to compromise the best of intentions by using the worst of methods.

The only words left at Hanford are

One thing that isn't going on any more at Hanford is making nuclear weapons. Their creation has stopped, in part because of the weapons surplus, and in part because the location has become so contaminated by radiation as to make it too hazardous for manufacturing.

"Contaminated Area—No Trespass"; "Danger: Radiation"; "Caution: Radiologically Active Area." Nothing that lives can abide the things that were made at Hanford, and that statement is so absolutely and obviously true today that you begin to suspect that nothing ever made at Hanford was really, sincerely, oriented towards promoting life. Hanford was the flower of a phenomenally large industry devoted to death. The only positive thing you might say about it is that, with the end of the Cold War, the bloom might have finally come off that rose.

IV Before touring Hanford, I watch several Department of Defense and Atomic Energy Commission documentaries on the complex. They were filmed in the early

1960s and embody the unquestioning Technology and Strength will Improve your Lives ethic I remember from my childhood. Those were the days of Big Science and Big Physics, when the success of something was measured by velocities and throw weights and penetration rates. And not to overstate this point, but the rationales in the films are relentlessly numeric: "Hanford uses x amount of electricity"; "Hanford is y size"; "Hanford is z in production..."; "Hanford creates x amount of product in y amount of time with z amount of

resources." Clearly evident in the films is a relentless technological and economic logic, one that reduces the world to numbers and equations, and assesses risks and hazards not from the absolute value of human life, but from the perspective where human life is simply another variable to be considered, to be balanced against a schedule, budget, or timetable. Of all the legacies of the Cold War, this mindset is the most persistent; that is, next to the radiation it spawned.

The managers at Hanford were enamored of such equations. They were aware of the environmental dangers posed by their operations. But these dangers were secondary to the goal of creating the first atomic weapons or winning the Cold War. The Hanford managers got three full-scale nuclear reactors online in five months—an astonishing feat, but also one that begs the issue of how many safety/environmental compromises were made to meet the deadline. In one of the documentaries, the chief engineer at Hanford, Franklin Matthias, discusses a fear he had during the construction of the site. Aware that the Nazis might be working on a bomb, Matthias worried that the Hanford engineers were spending too much time insuring the safety of the workers—since the Nazis undoubtedly would place the most hazardous tasks at their nuclear works in the hands of slave laborers. With such pressures, the managers at Hanford undoubtedly made a few compromises—not with the safety of the onsite workers, whose needs they seemed aware of, but with long-term safety practices, the immediate effects of

which were not apparent. The storage of nuclear waste was just such a long-term hazard. Since the managers assumed that it would take almost 1000 years for radioactive waste spilled on the ground to reach groundwater and the Columbia river, they dumped the waste on the ground or in thin underground tanks.

Today those dumping grounds are acres of gray gravel covering the Hanford site. The areas look like parking lots, except they aren't paved. They are set off from the rest of the sagebrush by wire and signs warning against contamination. Of course this doesn't stop the local birds or mosquitoes from alighting, or make the irradiated weeds poking through the gravel any less likely to burn up and cover the area in radioactive smoke during a brushfire. The tanks, moreover, are leaking, and radiation has already reached the groundwater and the Columbia. So clean-up technicians are feverishly working to clear the sludge out from the most dangerous parts of the reservation, such as the K-pools, concrete holding ponds only a few hundred yards from the river.

Some might conclude that just because the managers at Hanford were wrong about their assumptions doesn't mean their reasoning was flawed, just their information. But that's wrong. Hypothetically, during the press of war, would the managers at Hanford have made any different decision? They were balancing equations: the number of people potentially killed if the Nazis created the bomb first versus the number of people potentially killed by a future radia-

tion hazard. That rationale continued throughout the Cold War, even as the dangers of nuclear waste became all the more evident: waste leakage, whose direct, causal connection to cancer was only demonstrable in high doses, versus building the necessary nuclear stock-

piles to hold the Russians at bay.

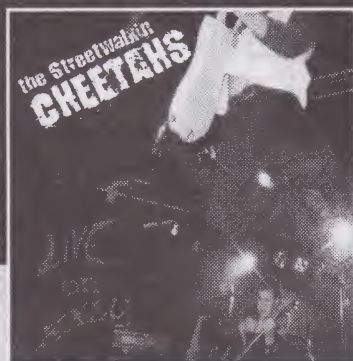
Ultimately, the technological mindset of the period gravitated towards such equations, complex scenarios, the fruit of Big Science and Big Mathematics, before which human life was merely one variable, no less or more important

than any other. Life and death in the Cold War operated on a simple economic calculus: yes, the creation of nuclear weapons inevitably tends towards their use, but that risk has to be balanced against the risk of the loss of private property under communism. And that

I grew up on military bases and understand the often-sincere intent behind such rationales. But at Hanford you encounter that horrifying capacity of people to delude themselves, to compromise the best of intentions by using the worst of methods.

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loss could be calculated so distinctly that you can have men like JFK adviser Hermann Kahn soberly argue in his book that 30 million people killed in a nuclear exchange was an acceptable casualty level.

VAfter the Cold War, of course, we have set aside such reasoning. The economic law of make and use must change if the product is nuclear weapons; geopolitical equations must be recalculated in light of nuclear winter; now we must balance the fragility of ecosystems against industrial production, with human values as absolute and inviolable. Ideally this would be the positive outcome of the Cold War, the product of historical lessons learned.

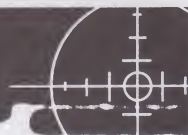
Except that they're still crunching numbers at Hanford. These days the accountants are pouring over the estimates for the clean-up. The Department of Energy guesses that it will cost \$147 billion to clean up 53 contaminated

weapons sites in the United States, the worst of which is Hanford. They project that the decontamination will not be finished until 2070, and already they are behind schedule. And given economic realities, they are unlikely to reach that goal. Very likely the Hanford clean-up will be like the creation of some of the great cathedrals of Europe, a job for three or four generations. They are attempting to tear down huge concrete and steel factories without raising a speck of radioactive dust. Few people are willing to labor on such a task, given the risks to their health, and they will demand high wages for the danger. Expertise in nuclear engineering is harder to find than during the Cold War, and more dearly priced. Already today there is only one American contractor—US Ecology—specializing in nuclear waste disposal. And there is no system of disposal, not glass vitrification or conversion to mixed oxide fuels, that does not produce thousands of tons of highly radioactive waste that can only be isolated—somewhere on the planet where there is no seismic activity and no risk of even the slightest penetration by water—for the next 24,000 years. Given

the sheer impossibility of the task, it is only a matter of time before the equations begin to compromise the post-Cold War valuation of human life, and we begin to think through the crisis using a type of reasoning we know only too well. When faced with this problem, it is only a matter of time before people become one more small number in a large equation.

Downwind from the Hanford complex these days they are tallying the rates of cancer and birth defects. Onsite the cliometricians are arguing over the concentrations of radioactive poisons seeping into the Columbia River. Studies are being conducted: What is the acceptable ratio of deaths from cancer in the downstream, Columbia-supplied cities of Portland (population 1,710,260) and Vancouver (population 46,380)? Can we find a balance between cancer rates and the sums necessary to clean up Hanford? Given the enormous costs, surely reasonable people can find an acceptable ratio between radiation-induced deaths and taxpayer expenditures. After all, it's a simple economic calculation.

Much like the law of make and use. ⊕



Alien Rectal Probes? I had a human one last month. 6 feet of fiber optic cable to check out the contours of my entire colon. This procedure is referred to as a colonoscopy in proper circles. Had me one of the best colonoscopists here in New England. Rumored to be very "gentle", and in fact bragged that 90-something percent of his subjects (*sic*) did not require sedation. The worst part was the prep the night before. You drink this Fleet emulsified Cream of Soda crap—it has the consistency of boiled snot and tastes (to this tongue) like a fruity abscess. This potion throws peristalsis



Gregg TURNER

into convulsion overdrive—you become intimate with the toilet seat for most of the evening (and the early AM hours to follow).

Pretty rock'n'roll, you think (I can hear you thinking).

And you're right. There I was (mom had polyps in her late 50's snipped out—apparently this warrants proactive poop-shoot investigation of such sorts these days) being wheeled into "Procedure Room #4." Saline IV by the bed, valium hypo wired to this mainline just in case I'm not one of the 90-something percent that "don't require sedation." PR #4 door opens, withered old nurse there to wheel me in.

Hey, there's Dr. Brajmani! Hi, Dr. B! He's holding the end of that fiber optic scope in a Tiger Woods vice-like grip, grinning like an imp on acid. He knows his business. He's a dude—he's the man! Man, I'm wishing I was anywhere in the whole effin' universe but here right now, but that's where I am (and you are too, as we speak!) and...WHOOAAA...HE SLIPS IN SOME ICY MENTHOL JUNK THAT FREEZES MY RECTUM! What a sly, quick move! You just gotta admire these folks for the nuances of their rehearsed professional moves. Like, when this guy wakes up in the morning to his coffee and bagel, you know he's gotta be thinking buttholes and scopes. And you wouldn't want it any other

way. Nor would I.

Suddenly, the TV monitor erupts with color and I can see, I can f-e-e-l...PENETRATION!! ORIFICAL PERVASION! I mourn this existential innocence never to be reclaimed (as a kid I remember, now, a nightmare about swimming in a lake in Texas with a water moccasin chasing me). I can feel THE DEVICE aggressively digging in further...he prods me to watch the monitor to see what "nice healthy colon tissue" looks like, but I have no plans to dial that discovery channel (convinced that just around the corner is a fanged beast with tentacles that's waiting to wave hello). So I slip into convenient delirium. My consciousness detached, scope and cable pushing deeper and deeper into the bowels of my psyche, somewhere beyond the rectum (I hear Dorothy singing about Oz), beyond the stars, beyond the clouds—beyond the "topic" sentence of the 2nd paragraph above: "pretty rock'n'roll, you think..."

I.e., I AM NOW THINKING ABOUT THE PAMELA ANDERSON AND TOMMY LEE VIDEO I WATCHED, BORED ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD IN A HOTEL IN SPEARFISH, SOUTH DAKOTA. \$8.95 for just over an hour and if you ever find yourself w/nothin to do in Spearfish, I cannot recommend a better investment of \$10 (tip the staff \$1.05 for making available such high caliber entertainment). Revelations? The unexpected? Yes and yes: For instance, it is clear, pretty much from the start, that Mr. Lee's IQ peaks out at, say (rounding up, benefit of the doubt), 42. Now, had I not eyeballed this celluloid extravaganza, I woulda guessed at least 70. After all, Rodney Bingenheimer's must be 80. Mental retardation,

I believe, teeters precipitously somewhere near this threshold (70, 80??), so then again maybe 42 for the Crue dude is an overestimate. But I'm not being hyperbolic. The man's vocabulary consists of about 7 words, mostly to accommodate description of the urges of his testicles. If you're hunting for footage or a feast of genital engorgement, you'll be disappointed. Well, there are fug segments (keep in mind this footage supposedly was hijacked and distributed for consumption, minus sanction or permission of the starring couple). Pammy gets poked, but that's not worth the price of

For instance, it is clear, pretty much from the start, that Mr. Lee's IQ peaks out at, say (rounding up, benefit of the doubt), 42. Now, had I not eyeballed this celluloid extravaganza, I woulda guessed at least 70.

admission (quick and dull). Nor are the numerous shots of her silicon-infused (to later be defused!) boobies. The action is in the articulation, or should we note, the absence of any SUCH thing. Here's a sample (and I liberally paraphrase from memory, but you get the idea):

TL: "Oh baby, yuh so fuckin gorgis. I can't fuckin believe it, man.

Yuh so fuckin hot, baby. Shit. SHIT! Baby, yuh so fuckinor-

gis...man...SHIT!!"

The above conceptual nexus is offered over and over ad nauseum/infinity . He's steering a power boat on Lake Somewhere, she's giggling as the lucky recipient of this Einstein's accolades. And it goes on and on and on and on and on, land and shore, you call it, just like this!! You're praying they're birth-controlling it, since the genetics of this RnR Popeye-meets-Olive Oil progeny could only swell the ranks of special education. A spooky thought..

I drift back to consciousness. I am back in my colon. I should say IT is still in my colon, peeking and probing—the camera in the fiber optic eye zooms in on a red spot on the intestinal wall. "Luke there," Dr. B exclaims. "A red spot!!" And he snaps the trigger of the scope handle and the monitor zooms in for another close-up. "WHAT'S THAT? WHAT'S A RED SPOT MEAN?" I am now anxiously frantic, close to what I am certain is the declaration of red spot doom. "Oh, it's just a red spot!" he says gleefully and cruises onward through the fleshy caverns. "But what's a red spot MEAN?" I can't let it go. "Why, nothing.. nothing to be of concern. You're an awfully anxious fellow. You remind me of that funny comedian man, I forget his name. Allen Wood? You know who I mean????! You're very wound up...maybe you should NOT, after all, watch the monitor. We should be done very soon..." I try to contact my trance-state from before. These red spots're just too much to ideate. Close my eyes, drift..."ROUNDING THE LAST CORNER," the Dr. exclaims from some space far away. Guess that's to reassure me that this whole sordid thing's just about over, but I'm dialing (non-sedated!) meditative obliv-

ion here...

But then I hear it again - I can't escape that voice, those 18 singular brain cells driving a mouth and penis:

"Yuh so fucking GORgis, baby. FUCK! I just can't fuckin believe how fucking gorgis you are baby. You're SO fucking hot, baby..."

It won't let go. Red spots in my colon ANY TIME over this cerebral Metamucil. Help!! Help!! HELP!!!!!! Get me outta here! Dr. Brajmani, please, I'll watch my colon. I'll look at everything—I swear, I'll even chuckle with you at all the yellow gunk dripping into pools like the ones at Carlsbad Caverns.

In the distance I hear him speaking with the nurse. It's far away, but I feel the end approaching. And now he says (presence closer still): "OK, Dr. Turner, I'm counting down from 5 and we shall be finished!!"

5...4...3

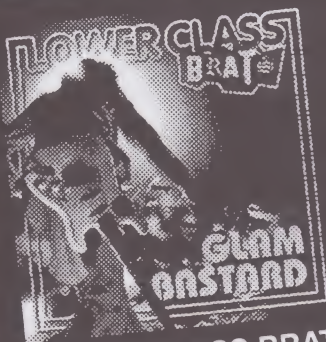
I could feel the round head of the probe as the last fragment of intrusive matter remaining. I open my eyes to greet this moment of liberation. I say goodbye to America's Sweethearts and the video from Spearfish. But then, in a flash it came to me—a far more troubling question!

2...1

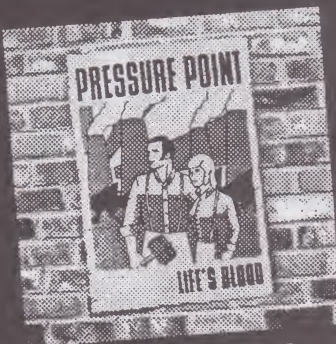
HEATHER LOCKLEAR ???????

And then my anus was free at last ⊕

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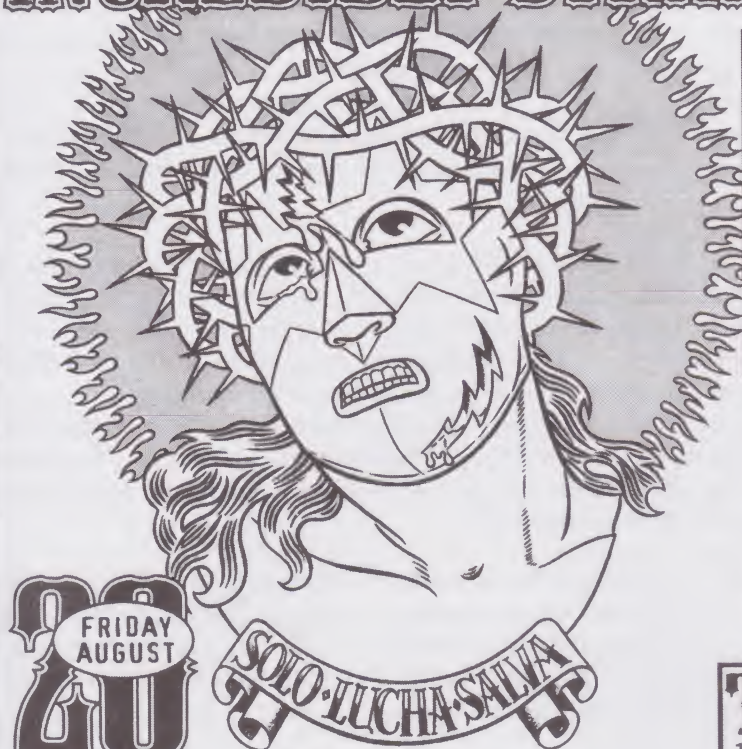
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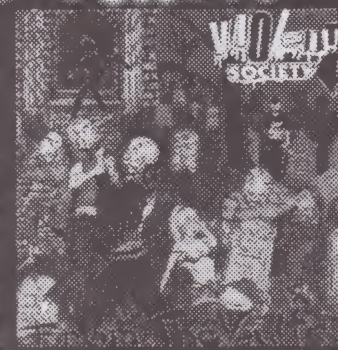


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THE

1977

ROCKS



1999

This article on the Rocks stems from an interview done with singer Bill Posters about a year ago. I sent a bunch of questions to Steven Danno, who in turn sat down with Bill to do an interview on the history of one of Australia's toughest '70s punk bands. A truly underrated band, the Rocks have the distinction of being one of the few Australian bands from the 1976-77 punk rock period that are still performing and recording, albeit sporadically. I first heard the Rocks on a reissue compilation of dubious origin called "Feel Lucky, Punk?" Three songs from the Rocks debut vinyl appeared on that record and, as a

was the first drummer in the band, but only out of necessity," says Bill. "You see I've always been a guitarist, and if we'd been able to find a drummer earlier then we'd probably have been a two-guitar band. As it was, we didn't know any drummers except one guy named Greg Morris, who joined us later on,

AUSTRALIA'S LONGEST-LIVED PUNKS.

matter of fact, their great "Hanging On" kicked off side one. In 1995 the Aussie label Brain Salad Surgery, run by Danno, released a CD called "You're So Boring" that included the first EP, compilation tracks, and a couple of unreleased rehearsal tracks. The U.S. label Behemoth Records also plans to release an EP with some more early unreleased cuts.

According to lead singer Bill Posters, the Rocks began in 1977. Bill, who was actually a guitarist, became the band's drummer when they couldn't find someone else to hit the skins. His pals Peter Davie and Steve Vandershoot were recruited, respectively, as guitarist and bassist. "I

but he was playing in another band (Johnny Dole & the Scabs) at the time. So, seeing as how I could tap out a beat and we were itching to get started, I became the drum guy. When Greg joined us a bit later, I moved up to

by Alan Wright



Basically it boiled down to us being a punk band without a punk scene and therefore with nowhere to fit in. It wasn't until bands like the Hard-Ons started in '84 that a scene reappeared.

—Bill Posters

songs and some new songs, but we soon disbanded. I also tried a Rocks reformation with Steve and two other guys at one time, but it didn't work out."

The Rocks did get back together in 1984, though. The line-up was the same as just before they'd broken up. "When we broke up in '78, we went our separate ways and did nothing until 1984, when a guy called and asked us if we could contribute a couple of tracks for his compilation, 'Not So Humdrum,'" says Bill. "That was the first time since '78 that the four of us came together again as the Rocks. During the time in between there were a few little projects attempted but they didn't last long because

basically it boiled down to us being a punk band without a punk scene and therefore with nowhere to fit in. It wasn't until bands like the Hard-Ons started in '84 that a scene reappeared. The music was similar to ours, so we thought 'Hey, let's have another go.'" The Rocks contributed two songs to the compilation, "Kamikaze Twist" and "Migraine Headache", both of which displayed a faster and tougher approach.

After this, the Rocks went into hibernation again until 1986. Steve was too busy to do a band anymore, so Bill handled the guitar and vocals, Peter switched to bass, and they got another drummer, Don McGlone. In 1987, they recorded the song "Mental Blank" for the "Swinging From The Trees" compilation on Au Go Go Records, which was compiled by Steven Danno, and also featured other Aussie

just doing vocals."

Having been influenced primarily by the Ramones, the Sex Pistols, and "to a lesser extent, Radio Birdman and the Saints," says Bill, they started writing original songs, tossed in some covers, and played whenever they could get a gig. "When we first started we didn't play with anyone like Radio Birdman or the Saints," says Bill. "It was mainly just local punk outfits who have since faded to oblivion, but from 1986 on we've played with bands like the Celibate Rifles, the Hard-Ons, the Psychotic Turnbuckles, and Mass Appeal. Plus we did support slots with the Damned and Suzi Quatro."

In May of 1978, the four-piece Rocks released a six-song EP entitled "You're So Boring" on Point Blank Records. On this record the band, showing an extreme Ramones influence above all else, whipped out six songs with catchy melodies and hilarious lyrics. "Kick Her Out" and "Damn You" are especially great, but all of the songs are classics. After this EP, however, the Rocks broke up. "Me and Peter and Greg formed a group called the Prisoners in '79," says Bill. "We played Rocks

ROCKS DISCOGRAPHY

- "You're So Boring" 7" EP, 1978 (Point Blank PBR-001)
- "Kamikaze Twist" and "Migraine Headache" on "Not So Humdrum" compilation LP, 1984 (Aberrant Records)
- "Mental Blank" on "Swinging Through The Trees" compilation LP, 1987 (Au Go Go Records)
- "Final Assault" EP, 1988 (Waterfront Records)
- "Hanging On," "Damn You" and "Kick Her Out" on "Feel Lucky, Punk?" compilation LP, 1992 (Gonzo Hate Binge Records JDBAG77)
- "Combat Zone" LP, 1992 (Kangaroo Records)
- "You're So Boring" CD, 1995 (Brain Salad Surgery CD-03)
- "Kamikaze Twist" and "Migraine Headache" on "Go And Do It" double CD compilation, 1996 (Aberrant)

combos like the Psychotic Turnbuckles, the Conspirators, and the Eastern Dark.

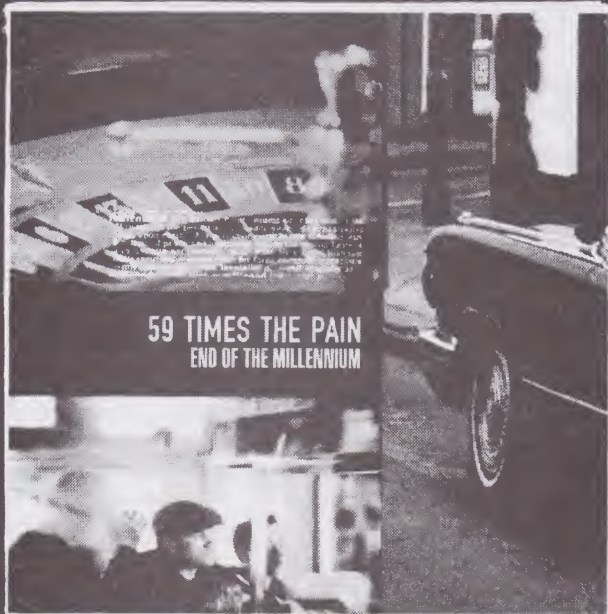
As you've probably guessed by now, the Rocks are clearly a band that moves forward at their own idiosyncratic pace, and despite periods of inactivity they've continued to be involved musically with one sort of group or another. "I did a short stint in a band called Box Of Fish," says Bill. "Peter played in Toe To Toe and Dad's Army, and Greg played in a couple of bands called the Fringe and the Undecided, (and there may be others, since he's a drumaholic). But when Peter and I reformed in '86, we played solidly up until our 'Final Assault' EP in 1988. That was our last release until our 'Combat Zone' album in '94." Pete still plays with Toe To Toe, who are much more "hardcore" than the Rocks and have released many records on the Kangaroo label, which is based, oddly enough, in Amsterdam. Some of the Toe To Toe releases for this label include the "Fuck Seattle, This Is Sydney" EP, the "Force" EP, and the "Threats & Facts" LP/CD.

They've also released records on the Australian Punchdrunk Productions label (the "Unanimous Points Decision" EP) and the Beer City label, located in Milwaukee, Wisconsin (the "Southpaw" EP).

Are the Rocks still playing today, then? "Well, we haven't played any gigs since

November of '92," says Bill. "At the moment there are no plans for anything like that but then again, who knows? Tomorrow it could be a different story." At this time, Peter and Bill are rehearsing to do a recording and they have Toe To Toe's first drummer Bibs playing with them. "We're doing stuff that was left off the album, as well as some new songs," says Bill. "It should be mentioned that we are the only Australian punk band from the 1976-77 period who have stayed active in one way or another without making drastic changes to our style. We're still the same, musically and personally. We went to school together, watched wrestling together, and over twenty years later we're still at it!" ⊕

The Rocks
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59 TIMES THE PAIN

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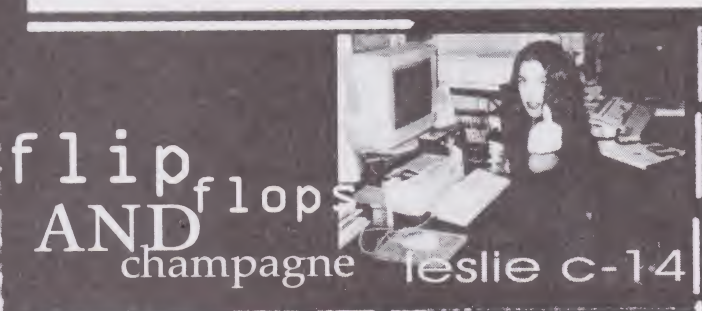
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Got Estrogen If You Want It

Just to show you my thought process, this is now my fourth and final draft of this column. About a half hour ago I was editing the third draft, which I really intended to submit, when we got a phone call about something else. The subject of me writing a column for *Hit List* did come up, though. More specifically, the question arose of whether or not I would be the only female columnist in this magazine. Not in a catty way, mind you; it was just in passing. The conversation went something like



this: (her) "I think you might be the only female columnist so far." (me) "Am I? I thought there was a woman that wrote a column for #3." (her) "Oh, maybe there is. I'm not sure." (For clarification's sake the columns to be run in issue #4 are due something like two months prior to #4 being printed and I won't be seeing #3 until after this column has been turned in, so I'm still unclear on this subject.) Then we started talking about something else and that was the end of that.

At any rate, the first draft of this was pretty much all about why I hate people making gender issues out of what are essentially non-gender related subjects; the second was a more aggro version of the first. But as the deadline loomed closer I nixed the idea, because I thought that maybe by bringing it up again I would be doing exactly what I was saying I didn't want other people to do, so I wrote a third draft with a completely different theme. But the phone call got me thinking about it all over again, so here I am back at square one (and totally past the deadline, a fact I'm fairly ashamed of). To backtrack a bit, that conversation wasn't the first I'd had about that particular subject. I talked to Brett a few months ago and he told me that a number of people had mentioned the lack of female columnists in the debut issue. (Jeff then talked about this in his editorial for #2). Even though I had a copy of the

first issue it hadn't registered that there were no female columnists until it was pointed out to me. That's not really a part of my normal thought processes, to look for things like that. For laughs I told him I was going to call my column "Token Female," which I still think is clever (even though I opted out of it) since Leslie is a fairly androgynous name. When people scan future issues searching for a proper estrogen count I'd like to be represented. (Plus I write porn video reviews, a decidedly un-female job for sure, using the tag line "token female perspective.")

The more I thought about it, the more it bothered me that some people made an issue out of this. Why should Jeff concern himself with the gender ratio among his writers? For the sake of argument I looked a little closer at the list of columnists in the first two issues. In addition to the fact that all the columnists had penises, I noticed that most of them were over thirty. Is Jeff guilty of ageism as well as sexism? And what exactly is the proper ratio he should strive for? Fifty/fifty straight down the middle, a pussy for every prick, if you will? Or is one in three enough to keep him out of trouble? (Do you think *Bust* ever gets letters from guys about how few male contributors there are?) I think that assuming he purposely stacked the deck to give the magazine a "male vibe" (I believe that was the term used) is a pretty silly thing to assume, but I suppose if you go around looking for things like that you're bound to find them. This is the other part of the thought process I don't understand. Going out of your way to complain about it really doesn't accomplish anything, so why do it? With the energy it took to bitch about *Hit List's* lack of female columnists, you could have actually written a column and then sent it in, if not to *Hit List* then to a venue you felt was more "female friendly." And you wouldn't have had to taint your grl power with that icky, sticky "male vibe".

And what exactly is the proper ratio he should strive for? Fifty/fifty straight down the middle, a pussy for every prick, if you will? Or is one in three enough to keep him out of trouble?

Personally, I like to read things by other women. I would even go so far as to say that I seek out writing by other women. And I've been able to find a lot of quality writing by women, especially in the realm of zines and underground culture in general, so I don't necessarily have to come here for it. Would it really be that big of a deal if *Hit List* never had a female columnist? What would be better, asking some women to write columns purely based on the fact that they're chicks, instead of because they're good writers? (Oops, I probably shouldn't have used the

term "chick", since it's not in the PC handbook.) I wouldn't want to be asked to contribute to *Hit List* just because I am female and they need to have x number of females to placate people. I have a brain, I don't have to rely solely on my relatively considerable womanly charms. OK, OK, I hear some of you grumbling out there in the peanut gallery. Perhaps at some points over the course of my life I have fallen prey to the batting-of-the-eyelashes routine. I didn't have to, though, I chose to. (Ha!) And I reserve the right to do it again, particularly when it comes to my husband. (Ha Ha!) But

in terms of how many boys have columns and how many girls have columns in this one particular publication, who fucking cares? Questioning the gender ratio of the contributors accomplishes nothing. When I was approached to write a column I thought about the other people I knew and the names I recognized who were doing columns and I thought, "I'm flattered to be asked," not, "well, it's about time they asked a girl." For all anybody else knows, Jeff's been asking women left and right to be columnists.

I think I'm a little testy on that particular subject because similar things have been said to me in relation to my zine, and I know from experience that finding contributors at all is not as easy as you might think. For every woman I now have contributing, I have asked and been turned down by at least five. And I don't just ask random women I see at shows or somewhere else just because they're women. I approach smart, creative, interesting, witty females I come into contact with that are into music to a certain extent who I think might be interested. More often than not, they say no. Why, I'm not exactly sure. I have some theories, the most obvious being that resourceful, intelligent women who really want to be published aren't waiting around for someone to ask them to contribute to anything. They are already doing their own zines or helping out with someone else's, freelancing, etc. Or maybe they want to write but are afraid that some egghead, know-it-all, music geek type guy will write them lengthy e-mails about reviews they wrote, criticizing minute details that he felt were inaccurate; even though a record review is essentially one person's thoughts and/or opinions about a record. (Yes, this has actually happened to me, but I'm kidding around a little here. I didn't take it seriously when it did happen, as I don't take reviewing records that seriously to

LESLIE GOLDMAN

begin with. So, PL, if you're reading this, again there's no hard feelings.) Perhaps these women who reject my offers just think C14 sucks and don't want to tell me, I can never be sure.

Anyway, a lot of people I ask—of both genders—are just too busy to take on another responsibility. That's often a problem when you're trying to recruit motivated, creative people for your own project; they're usually already working on too many other projects. Hell, if I thought about it too long I probably would have said this was one project too many for me, but I wasn't thinking along those lines when I was asked. Ironically, I've also been told that my zine has a "male vibe" (although I have to say that no one has come at me with such a neat little catch phrase; my hate mail tends to be of the rambling variety). This is disturbing to me because I am female. I mean, what the fuck? I can see some topics being gender specific, like tampons or prostate exams, and I will wholeheartedly agree that men and women are different biologically, physically (a fact I am in favor of), and probably emotionally, but I want to reserve the right to see and possibly enjoy things that maybe weren't done specifically for me. And it makes me crazy to hear people talk about what is or is not "appealing to women", because I don't remember anyone getting my opinion before making those statements. Even if I am to be the token female, so fucking what? But I don't even want to get stuck defining myself by a standard I think is full of shit to begin with. ⊕

I'm the editor of Carbon 14 magazine. You can contact me at C14/PO Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125.



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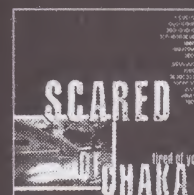
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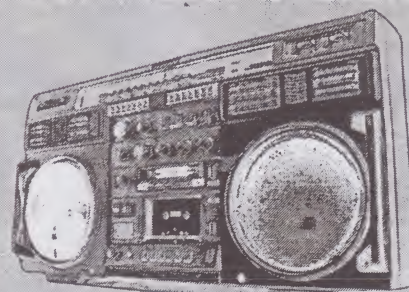
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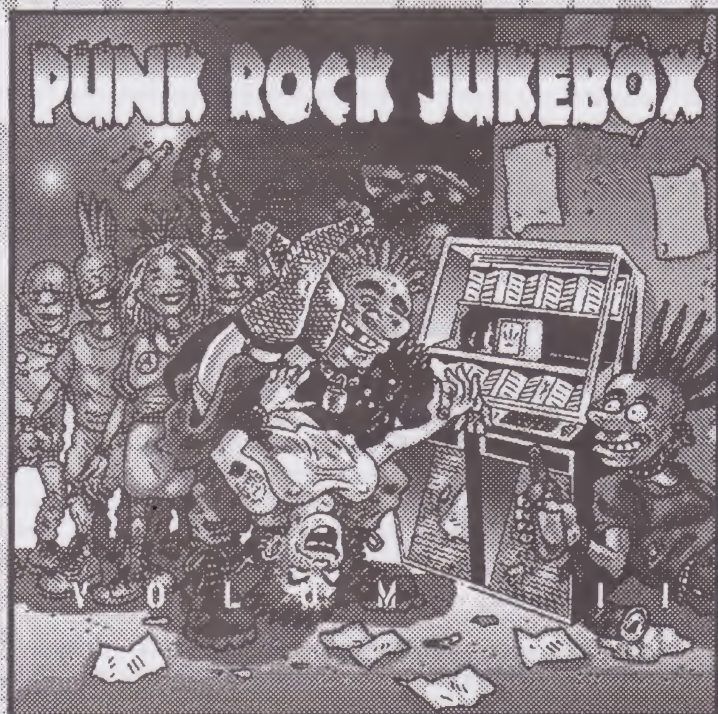
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BOOK REVIEW

To paraphrase Hermann Goering, whenever I hear the term "philosophy of punk," I reach for my revolver.

Craig O'Hara's book *The Philosophy of Punk* goes so wrong so quickly. The book reads like a senior thesis in college philosophy or sociology, with talk of alienation, youth rebellion and subculture, and a sprinkling of quotations from strictly academic sources. Astute philosophy and accurate sociology depend, of course, upon clear definition, clean method, and adequate evidence. Beginning with chapter one, "Why Punk," these requirements are consistently violated or ignored.

O'Hara defines punk as an art form and movement, then compares punk to past art movements such as dadaism and Futurism.

The Philosophy of Punk, by Craig O'Hara
1999, second revised edition, trade paperback,
171 pages, illustrated, \$12.00
AK Press, PO Box 40682, San Francisco, CA
94140-0682

He recognizes that punk is also part youth trend, visceral rebellion, and "voice of opposition," but he fails to make the crucial initial distinction between an art movement, the founding of which can be marked by leaders and proclamations, and punk rock. It's relatively easy to summarize, say, the philosophy of dadaism since dada had concrete dates, places, founders, and manifestos. Punk doesn't. "The time and birthplace of the Punk movement is debatable," the author admits. "Either the New York scene of the late sixties/early seventies or the British Punks of 1975-76 can be given the honor." And in the discussion of Crass, the book makes it clear that the band wrote its peace punk manifestos well after punk was in full swing.

Punk began as a confluence of several different musical and social currents at several different locations at several different times, and to speak of one single philosophy of punk is extremely problematic, if not impossible. In failing to draw a sharper definition of punk that grasps the implications of punk's heterogeneity, O'Hara describes the philosophy of some, many, or occasionally even most punks, but doesn't come close to nailing down THE philosophy of punk.

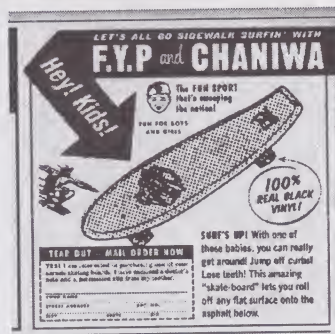
This failure to adequately define matters can be seen throughout the book. O'Hara can simultaneously claim that people are "oppressed," yet "have chosen" their "atomistic, alienated lifestyles." He makes a horrible muddle of liberals and the Left in the chapter on "Anarchism," and doesn't do much better with that particular political philosophy either. He inveighs against "lifestyle anarchism" and the

idea that "'no rules' ... mean[s] no responsibility," equivocates between pacifism and violence, and ultimately reduces Anarchism to "principles of having no official government or rulers, and valuing individual freedom and responsibility." Two centuries of libertarian philosophy; whether revolutionary working class or radical Stirnerist; is thus degraded to a tepid individualism little distinguished from liberalism.

Aside from this vapid Anarchism and of course animal rights, the author's punk philosophy differs not at all from the generic pc left's anti-racist, anti-sexist, anti-homophobic, pro-peace, and pro-environmental catechism. Even if we accept this as the one true punk philosophy, the book remains just a political philosophy of punk. Which is another way of asking, where the fuck is the music in all this philosophy?

There are plenty of band and gig pictures, quotes from musicians and writers to music 'zines, and even side remarks that so-and-so band is "musically superb" or "shit metal" in *The Philosophy of Punk*. There's almost nothing however about punk as music, let alone a musical philosophy of punk, let alone a holistic punk philosophy that organically integrates the music. Punk began with music, and music remains its beating heart. The back-to-basics three chord rawness and aggro energy of punk rock is never considered in its own right. Instead, the music is reduced to a vehicle to express youthful "rage in a harsh and original way."

This waffling, myopic failure of definition reflects deep problems in the book's method as well. The clearest illustration of these problems is provided by O'Hara in the chapter on the importance of punk fanzines,



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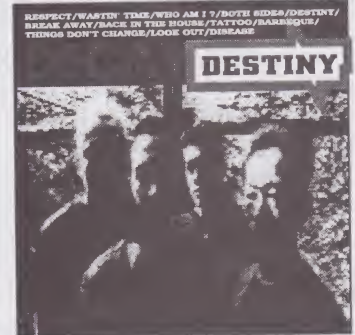
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called "Intra-Movement Communication." The author first cites the criticism that *Maximum Rock'n'Roll* "has too much power over the Punk scene" and then personally affirms that "their new found power is extremely dangerous and sometimes abused by the columnists and staff whose opinions have a very great influence on younger Punks." Yet merely because *MRR* attempts to cover international punk and features submissions from punks worldwide, O'Hara asserts that "I feel justified in using it as a main source of information concerning the thoughts and actions of the current Punk scene." A rather uncritical, blanket acceptance, as it turns out.

The author spends a fair amount of space vehemently disowning skinheads and straightedgers from punk, without reference to a single skinhead or straight-edge 'zine. Instead, he singles out a "typical" band to represent each: skinhead hardcore's Agnostic Front and hardline straight-edge's Vegan Reich; and then impugns both categories entirely by ridiculing the dim-witted remarks of their band members. The "straw man" aspect of this aside, these are not very competent methods for selecting and dealing with source materials.

O'Hara's bibliography draws almost exclusively from left/anarchist/positive force 'zines and publications. That perpetual party 'zine *Flipside* is mentioned in passing as "less and less concerned with Punk." The *Philosophy of Punk's* first printing was in 1992, and the rich 'zine selection of the time — *Slug* and *Lettuce*, *Answer Me!*, *Cometbus*, *Lookout*, and *Temp Slave*, to name but a few — was all but ignored. Punk was more than *MRR* and *Profane Existence* seven years ago, and while O'Hara might be excused for not seeing it back then, his failure to accurately update punk's 'zine scene in the second edition willfully accepts a very narrow evidentiary base for his punk philosophy. This in turn casts serious doubt on statements such as: "[w]hen it comes to choosing a political ideology, Punks are primarily anarchists." Certainly, if we take the columnists and contributors currently writing

NICKHOMICIDES

for *MRR*, *Flipside*, *Punk Planet*, *HeartattaCk*, and *Hit List*, this is far from the case. Nor, I might add, was it the case in 1992.

No doubt, there are still plenty of circle A's to be found at punk shows. How many punks take this as "small a" anarchy — a bad attitude, shocking nonconformity, breaking all the rules, fucking shit up, and of course getting fucked up — as opposed to the number who understand a consistent "capital A" Anarchist political theory and practice is debatable. O'Hara proves nothing by claiming that "[t]his is not to say that all Punks are well read in the history and theory of anarchism, but most do share a belief formed around [...] anarchist principles." The *Philosophy of Punk* relies far too often upon versions of this "many are not, but most are" gambit in lieu of empirical evidence, for example with respect to stereotyping skinheads as violent and racist, and straightedgers as conformist and reactionary. That O'Hara conveniently dismisses other punk philosophies that don't fit with the anarcho-punk thesis of this book as "not punk" or "anti-Punk" should come as no surprise.

Problems abound on virtually every page. O'Hara wishes it were possible to "act natural" when it comes to sex roles and sexism, but bashes Vegan Reich's version of acting natural, without bothering to explain the difference. The author's efforts to update the work with this second edition creates inconsistencies, as in the discussion of whether Chumbawamba "sold out." Contradictory and uneven, the book doesn't demonstrate that a single philosophy of punk exists, nor does it provide a coherent synopsis of the anarcho-punk philosophy it singles out for emphasis. As a senior thesis however, my guess is that *The Philosophy of Punk* got an "A." ⊕

— Nick Homicides



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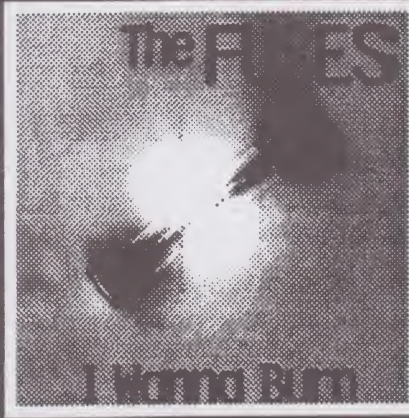
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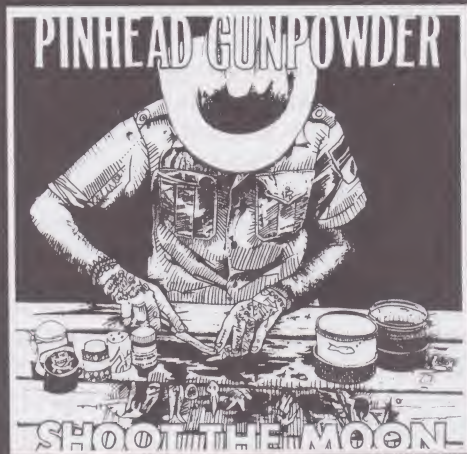
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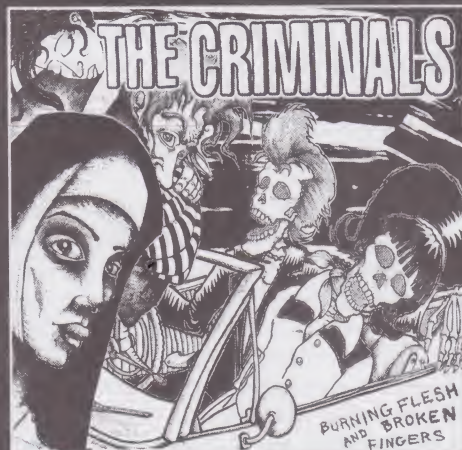
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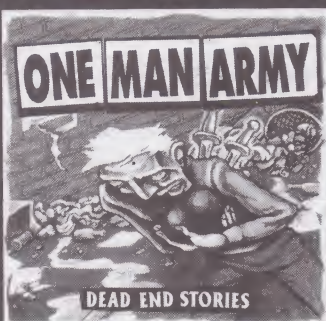
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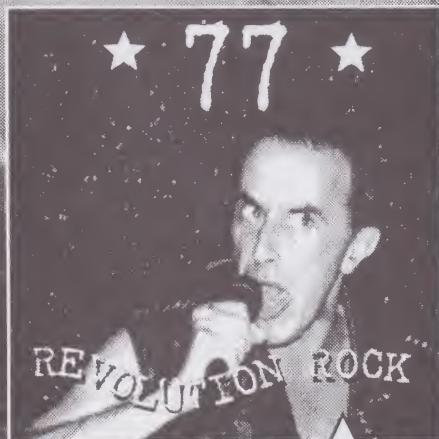
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 TEXAS TERRI/LAZY COWGIRLS/DICTATORS - live in LA, 5-99
 CARBON 14 magazine #15 w/free NYC 7" EP
 PETER GURALNICK - "Careless Love: The Unmaking of Elvis" book
 RICHARD KERN - "New York Girls" photo book
 SENDERS - "Back to Sender Revisited" CD
 CHICKENHAWKS - live in Phoenix, 5-99

Ian Randumb

PRESSURE POINT - live
 REDUCERS S.F. - "Backing the Longshot" LP

ANTI-HEROS - "Underneath the Underground" LP
 HUDSON FALCONS - demos
 SUBURBAN THREAT - "American Punk" demo
 V/A - "Sacto Punk Scene" video
 LARRY & THE GO NOWHERES - LP
 SHOWCASE SHOWDOWN - "Permanent Stains" LP
 DISAPPOINTMENTS - "Let's Die" 7"
 Fishing in Mexico

Dimitri Monroe

1) TEX PERKINS - "Far Be It From Me"
 2) JOHN EASDALE - "Bright Side"
 3) CHEATER SLICKS - "Refried Dreams"
 4) SOUR JAZZ - "Street Called Rocknroll"
 5) JACOBITES - "God Save Us Poor Sinners" CD
 6) SCARCE - "Deadsexy"
 7) BACKYARD BABIES - "Total 13" CD
 8) BLACK HALOS - "Shooting Star" CD
 9) BUCK CHERRY - "Lit Up" CD
 10) TEXAS TERRI & THE STIFF ONES - "Eat Shit" CD

Jami Wolf (no particular order)

1) HOLLYWOOD BRATS - LP
 2) BOYS - LP
 3) MULLENS - "Go Where The Action Is" LP
 4) BODIES - LP
 5) RAYDIOS - "Early demo..." LP
 6) DEVIL DOGS - "Saturday Night Fever" LP
 7) V/A - "The Early Ones" CD
 8) SPIDER BABIES - "Thinkin' Bout You" LP
 9) CHRONICS - 7"
 10) DICTATORS - live at Bottom Of The Hill

Dave Johnson

1) JAWBREAKER - 24 Hour Revenge Therapy
 2) DILLINGER FOUR - Live/"This Shit is Genius" CD
 3) HOT WATER MUSIC - "No Division" CD/"Clampdown" (on "City Rockers")
 4) JAWBREAKER - Live 12" on Allied (Limited to 200 — You're a madman, John.)
 5) JETS TO BRAZIL - Orange Rhyming Dictionary
 6) PEGBOY - "Strong Reaction"
 7) COMMON RIDER "Last Wave Rockers"

8) DIVIT - "Low Speed Chase"
 9) KID DYNAMITE - Live/"Heart A Tact" (on the "Take Action" comp)
 10) THE CLASH - In general
 UNLISTED BONUS TRACK(S) - Jeff Bale's Jägermeister-induced almost-re-enactment of the untimely demise of Stiv Bators at the Jeff Dahl/Streetwalkin' Cheetahs show, t/w Brett's full frontal assault on Joe Strummer's deli tray.

Tina Lucchesi

1) BITCHSCHOOL - 7" EP (on my own label!)
 2) DONNY DENIM - 7"
 3) LOONS - "Love's Dead Leaves" LP
 4) NO-TALENTS - "Want Some More" LP
 5) THE ODD - "Rock Rock Burn" 7"
 6) CANDYGIRL - 7"
 7) V/A - "Back Seat Love, vol 1" LP
 8) DONNAS - "Get Skintight" LP
 9) LOOSE LIPS - "Two Time Loser" 7" EP
 10) DICTATORS - live at Bottom of the Hill t/w FIRESTARTER - live in Japan 99

Jeremy Cool

1) DILLINGER FOUR - the best live band around
 2) LILLINGTONS/TEEN IDOLS - live
 3) THE STEREO - "Three Hundred" CD
 4) REVOLVERS - "Advance" CD
 5) KID DYNAMITE SIDE - split with 88 FIN- GERS LOUIE
 6) TRAVOLTAS - "Modern World" CD
 7) ALL SYSTEMS GO - CD
 8) SCARED OF CHAKA - "Tired Of You" CD
 9) 7 SECONDS - "Good To Go" CD
 10) REDUCERS S.F. - "Backing The Longshot" CD

Brett Mathews

1) HOT WATER MUSIC - Everything
 2) BROKEN
 3) CRACKLE RECORDS
 4) BLACK FLAG
 5) DIVIT
 6) TRAVOLTAS - "Modern World"
 7) AMERICAN HEARTBREAK - "Postcards From Hell"
 8) TOILET BOYS - Everything
 9) AMERICAN STEEL - "Every New Morning"
 10) JAWBREAKER - Live 12"

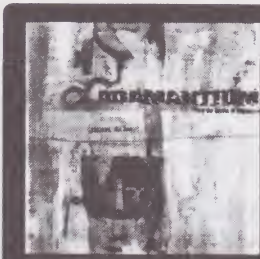
Your fearless leaders through the vast and daunting catacombs of rock 'n' roll recordings. Just so you know who to blame when you plunk down your hard earned cash on a slab of plastic, run home as fast as your little punk legs will carry you and spin it anxiously, only to find it completely, totally and indisputably sucks: Ross Fisher (RF), Jeff Dahl (JD), Tina Lucchesi (TL), Greg Lowery (GL), Jeremy Cool (Jer), Brett Mathews (BAM), Alan Wright (AW), Dave Johnson (DGJ), Jami Wolf (JAW), Jimi Cheetah (JC), Jeff Bale (JB), Ian Randumb (IR), Ramsey Kanaan (RK), Dimitri Monroe (DM), and Tony Slug (TS).

S H I T L I S T

ADAMANTIUM

"From the Depths of Depression" CD

Just what does "adamantium" mean, anyway? Is the band really into ADAM ANT or are they feeling particularly adamant about something? Regardless, this CD is pretty good. Musically, the band has a stop-start/chugga-chugga metal sound that reminds me of some straightedge bands I've heard, such as FALL SILENT. A beautiful layout and a thick recording. (AD)



(INDECISION/PO Box 5781/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92615)

HASIL ADKINS

"Drinkin' My Life Away" CD

Truly an earful to behold. True tales from the trailer-park in all their shameless trashy-ass, lo-fi brilliance. Kids, this is the rough stuff. Chances are you MTV milk-fed consumers are gonna reel back in horror over this sucker, but for me this is what it's all about. Still the most feral rock-a-blues-a-billy cat goin'. (JD)



(SHAKE IT/4136 FLORIDA AVENUE/CINCINNATI, OH 45223)

ADZ

"Odz and Sodz" CD

This record is a party, and you're all invited. It's a collection of singles, demos, live tracks, and other rarities by the ADZ, and all and all it's rockin' fare. Although it includes great covers of the KINKS, the MODERN LOVERS, and the requisite JOHNNY CASH cover,



the standout tracks are "Do the Neck", "Jerk Off", "Communication Unbound", and "Where Were You". These old punkers from SoCal don't seem to have slowed down a bit. (JC)

(AMSTERDAMNED/PO Box 862558/LOS ANGELES, CA 90086)

AEROBITCH

"Are You Ready" 7" EP

Yes, I'm ready! This record rocks! A red hot slab of in-your-face punk rock, with a powerful female vocalist who spits out flaming bile on top of tight, crunchy guitars. The only low point is their version of "Civilization's Dying" by the ZERO BOYS, since I doubt that we'll ever hear a better version than the original. (JC)

(INTENSIVE SCARE/PO Box 640338/SAN JOSE, CA 95164)



AEROBITCH/LOUDMOUTHS

split 7" EP

Jeff has been yap-pin' at me for a while about the power of AEROBITCH, and once again he's way ahead of the game. They really do rock, but then you'd have to if you want to keep up with the LOUDMOUTHS. Each band does three songs on this EP that are guaranteed to kick your ass. By the way, the LOUDMOUTHS get lots of bonus points for covering "Kill Yourself" by the LEWD. (BAM)

(PUNCH/APDO. 60167/28080 MADRID/SPAIN)



AEROBITCH

"Time to Start Kickin' Ass" LP/CD

Yes, it is about time, and kick ass they do. This Spanish group has it all, a hot babe with super belligerent vocals, cool back-

ground singing, blasting guitars, totally rockin' songs, and a bad attitude. Almost every tune is well above the uptempo trashed-out punk 'n' roll

norm, and it's way more rockin' than closet metalhead outfits like GLUECIFER and today's HELLACOPTERS. Watch out, because this wave of the new Euro-Rock invasion may just wash away loads of domestic "punk" flotsam and jetsam. We can only hope. (JB)

(PUNCH/APDO. 60167/28080 MADRID/SPAIN)

aerobitch



A.F.I.

"Black Sails in the Sunset" LP

I've never been a particularly big fan of A.F.I., but when Brett picked me up at the airport and popped this sucker in I slowly began to flip my wig. When he dropped off the promo copy for me to review, I was completely hooked by the fourth listen. Huge pop choruses. Über-goth song titles (bonus points for putting some of 'em in Latin) and lyrics set to blistering hardcore/pop-metal riffage courtesy of Mister "Jade Jade" Puget. "The Prayer Position" is probably my favorite track on the record, but all in all, A.F.I. have the whole annoy the parents/neighbors package down, and I mean that in a really good, non-contrived way. If you weren't that into this band before, it's definitely worth giving this platter a little ear-space; if you're hard-core fan you probably already own it and don't need some dolt telling you how great it is. (DG)

(NITRO/7071 WARNER AVE, SUITE F-736/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647)



AGNOSTIC FRONT

"Unity Fest 98"

This is actually a promo-only release thang containing two tracks each from AGNOSTIC FRONT, the DROPKICK MURPHYS, the U.S. BOMBS, and MAXIMUM PENALTY, all of which are from their latest releases. I suppose it's a decent

enough sampler for the uninitiated, so look for it in the bargain bins. (RK)

(NO LABEL)



ALCOHOLICS UNANIMOUS "It Pays to Drink" CD

A stellar line-up of CONFEDERACY OF SCUM superstars led by the FOSTER BROOKS of punk rock, thee Whiskey Rebel. A.U. do mostly great covers, but also throw a few originals in, all of which proclaim the virtues of a good drink or two or seventeen. My favorites are their cover of ROBERT MITCHUM'S "Thunder Road" (a childhood favorite of mine) and their own "Wino Boogie". Cool tunes to wet your whistle to. (JC)

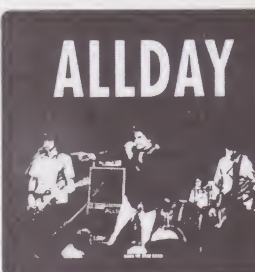
(BRILLIANCY PRIZE/PO Box 31686/PHILADELPHIA, PA 19147)



ALL DAY "When We Were Good" 7" EP

Great take off on, or more accurately a total rip off of, the cover of the first T.S.O.L. 12" EP. This seems appropriate for this band given their strong early 80's SoCal sound, which is in fact not unlike that of D.I. or T.S.O.L. Good catchy tunes with an attitude. (JC)

(KNOW/PO Box 90579/LONG BEACH, CA 90809)



AMERICAN STEEL "Every New Morning" 7" EP

The A-side here is the best track I've ever heard from this group. Everybody compares them to CRIMPSHRINE, although I doubt whether AMERICAN STEEL's singer is as much of an asshole as

that defunct band's vocalist. Great rough vocals, backed by great music in the HOT WATER MUSIC/CRIMP-SHRINE vein. If you order now, you'll get a free PSYCHEDELIC FURS cover on the flip-side. (BAM)

(CHEETAH'S/PO Box 4442/BERKELEY, CA 94704)



ANEMIA "Primus Motor" 7" EP

I'm not sure what the they're saying, but these Finnish kids lay down some intense hardcore punk. Five of the seven songs on here are blistering, and the other two are calmer but nonetheless good. A Ken Sanderson record. (BAM)

(A A RECORDS FIRM/PO Box 174/FIN-11101 RIIHIMÄKI/FINLAND)



ANN BERETTA "Burning Bridges" CD

This is ANN BERETTA's best offering. It was recorded back in 1997, so I guess that means that their newer stuff doesn't do nearly as much for me. They have a poppy streetpunk sound not unlike that of RANCID, and they've got enough sense to cover the JAM's "In The City". (BAM)

(FUELED BY RAMEN/PO Box 12563/GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)



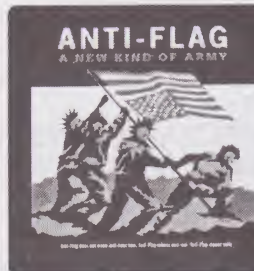
ANTI-FLAG "A New Kind Of Army" CD

ANTI-FLAG have always managed to shamelessly mine every punk music cliché, and then to joyously make it appealing and quintessential-rocking once again. This new offering is no

REVIEWS

exception, since they even openly acknowledge it on the last track. But if you dig the U.K. SUBS, the harder-edged SCREECHING WEASEL, or even the DEAD BOYS, all of it wedded to a fairly radical lyrical sensibility, this won't disappoint. (RK)

(GO-KART/PO Box 20, PRINCE STREET STATION/NEW YORK, NY 10012)

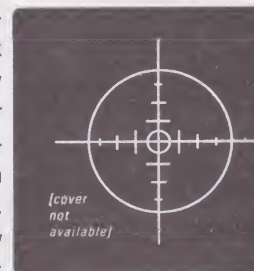


ANTISEEN "15 Years, 3 Chords, and One Hell of a Bloody Trail" book

Massive mag-style book with probably every piece of press ever written on this legendary North Carolina outfit. From their infancy (were they ever this

young, skinny, and good looking?) to their well known association with GG ALLIN to flag bearers for the Confederacy Of Scum to their still current assault on mankind and general good taste, not a stone is left unturned. If you're a fan, this is essential reading. (JD)

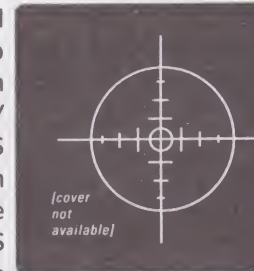
(BALONEY SHRAPNEL/PO Box 6504/PHOENIX, AZ 85005)



ANTISEEN "Mean Woman Blues/1969" 7"

ANTISEEN cover two rockin' songs on this record, ROY ORBISON'S "Mean Woman Blues" and the STOOGES "1969". The

homage to ORBISON is alright but a little long. It's the rippin cover of "1969", complete with farfisa/keyboards, that "patented" Clayton growl, and Young's buzzsaw guitar that's the standout here. Absolutely rough-n-tumble rock 'n' roll. (JAW)



SHITLIST

(OUR AREA/PARKWEG 9/59379 SELM/GERMANY)

THEE APOSTLES/BIG BOBBY & THE NIGHTCAPS

split 7" EP

This is a real good DIY effort. THEE APOSTLES belt out two punchy punk blasts with nice lead breaks and catchy choruses (especially "One More Time"). BIG BOBBY add their 2 cents worth with a couple of slower drunk punk numbers that have more of a rock 'n' roll feel. I like 'em both, and this EP comes with a homemade cover and is limited to 500. (JB)

(BLACK LUNG/PO Box 7854/NORFOLK, VA 23509)

ARSON FAMILY/FORTY SIX SHORT

split 7" EP

The three songs from ARSON FAMILY are in the better-than-average hardcore vein, and they mostly scream about keeping it real. FORTY SIX SHORT are a little bit more interesting, since they offer punky hardcore songs with crusty hardcore breakdowns. This is a good cheap way to check out two new hardcore bands. (BAM)

(KNOW/PO Box 90579/LONG BEACH, CA 90809)

B-SIDES

"Party with the B-Sides" 7" EP

Holy fucking shit, these kids are punk, and they even live nearby! They recently put out an LP on MRR's label, and after listening to this I actually want to check it out. The B-SIDES have been compared to the ANGRY SAMOANS, mainly due to their funny faux stupid lyrics, but despite the similarities their song tempos are a bit faster

(and sometimes even approach hardcore speed). Youthful punk rock that smokes. (GL)



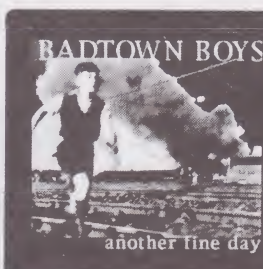
(PAT RIOT/1575 166TH AVENUE/SAN LEANDRO, CA 94578)

BADTOWN BOYS

"Another Fine Day" CD

This latest release shows a new melodic side to the BADTOWN BOYS' usual hardcore edge. PENNYWISE spring to mind, given their driving melodies, layered vocals, etc. SoCal punk buffs will want to check this out. (RK)

(NEW RED ARCHIVES/PO Box 210501/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94121)

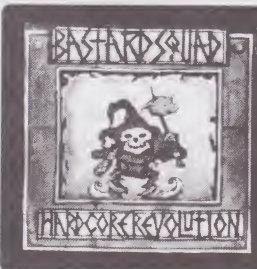


BASTARD SQUAD

"Hardcore Revolution" CD

I have to admit that I didn't know too much about this band before, so I assume that this is a re-issue of the "Hardcore Revolution" and "Shows Over" albums. All in all it rocks pretty fuckin' hard and is kind of reminiscent of AGGRESSION or D.I., as it has that early 80's SoCal skatepunk sound. There are heaps of songs here too, 31 in all. It recalled my days of drinking 40-ounce bottles of beer when I should have been going to class. (IR)

(NO ADDRESS)



BEHEAD THE PROPHET NO LORD SHALL LIVE

"Making Craters Where Buildings Stood" 7" EP

I have a few old MUKILTEO FARIES records that I'm very fond of, so I was anxious to hear this,

since it features some of the core members (Quitty being in two out of three bands that have come out of Washington in the last five years). I was not disappoint-

ed, and as a matter of fact I think I like B.T.P.N.L.S.L. much better. Manic socio-political lyrics are howled, screamed, and bellowed over even more maniacal hardcore that actually flirts a bit with black metal. Great packaging, with a full foldout poster reminiscent of classic poli-punk bands like M.D.C. and CRASS. (JC)

(SOUND POLLUTION/PO Box 17742/COVINGTON, KY 41017)

BELL

"Unshockable/Viral Love" 7"

This band has a sorta kinda X feel to it, but heavier. To me, "Unshockable" is the throwaway track, whereas "Viral Love" is the more rockin' of the two.

The singer is a chick with a husky growl in the JOAN JETT vein. All in all, it's nothin' I'd write home about. I probably wouldn't have bought it, since the drummer is wearing a COFFIN BREAK t-shirt. (TL)

(YEAH IT'S ROCK/PO Box 85775/SEATTLE, WA 98145)



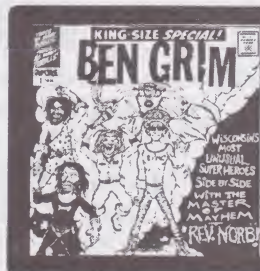
BEN GRIM

"In The Air/Civilization's Dying" 7"

The better of the two releases that I recieved from this band for review. Side A is a good solid pop-rock, whereas the flip is a cover of the ZERO BOYS'

"Civilization's Dying" featuring guest vocals by REV. NORB.(JC)

(GUMSHOE/5500 PRYTANIA STREET, Box #133/NEW ORLEANS, LA 70115)



BEN GRIM
"Muk" CD

BEN GRIM have a huge pop sound going on here, sort of like a combination of BRACKET and ALL—except that it's even poppier. This is schoolgirl crush music with super sappy lyrics, and one of their tunes even begins with "More than a crush on you, for the longest time". This band is all sunny days and lol-pops. I'll let you decide if it's punk or not. (JC)

(LAMPIN ROOM/PO Box 467/NEHAH, WI 54957)

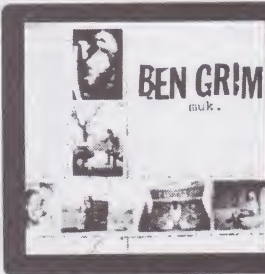
BETTY BLOWTORCH
"Get Off" 7" EP

Totally annoying screechy female vocals of the sort that typify why I really dislike a lot of female lead singers (except for WENDY O, JOAN JETT, and a few select others—go ahead, call me sexist, but I'm a girl, so eat me). "Get Off" is a freaky song about some daddy porking his daughter, which I guess is some sort of therapeutic way to deal with being molested. I urge you to get a therapist instead of torturing the rest of us. The "Betty Blowtorch Anthem" is not much better, although it has some ultra-KRAFT-y (and I'm not talking clever) lyrics. (JAW)

(FOIL/PO Box 4231/LAGUNA BEACH, CA 92652)

BINGO
"We're Gonna Kill Your Family" 7" EP

By now you should all know that BINGO is an Italian old school punk band who can always be counted on to deliver the rock 'n' roll goods. On this EP the title song has a stuttering beat in the verses that I find pretty annoying despite



the great follow-up chorus, but the other three tracks (which include a cover of the HUNS' great "Glad He's Dead") rock out in a more straightforward and fist-shakin' fashion. (JB)

(HATE/CIRC. GIANICOLENSE 112/00152 ROMA/ITALY)

BIRDS
"The Collector's Guide to Rare English Birds" CD

This is a real find. Someone over at Deram finally had enough sense to reissue all the existing material by the BIRDS, a tough mid-60's British R&B band that featured future STONES' guitarist Ron Wood. This CD includes all four of their rare singles, plus alternative versions of some of those songs and other unreleased stuff. All of it is amazingly good, and is nearly up to the quality level of the YARD-BIRDS, although their loud, kickass guitar work isn't quite as innovative. One of my favorite current records. (JB)

(DERAM)

BITCH SCHOOL
"Bitchschool" 7" EP

Two members of LOLI & THE CHONES join forces with a couple of other gals, and the result is an excellent combination of garage punk and 60's girl group melodies. What surprised me was how good the actual songs are, since live their tunes tend to be obliterated by raw guitars. (JB)

(LIPSTICK/5088 CAMINO ALTA MIRA/CASTRO VALLEY, CA 94546)



REVIEWS

BLOODY SODS
"Beer Junkie" LP

An aggressive, hardcore-influenced streetpunk record with a way cool foldout cover. Although the guitars should be mixed twice as loud, they're plenty raw, and the mostly uptempo songs have a lot of drive. The originals range from a couple of anthemic Oi numbers ("Skinhead Loser" and "Trendsetter") to several far less appealing thrash-speed cuts (like "Welcome" and "Black & Blue"), there are CIRCLE JERKS, ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE, and CLINT BLACK covers, and the lyrics are a mixed bag of common sense and overkill. This LP started out strong, but by the end the prominent hardcore elements caused me to lose interest. (JB)

(INTENSIVE SCARE/PO Box 640338/SAN JOSE, CA 95164)

BLOWTOPS
"Deep Thrust" LP

More lo-fi primitive, garage rock 'n' roll with lots of crooning and screaming. These guys have MAKERS'-esque guitar leads, with a production that's very similar to "The Bird" but more garbled and muffled. In fact, the fuzz factor is one of the standout aspects of this record. At times, this band reminds me of the CHROME CRANKS or the BIRTHDAY PARTY, specifically on "Teenage Zombie Blues", a very dissonant garage swamp screamer. The other songs range from from savage, breakneck speed punk rock to almost OBLIVIONS-style but blues-free rock 'n' roll. (JAW)

(FLYING BOMB/PO Box 971038/NOVILANTI, MI 48197)



SHITLIST

BLUESTARS

"Not from Birmingham" CD

A CD collection of the entire 9-song recorded output of New Zealand's BLUESTARS, a fine mid-60's combo from the Auckland area. Along with "Social End Product", one of the world's best-ever 60's punk songs thanks to its supernasty fuzz guitar riff, pounding bass line, s-s-s-snotty vocals, and "woe-is-me" protest lyrics, it features two tough beat punkers ("I Can Take It" and "Don't Wanna Be Lonely"), three cool atmospheric beat tracks (e.g., "Please Be a Little Kind"), and three sappy pop numbers. Worth looking for. (JB)

(NO LABEL OR ADDRESS LISTED)

BORIS THE SPRINKLER

"Suck" CD

I've been hipped that lead SPRINKLER, the rite Rev Norb, just can't stand yer's truly. Oh dear! I can't really hold it against him, tho, at least not based on his new 'un. 'Cause this here's a ripping, rollicking fun tumble thru RAMONES-ville, perhaps via the DICKIES) A sugah sweet mix of melody, velocity, crunch, dum-dum comedic lyrics, and questionable fashion damage. Rave on, Norb, me boy. (JD)

(GO KART/PO BOX 20/PRINCE STREET STATION/NEW YORK, NY 10012)

BLOOD SUCKING FREAKS

"Abismal Bloodsoaked System" LP

Dual female vocals that are tough and pissed-off sounding, plus good punk lyrics with song titles like "Fuck Pop Punk," "Fuck Politics," and "I Don't Need This Fuckin System." The music is suggestive of AUS ROTTEN, but is a bit heavier and faster. (AD)

(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA
ORDERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69,
00146 ROMA/ITALY)

[cover
not
available]

BOULDER

"The Rage Of It All" LP

This is horrible boogie-beat metal. I'm actually offended by the number of lousy records I've received for review this time [poor baby]. This one-man band features very long dual guitar solos and multiple song parts that did nothing but completely agitate me. One of those awful releases that discredits the entire DIY concept. (JAW)

(RIVER ON FIRE/PO BOX 771296/LAKEWOOD, OH 44107)

[cover
not
available]

BOYS

"Sick on You" CD

What really needs to be said about this reissue of the first BOYS album, one of the sterling examples of powerful hook-filled 77 Britpunk. Not only is it filled with well-known BOYS classics such as "Sick on You" (a holdover from Casino Steele's earlier glam band, the HOLLYWOOD BRATS), "I Don't Care", "Soda Pressing", "Cop Cars", the touching "First Time", and the rest of the original LP, it's also got eight cool BOYS and YOBS bonus tracks. If you don't rush out and get this (or already have it), don't dare call yourself a punk rocker. (JB)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO BOX 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS
HP10 8QA/ENGLAND; LP AVAILABLE ON GET BACK
LABEL)

BRAINDRAIN

"Weirdrive" CD EP

Precision metallic hardcore, presumably from Finland. Not bad, but not really too good, either. (RK)



(ALTERNATIVE ACTION/PO BOX 174/11101 RIIHIMAKI/FINLAND)

BROCCOLI

"Chestnut Road" 7" EP

Four tracks that reconfirm my belief that Crackle has cornered the market on the best of the best in European pop punk. BROCCOLI are an excellent band with fine songs. I suggest that you look as hard for this as I'll be looking for their upcoming full-length. (BAM)

(CRACKLE/PO BOX 7/OTLEY LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)



BROKEN

"We're Fucked" CD EP

I've never heard BROKEN before, but musically they're a great cross between the PIST and early JUDGE. They do four gems that absolutely rule on this CD, and I like them so much that I'd be more than happy to have them on my own label. (BAM)

(BLIND DESTRUCTION/BOX 29/82 COLSTON STREET, BRISTOL BS1 5BB/ENGLAND)



BROKEN/RESTARTS

split 7" EP

BROKEN, as always, come on hard and strong. The guitarist from the PIST is a big part of their sound, which is a perfect cross between old

school hardcore and old school punk rock. The **RESTARTS** are from the UK, and are the perfect compliment to **BROKEN**. They have a little more of a streetpunk feel, but still attack at full force. One of my favorite records this year. (BAM)



(MAGILLA GUERRILLA/PO Box 1271/NEW HAVEN, CT 06505)

BROWNS

"Greatest Hits, Volume One"

Brown has always been a nondescript color. The color of shit, even. Puce might be a more accurate color-coded description of the ever-so-witty **BROWNS**. Folks who really dig the **DEVIL DOGS** or the **DIDJITS** might get off on this, but then again maybe not. (RK)



(METER/#368 440-10816 MACLEOD TRAIL SE/CALGARY, ALBERTA, T2J 5N6/CANADA)

BULLETPROOF

"Generation Blowout" 7" EP

BULLETPROOF provide us with four songs that are definitely on the punk rock side of anthemic street-punk. This EP is definitely worth listening to, since the songs are well-written and should appeal to everyone from hardcore kids to pogo punks to pop punk dorks. (BAM)



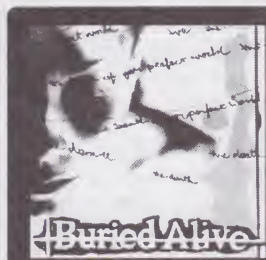
(BEER CITY/PO Box 26035/MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

BURIED ALIVE

"The Death of Your Perfect World" CD

Fuck, this is heavy, and I really dig it! I can totally picture angry kids throwing haymakers and

karate-chopping poseurs. The band plays fast, with the occasional slower break thrown in to mix it up a bit, and their singer sounds really tough and mean. The band contains ex-members of **DESPAIR** and **UNION**, among others, and the lyrics take a hard stance on drug abuse and animal rights. (AD)



(VICTORY/PO Box 146546/CHICAGO, IL 60614)

BUZZBOMB

"Dogpile the Metermaid" CD

This is terrible! It's filled with stupid songs by a stupid band, and contains heaps of garbage ranging from lame bar rock to funk to alternative noise. You can



bet that the "wild and crazy guys" at frat houses all across America are making a "mosh pit" in their living rooms while listening to **BUZZBOMB** and **UGLY KID JOE**! A must to avoid. (IR)

(NO ADDRESS)

CANDY SNATCHERS

"Moronic Pleasures/I'm so Cool" 7"

Two raunchy new blasts from this classic punk 'n' roll band. The recording is rough, and the guitars are completely out of control, which means that I love it. (BAM)



(BLACK LUNG/PO Box 7854/NORFOLK, VA 23509)

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART & HIS MAGIC BAND

"Safe as Milk" CD

A remastered and expanded version of the first 12-track **CAPT BEEFHEART** LP, one of

REVIEWS

the most original debuts in the history of rock 'n' roll. Technically their music is a variant of the blues, but it completely transcends the con-



ventions of that oft stale genre due to its bizarre drug-induced stylings and tough punky sound. Aside from the artier bonus tracks this is by far the **MAGIC BAND**'s most straightahead and rockin' effort--after this, their shit becomes insanely weird--and with its plethora of distinctive songs powered by a meaty bass, pounding tom toms, innovative guitarwork, and Don Van Vliet's ear-stretching voice, it's a must-have record. "Zig Zag Wanderer", "Abba Zaba", and the theremin-laced "Electricity" are three of my all-time favorite songs. (JB)

(BUDDAH)

CARTER PEACE MISSION

"Disco Stu Likes Disco Music" CD

Jangly pop-punk. Energetic, well-played, and almost all of it completely unmemorable. (RK)

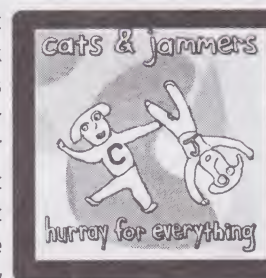


(MUTANT POP/5010 NW SHASTA/CORVALLIS, OR 97330)

CATS & JAMMERS

"Hurray For Everything" CD

Quirky upbeat jangly pop rock that kind of reminds me of **EGGHEAD**, or even the **VIOLENT FEMMES**. I don't know 'why Brett keeps giving me this stuff, it's really



not my forte. I mean, I do like wuss music, don't get me wrong, but this is a little too limp-wristed,

SHITLIST

even for a Nancy Boy like me. (Jer)

(BELUGA/PO Box 146761/CHICAGO, IL 60614)

CAUSTIC SODA "Female Violence" CD

This is more aggressive and rock-oriented than the typical Crackle release. CAUSTIC SODA are more of a streetpunk band, as opposed to one of that label's usual pop punk outfits. Their songs are really catchy, so I recommend this CD highly. (BAM)

(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/OTLEY LS21 14B/ENGLAND)



CELLOPHANE SUCKERS "Hell Yeah!" CD

The toxic pollution levels in Germany's industrial Ruhr area caused some welcome mutations if the beer-breathing, bratwurst-belching wall of chainsaw roar produced by the CELLOPHANE SUCKERS is any indication. (Their credo boasts "smash one, two will take it's place!") With an "everything louder than everything else" production, speeds bordering on hardcore, and the continual maintenance of maxed energy levels, the SUCKERS prove to be heavy hitters on the Continental Euro-Rock scene with songs like "Speed Ain't No Crime", "(I Got) Tattooed Last Night", "Shitty Blond Hair", "Fast Fuck", and "I Do Live My Life for RocknRoll". A Jeff Bale kinda band fer sure. (TS)

(SUBWAY/PO Box 110652/WUPPERTAL 43205/GERMANY)

CELLOPHANE SUCKERS "Schweinhund" 7" EP

Pretty goddamned rockin' punk from der Vaterland. These guys take their cues from

the NEW BOMB TURKS and ZEKE, which isn't all that original these days, but this is still quality punk rock 'n' roll. It's got two guitar-driven blasts, each about a minute long, that don't get too wanky or annoying. I wanna know when these guys are coming to the states. (JAW)

(SADDLE TRAMP/PO Box 5412/NOTTINGHAM NG1 6HT/ENGLAND)

CHANTS R&B "Stage Door Witchdoctors" CD

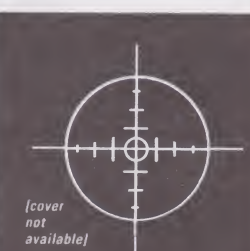
If the EASY-BEATS were Australia's (immigrant) version of the BEATLES, CHANTS R&B were New Zealand's version of the PRETTY THINGS. Although beginning somewhat conventionally with solid beat numbers (like "I Forget How It's Been") and bad soul covers, their true personality emerged on loud-as-fuck beat punk stompers like "I Want Her", "Neighbor Neighbor", JOHN MAYALL's "I'm Your Witchdoctor", THEM's "Mystic Eyes", and the PRETTY's "Come See Me". On this CD these studio tracks are supplemented by interviews and eleven songs recorded live in 1966. (JB)

(ZERO/PO Box 8282/SYMONDS STREET/AUCKLAND/NEW ZEALAND)

CHARGERS "New High/Not Tonight" 7"

The more up-tempo of the two CHARGERS releases I ended up reviewing this time around. This 45 sounds a bit more like something in a NEW BOMB TURKS

vein, being fast and furious and displaying a good rockin' sound that leaves you wanting more. (JC)



(SADDLE TRAMP/PO Box 5412/NOTTINGHAM NG1 6HT/ENGLAND)

CHARGERS "Pistol Whipped" 7" EP

Good old fashioned all-American rock 'n' roll. The CHARGERS remind me of a hep-ped-up CHROME CRANKS, and my favorite track here is "(Coming Home In A) Body Bag". (JC)



(UNDY ROCK/ADDRESS PRINTED TOO SMALL FOR THE HUMAN EYE TO READ.)

CHELSEA "Alternative Hits" CD

A CD reissue of this seminal English '77 punk band's third LP, which was a compilation of their singles-only tracks. It kicks off with a punked-out cover of the SEEDS' "No Escape," all their "hits" are included ("Right To Work," "Urban Kids," "Decide," and more), and it features two bonus tracks. I've always liked these guys, and this serves as a good intro to the band. (AW)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

CHEMO KIDS "New York Dolls" 7" EP

Trashy punk 'n' roll with a pronounced NYC sneer. The superior title song is a leering DOLLS-speed number about a hot babe, whereas the flip contains a faster original about going postal ("Human Timebomb") and a so-so version of SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS' "Cranked Up Really High". One can only hope that the dumb "Fuck Iran" button is a joke. (JB)

(PELADO/521 W. WILSON #C103/COSTA MESA, CA 92627)



CHIGGER REDD

"Whiskey Soda Pop" CD

Are you fucking serious? Cheesy, wanky, sludgy metal bullshit. This is like LA in '88. It's got elements of WARRANT and CRUE, but isn't as glammy. It's more serrrrrious, with a bit o' ZZ TOP thrown in for good measure. Yeah, it's annoying pseudo-PEARL JAM wanna-be grunge. All I can envision are long-haired "duuuuudes" in spandex, bandanas, goatees, and aviator glasses—imagine that, that's exactly what they look like in the insert. (JAW)

(ROADTOOTH/7095 HOLLYWOOD BLVD., SUITE 1113/HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028)



CHIMPS

"Live at the Safari Club" LP

This band kinda sounds like an old garage band from the 60s; maybe it's the supposedly live recording. The CHIMPS ape the "Northwest sound" in a KING USZNIEWICZ' DAXLS sorta way. They do covers of frat rock stompers like "Double Whammy" by JACK BEIDENT & THE CHESSMEN, "Busy Body" by the JOLLY GREEN GIANTS, "It's Alright" by ADAM FAITH & THE ROULETTES, and "Give Her Lovin'" and "Long Green" by the KINGSMEN. This is a pretty good record, so how come no one has ever heard of them before? (TL)

(MUSICK MACHINE/202 W. ESSEX AVE./LANSLOWNE, PA 19050)



CHOPPER

"Last Call For The Dancers" CD

A relatively new band from the UK, and a fine pop punk contender. They're very reminiscent of those great UK exports LEATHERFACE and SNUFF. Indeed, Frankie Stubbs produced it, which is a sure sign of



a quality job well done. (RK)

(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/DOTLEY, LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)

CIGAR

"Speed is Relative" CD

This is a type of music that I don't usually go for. The entire Epi-Fat genre has only produced few bands that really do it for me, but this CD is actually quite good.

Maybe it's because of the addition of some hardcore/post-hardcore influences in the guitar breaks and the chanting vocals. If you like PULLEY, DIESEL BOY, or LAGWAGON, give this a listen. (BAM)

(THEOLOGIAN/PO Box 1070/HERMOSA BEACH, CA 90254)



CITIZEN FISH

"Active Ingredients" CD

It's been said a hundred times, but it's definitely worth repeating. CITIZEN FISH are a class amalgam of ska, reggae, and punk. Not only do they consistently produce the finest of goods, musically and lyrically, but they get better with every release. If you haven't yet had the pleasure, this is a fine introduction. If you're already fortunate enough to be one of the in-crowd, you know you'll need this. (RK)

(LOOKOUT/PO Box 11374/BERKELEY, CA 94712)



CITIZEN FISH

"Habit" 7" EP

One of the best ever CITIZEN FISH records, newly re-mastered and reissued. I think I like this version even more than the original.



REVIEWS

For the uninitiated, C.F. are the (UK) SUBHUMANS with a different member or two and have a bit more of that good, old-style ska influence. Dick Fish is featured on this release, and to this day manages to write some of the best working class/political punk lyrics around. Plus, the band always put on a great high-energy show. (JC)

(LOOKOUT/PO Box 11374/BERKELEY, CA 94608)

CLAY WHEELS

"Amsterdam" CD

I can do without the "chick" with the marijuana on the cover, but this 5-song disc is pretty good. The CLAY WHEELS are very poppy but also very rockin', and their music reminds me of mid-80's skate punk. When you've got the bassist from the DRUNK INJUNS and FACTION, and your guest guitarist is from the DWARVES, your band is bound to rock. Fans of J.F.A. surely need to hear this. (BAM)

(819/PO Box 720643/SAN JOSE, CA 95172)



COLONNA INFAME SKINHEAD

"Nessun Pieta" LP

A welcome reissue of the C.I.S. long-player. Unlike so many overproduced American Oi records, this one has that appealingly raw, primitive feel popularized in

Italy by NABAT over fifteen years ago. There are some killer songs on here, including the bitter "Eroe del 68" (with its cool-sounding acoustic guitar) and heavy shitkickers like "Ancora in piedi", while the lyrics range from stupid anti-hippie and anti-drug messages to justifiable critiques of 60's sellouts and fashion punks. Unfortunately, I can't figure out what the exuberant bonus track is. (JB)

(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69/00146 ROMA/ITALY/)



SHITLIST

COMMERCIALS

"First Time for Everything" CD

Skateboarding is not a crime, duuuude. Fast, frantic, and all too familiar-sounding skate rock with thin vocals and repetitive drumbeats. Three out of every four songs are about getting your heart broken. Sorry man, but she probably left you for a real rock 'n' roller. (JC)

(RENT A PIG/PO Box 22791/DENVER, CO 80222)

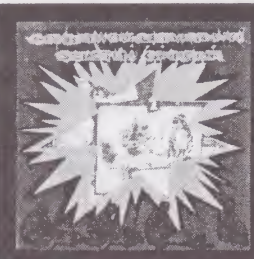


COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN/SCROTUM GRINDER

split 7" EP

This 7" must have cost a small fortune to put out, since it has a creative layout on the jacket and pretty lavender marble-colored vinyl. The smarty-pants who designed the layout of this record did it in such a manner that you really have to study the record to tell what band is playing what songs. COMBATWOUNDEDVETERAN are really crazy sounding, with layers of blaring vocals and insane fast blasts of music. SCROTUM GRINDER play mad hardcore thrash. (AD)

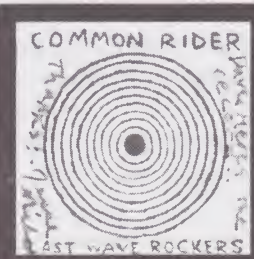
(BURRITO/PO Box 3204/BRANDON, FL 33509-3204)



COMMON RIDER

"Last Wave Rockers" CD

By now you probably know that Jesse Michaels is back with a new outfit featuring Chicago's finest rhythm section (Mass Giorgini and Dan Lumley of



SCREECHING WEASEL/SQUIRTGUN notoriety), but if you were expecting a rehash of OP IVY you may be disappointed. The songwriting on this blend of garage punk and reggae is the real treat, as Jesse remains, along with Blake Schwarzenbach and Lance Hahn, one of the finest lyricists to emerge from the late 80's/early 90's Bay Area punk scene. If you share the tastes of Dr. Bale and Ross Fisher you'll probably hate this record, but if you're a fan of great songwriting and don't mind a heaping helping of reggae in your music, it's definitely worth your while. (DGJ)

(PANIC BUTTON/PO Box 148010/CHICAGO, IL 60614-8010)

CONCRETE

"Nunc Scio Tenebris Lux" CD

Similar to hard-score noise pioneers RORSCHACH, crossed with latter period NEUROSIS' PINK FLOYD-type symphonic noodlings. It's all in Italian. If you like brutal heavy metallish jams (minus the soloing) and fast thrash, and if you aren't too fussy about production, you may dig this. (RK)

(SOA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67-69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)



CONE

"Smile For Me" 7" EP

This was recorded and produced by Frankie Stubbs. If someone told me that this CONE record was the new LEATHERFACE release, I would not only believe them but would think that their new stuff really kicked ass. This is a high-quality punk record. (BAM)

(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/OTLEY LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)



CONNIE DUNGS

"Earthbound For The Holiday" CD

Imagine SCREECHING WEASEL de-clawed, defanged, slowed to a trundle, with all the zip, spark, and youthful pzazz drained out. That pop-

punk husk, deprived of nutrients, would be the CONNIE DUNGS. They aren't terrible, just nothing much of anything really. (RK)

(MUTANT POP/5010 NW SHASTA/CORVALLIS, OR 97330)



THE COST

"Paper Dolls" CD

The COST are an impressive bunch of crafty screamers and shakers, and there are lots of good tunes on this one (including a cover of a NITWITZ song).

It reminds me of the CRIMINALS or DEAD AND GONE, and has cool artwork and packaging. The most entertaining titles are "Hour Of The Quadraplegic" and "Some Bunnies Are Faster Than Others". A band to look out for in the future. (JC)

(BAD MONKEY/NEW DISORDER/473 NORTH STREET/OAKLAND, CA 94609)



COUNTDOWNS

"Right On Sound" CD

The COUNTDOWNS are a booze-soaked, gravel-voiced group of trashmongers, and this CD is filled with raw, uptempo, rootsy, bluesy garage stompers that'll curdle your milk. (Now it's clear how they got the gig as ANDRE WILLIAMS' backup band on the lewd and crude bluesman's recent tour.) My fave tracks are the straightforward "Got it Goin' On" and "Country Blues", but there's also some crazy shit on here (like "Activate Her"). Imagine DR. JOHN on bad speed. (JB)

(SCOOSH POOCH/323 BROADWAY E. #405/SEATTLE, WA 98102)



CREEPS ON CANDY

"Wonders of Giardia" CD

Rising from the Rashes of DEAD AND GONE come CREEPS ON CANDY. Musically, this disc is very gloomy and dark-sounding, but it goes a step farther than DEAD AND GONE did in that it sounds more complex and multifaceted. The recording is excellent, and another plus is that the proceeds from this album go to the Haight Ashbury Youth Outreach Team. A good record and a good cause. (AD)

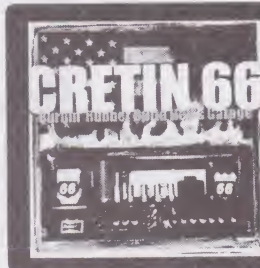


(ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES/PO Box 419092/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141)

CRETIN 66

"Burnin' Rubber Outta Hell's Garage" CD

Live these guys are great, and on record they have a few gems, but there is definitely something lost in the studio. "Rock-n-roll Railroad" is a great opening track with very driving, dirty, fuzzed-out guitar blasts. These guys play bottom-heavy rock in a Detroit Motor City kinda way, but there are way too many droning guitar leads. They're sorta a cross between the MC5 and BLACK SABBATH, so the vocals can get kinda over-exaggerated and cheesy. Sometimes there is way too much SABBATH involved, as in "The Ballad Of Rob Tyner". (JAW)



(WOUND-UP/PO Box 3695/KANSAS CITY, KS 66103)

CRETIN 66

"Gonna Do It Tonite" 7" EP

Tight, well-played p-rock from the heartland. The vibe is snotty, the guitar sound is way raw and trebly, and the lyrics are satirically nasty, but what sets CRETIN 66 apart is their obvi-



ous respect for the long and rich rock 'n' roll tradition, which is especially reflected on the doo wop-influenced "Chunks of My Baby". The title track is a mid-tempo punk 'n' roll number, and the remaining two cuts are somewhat faster punkers. (JB)

(WOUNDUP/Box 3695/KANSAS CITY, KS 66103)

CUTS

"Heart Attack" 7" EP

The CUTS are a rock and roll gang. If you don't like them, fuck you. This is the most rockin' 7" Lookout has put out in many a year. Primal rock and roll that would make JOHNNY THUNDERS proud. (JC)

(LOOKOUT/PO Box 11374/BERKELEY, CA 94608)



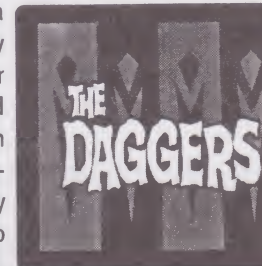
DAGGERS

"She Told Me She Said/Nowhere to Go" 7"

The A-side is a nice chunky melodic punker with a raw lead break, although it's marred somewhat by a poppy college-radio friendly chorus.

The flip is a more rockin' thang with another nasty lead, but even so it doesn't end up sacrificing its melodic sensibility. These Canucks have definite talent, but I fear they could be led astray in a more commercial direction if they fall in with the wrong crowd. (JB)

(SLOTH/1304 W. 4TH STREET SW #1A/CALGARY, ALBERTA T2R 0X8/CANADA)



DAGOBAB

"The Garage is Off Limits" 7" EP

Four great pop/rock songs from the UK band DEGOBAH. This is a little more straightforward musically than the average

REVIEWS

Crackle release, but it's still a keeper. (BAM)



(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/Dtley LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)

JEFF DAHL

"All Trashed Up" CD

JEFF is back with another album's worth of--you guessed it--trashed out rock 'n' roll mixing punk and glam elements. All the songs have his

trademark snotty vocals and trebly, fuzzed-out twin guitars, and most of them have good hooks (especially "There She Goes", "Goin' Down in Flames", and "Ain't Life a Bitch"). If you don't like JEFF DAHL you obviously don't like punky r 'n' r, and if you don't like punky r 'n' r you're a loser who shouldn't be wasting time reading *Hit List*. (JB)

(TRIPLE X/PO Box 862529/LOS ANGELES, CA 90086)



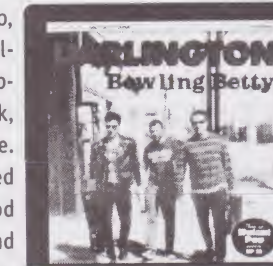
DARLINGTON

"Bowling Betty" 7" EP

It's on Mutant Pop, it's on cool colored vinyl, it's up-tempo pop punk, and it's a bullseye. Three finely-crafted tunes with good snotty vocals and great lyrics like

"You're so hot, you're so stuck up/Lets drink some Thunderbird and vomit launch" and "She's got a pink bowling ball/She's so oh oh off the wall". (JC)

(MUTANT POP/5010 NW SHASTA AVENUE/COVALIS, OR 97330)



SHITLIST

DEAD BOYS

"Night Of The Living Dead Boys" CD

Cleveland's finest bunch of punk rock degenerates in their prime. Raunchy sonic mayham are displayed on this classic 1981 live album, which has been reissued (again?) on Bomp. It was recorded live at the last show with their original lineup, and features classics such as "Sonic Reducer", Caught With The Meat In Your Mouth", and "Ain't it Fun". An absolute must for any true rock 'n' roll collection. (JC)

(BOMP)



DEAD BOYS

"3rd Generation Nation" CD

At last. The second DEAD BOYS LP has finally been reissued in its original pre-EQ'd raw mix, before producer Felix Pappalardi (ex-YOUNG RASCALS) siphoned all the guts out of it. It's still not as uniformly great as their debut, and the guitars should have been cranked up much more, but now the many strong songs on this record (including "Catholic Boy", "Dead and Alive", "Flame Thrower Love", "Calling on You", and the title track) actually spit some fire. In short, it's an essential purchase for genuine punks. (JB)

(BAD BOY/CHANCTON HOUSE/GLOUCESTER ROAD/BURGESS HILL RH15 8QD/ENGLAND)



DEADITES

"Better Luck Next Time" CD

Tenth-generation MISFITS clones with fast Fat Wreck Chords giddy-up drumming and a bit of a country twang (hell, they even do the obligatory JOHNNY CASH cover). They show some real personality and potential, and their own record

title might just prove to be true for them. Cool packaging. (JC)



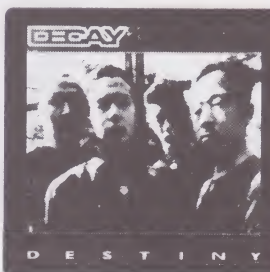
(CRAPTACULAR/504 EAST LA SALLE STREET/COS, CO 80907)

DECAY

"Destiny" CD

This band has been around for about seven years, and this is their debut CD. After all that much time, you'd better be able to write some good songs, and DECAY have done so. They rock out in a late 80's hardcore way, not unlike SICK OF IT ALL and MADBALL. This is worth checking out, and although they're Japanese they sound as New York-bred as AGNOSTIC FRONT. (BAM)

(SUBURBAN HOME/1750 30TH STREET #365/BOULDER, CO 80301)



DEFECTIVES

"D Is For Defective" 7" EP

The A-side of this EP is a pretty good uptempo rocker with a "rave-up" feel to it. Unfortunately, on the flipside they degenerate into a pretty lame bar band. (JC)



(CACOPHONE/PO Box 6058/ALBANY, NY 12206)

DEGRADE

"We Battle for Victory" CD

The drummer in this band is unreal. Being ultra precise and super fast, he sounds like a machine or at least like Dave Witte of DISCORDER DANCE AXIS. This CD is super D.I.Y. because it is really obvious the one of the guys in the band made it on his home computer. The CD jacket is

completely blank on the inside, and there is no band contact address, lyrics, or anything. DEGRADE consider themselves "100% pure battlegrind". Hmmm...I'm not too

into their cheesy guitar hooks or the lame "spooky" effects on the singer's voice. Even though the drummer is good, this really isn't worth paying for. (AD)

(WAR ATROCITY/PO Box 320/ST. PETERS, NSW 2044/AUSTRALIA)



DEHUMANIZED

"Problems First" CD

The debut effort from a much-touted band. While there is undoubtedly potential aplenty, a tinny production does them no favors. Nevertheless, at their finest, a healthy early U.K. SUBS sound rises above. One to look out for. (RK)

(NEW RED ARCHIVES/PO Box 210501/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94121)



DEMENTIA THIRTEEN

"Rock and Roll Martyrs" 7" EP

Four guys that are impeccable dressers and have amazing eyebrows and who play the sort of raw, primitive, lo-fi garage music that I dig. Their six songs are

akin to those of the LYRES or the CYNICS. This band is obviously willing to die for your pop music sins, but what have you done for them lately? Buying this record might be a start. (JC)

(HEARTLESS/242 GLEN AVENUE/PORT CHESTER, NY 10573)



DEMONICS

"Say-Ten/Drug Race In The Cemetery" 7"

Super cool, devilish, hot-rod rock. This 7"er blows away their earlier CD, and Jeff Bale says that they're great live. If this record is any example of their live prowess, then show me where to buy a ticket. (JC)

(JUST ADD WATER/PO Box 420661/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94142)



DESCENDENTS

"Bonus Cup/Theme" 7"

SoCal melodic punk that is usually loads of fun, as the DESCENDENTS are the kings of "sensitive guy" music. This particular record isn't going to amaze anyone, but if you're a serious fan you'll undoubtedly dig it. The A-side is a ska-flavored pop song, while the flip is a variation on the "theme" song from the "Everything Sucks" album. (JC)

(SESSIONS/5 JANIS WAY/SCOTTS VALLEY, CA 95066)

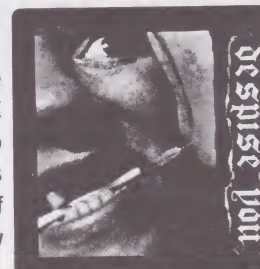


DESPISE YOU

"West Side Horizons" CD

This CD is a great all-in-one package that covers the history of DESPISE YOU from start to finish. This gem has 62 songs on it, 16 of them brand new and 46 from previous releases, some of which are from their numerous splits with bands like STAPLED SHUT and SUPPRESSION, to name only a couple. That alone should be a pretty good hint as to what the songs on here sound like: fast, short, and brutal. I like it like that. (AD)

(NO ADDRESS)



DESPISED

"Scourge of the South" 7" EP

The DESPISED are apparently no strangers to run-ins with the law, what with songs like "Two Pigs Down" and "Blow Up The Courthouse". Geez, these boys hate the Man, which is fine by me. They come from Atlanta and play furious punk, with a touch of metal thrown in for good measure. Their live show would probably draw the likes of both skins and long-hairs, a la the CRO MAGS. But I guess we'll never know, since I've heard that they have called it quits.

(KANGAROO/MIDDENWEG 13/1098 AA
AMSTERDAM/NETHERLANDS)



DEVOID OF FAITH/9 SHOCKS TERROR

split 7" EP

The 9 SHOCKS TERROR side absolutely kills! They are one of those exceptional bands that manages to be snotty as fuck, punk as fuck, and fast as fuck. DEVOID OF FAITH are good too, but not as good as 9 SHOCKS TERROR. Both bands complement each other well. (AD)

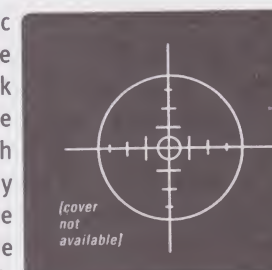
(GLOOM/PO Box 14253/ALBANY, NY 12212)



DING DANG

"Ding Dang IV" LP

Country music is all the rage within the punk and alternative scenes now, with full country albums out by the likes of the SUPERSUCKERS, WEEN, and MIKE NESS, and new country-punk ensembles like DING DANG, the EAST



REVIEWS

BAY DRIFTERS, and RED MEAT springing up all over the Bay Area. This lineup features a pack of East Bay luminaries from bands like SCHLONG, OP-IVY, VERBAL ABUSE, and even NEUROSIS's roadie, and they've definitely got the drunken swagger side of country down. Some fine original tunes and some choice covers make this record stand atop the pack within the modern cowpunk pile. (JC)

(PROBE/PO Box 5068/PLEASANTON, CA 94566)

DIRTBOMBS

"All Geeked Up" 7" EP

Bass-heavy noise punk with sardonic lyrics. Imagine the MINUTEMEN without the horrible jazzy flourishes or an AmRep band that actually rocks once in a while, and you'll have some idea of what they sound like. Even so, the DIRTBOMBS are a bit too tuneless and experimental (especially on "Infrared") for my tastes. (JB)

(IN THE RED/2627 EAST STRONG PLACE/ANAHEIM, CA)



DIRTY BURDS

"Gotta Go" 7" EP

This band lives up to its name, 'cause they're all "birds" and they play dirty-sounding 60's garage-style punk. Needless to say, their cool mid-60s look is matched here by three primitive bursts of girl punk with a nice pounding drum sound (especially evident on "Almost There"). Good stuff. (JB)

(RAPID PULSE/PO Box 5075/MILFORD, CT 06460)



SHITLIST

DISASTERS

"Are There Any Real Punks Left?" CD

These guys sound remarkably like an even more lo-fi CRUMBS, a demo-tape version if you will. They aren't nearly as cool as the aforementioned Floridians, but they ain't all that bad either. (Jer)

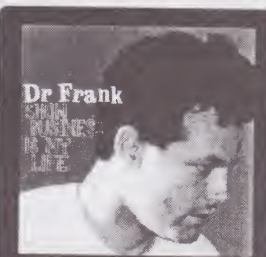


(SMC/217 HUNTINGTON AVE./BRONX, NY 10465)

DR. FRANK

"Showbusiness Is My Life" CD

No real surprises here. Given that Mr. Frank is the singer/songwriter/axeman for the MR. T EXPERIENCE, this sounds pretty much as you would expect. Some tracks are acoustic, some are with a full rock band comprised of various punk rock luminaries. I don't think this'll draw in any new rabid fans, but those enamored with MTX will want this. If you've never come across either, go for "Making Things With Light." (RK)



(LOOKOUT/PO Box 11374/BERKELEY, CA 94712)

DOGFIGHT

7" EP

Since all of the songs are sung in Italian, I can't tell you what they're singing about, but they sure sound pissed. Musically, DOGFIGHT is pretty thrashy and sloppy. They aren't doing anything I haven't heard before,



but it's still pretty good. (AD)

(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)

DONNAS

"Get Skintight" LP/CD

I'm not quite sure why the DONNAS have been subjected to such an unprecedented amount of bad press and malicious gossip. So what if earlier on they didn't write all their own songs, so what if they're not all as hot as Donna R, and so what if they've been blessed with more initial success than many other male and female punk outfits? That doesn't change the fact that this record, like their last, is filled with an enjoyable combination of RAMONES-style punk and tougher hard rock, or that they come up with some very clever "schoolgirl" lyrics. This new CD is rockin', so get off their backs. (JB)



(LOOKOUT/PO Box 11374/BERKELEY, CA 94712)

DOWNLINER'S SECT

"Be a Sect Maniac" CD

A fine collection of songs by the DOWNLINER'S SECT, one of the rootsier of the guitar-heavy 60's beat groups in the UK. Here one can find a slew of powerful originals and covers, including their unparalleled version of "Glendora" (with its prescient proto-punk line about a girl who has a "mouth full of safety pins"!), their fast P&B (punk & blues) quintet of numbers with the word "sect" cleverly inserted into their titles, catchy blasts like the fuzzed-out "Why Don't You Smile Now" and "I'll Find Out", and the freakbeat stomper "White Catapilla". If you like dual crunch guitars, a bass loud enough to blow out your speakers, and an ultra-tight rhythm section, this CD is just what the doctor ordered. (JB)



(NO LABEL OR ADDRESS LISTED)

DOWN-N-OUTS

"The Lowdown Sounds of..." 7" EP

If you've spent the past couple of years with your head up Billy Childish's bung-hole, waiting for your retro-as-fuck, derivative, garage/lo-fi/60s hybrid fix and wondering where the knuckle-draggers with the Brian Jones flowerpot hairdo's and Beatle boots went, boy have I got news for you! Denver's stompmongers the DOWN-N-OUTS go for caveman glory like there's no tomorrow. This wailing platter is limited to 500 copies, so pick it up. (TS)

(NO ADDRESS)



DRONES

"Sorted" CD

As far as I can ascertain, this is a brand new collection from these original 77 veterans. And time doesn't appear to have taken much of a toll at all. The same punk 'n' roll sensibilities remain, along with an ear for a fine melody. Some of the snarl and bite found on such early classics as "Lookalikes" and "Corgi Crap" is missing, but this is still a fine release that won't disappoint fans. They even manage to make "American Pie" and "Heard It Through The Grapevine" sound like they might have been DRONES originals. (RK)



(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

DRONES

"Sorted/Johnny Go Home '97" 7"

Every Oi boy should know about the legendary DRONES, and if they don't they should be forced to grow long hair. The DRONES put out some great English punk records during the late 70s, and their first LP has long been one of my favorites. Sadly,

this is a reformed 1997 DRONES, and it pales in comparison to the original. The songs are OK, but the delivery is much slower and more watered

down. Even so, I'm keeping this just to thank them for all the joy they've given me throughout the years. (GL)

(ALTERNATIVE ACTION/PO Box 174/11101 RIHIMAKI/FINLAND)

DRONES

"Take Shelter" CD

Recorded live in Japan in 1998 and featuring 25 tracks, including all their classics. The sound quality is pretty good, and it's always a relief

when a once mighty band doesn't completely embarrass themselves 20 years later. Fans will not be disappointed, but the uninitiated should seek out their "Further Temptations" CD instead, since it gathers together their epic debut and 7"ers, essential stuff all. (RK)

(ALTERNATIVE ACTION/PO Box 174/11101 RIHIMAKI/FINLAND)

DRUNK'N ANGER CD

A bona fide, certified, 100 % non-profit, DIY release that reeks of pechulli oil And brings images to mind of dread-locked jugglers. These contenders

for the "Canadian DISORDER" title might trade a copy of this for your homemade CRASS patch in true non-profit spirit and put your name on the thank list of their next album's for it, but don't expect anything spectacular from a band whose raison d'etre is summed up in the slogan "drinking, barf-



ing, and playing sick". (TS)

(NO ADDRESS)

DUKES OF HAMBURG

"Twist Time Im Star-Club Hamburg" LP

I'm always amazed when I hear a DUKES OF H A M B U R G record, since Russell Quan is the Drummer of the Decade as far as I'm concerned, but here he's singin' instead of playin' drums. It's so fucking good that maybe he should try and become a one-man band. The DUKES play their 60's covers to perfection, but also change the lyrics and throw in some originals. It comes across as lots of fun, and is recorded well. They also rule live, as the other band member's wigs and glasses usually come flying off while Russell's jumpin' around like a spastic. (GL)

(DIONYSUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)

PAT DULL & HIS MEDIA WHORES

"Gimme the Whores" CD

Since Michigan lost to Ohio State last year, I should penalize these cats just for being from Columbus. But I'm far too nice to do that.

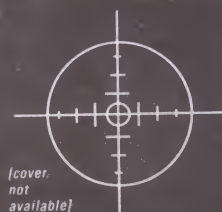
Basically, PAT DULL and company play pop punk or perhaps power pop that ranges from the appealingly amateurish and clever ("Yeah, Yeah, Yeah") to the annoyingly sappy and college radio-oriented ("Oh Robyn"). Overall this CD won't knock you upside the head, but their songs are surprisingly good. Although in theory I should probably hate this band, at the moment I find them strangely refreshing. (JB)

(BREAK-UP/PO Box 15372/COLUMBUS, OH 43215)

GIMME THE WHORES



Pat Dull and his Media Whores



REVIEWS

EGON

"Disillusioned Leftist" CD

Great title.

Unfortunately, it's a droning collection of dirges which seems to be the sort of typical fodder that passes itself off as "intense" or "emotional" these days. HUSKER DU were emotional. RITES OF SPRING were intense. This would be laughable in comparison, if the first two songs hadn't already cut my attention span to that of a de-energized slug. (RK)

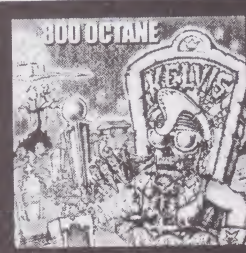
(NO LABEL/3209 N STANTON/EL PASO, TX 79902)

800 OCTANE

"The Kelvis" CD

A fine exponent of the hard-driving rock end of the punk rock spectrum. Mix up pre-thrash MIS-FITS with CLOWNS FOR PROGRESS, and you have one rocking disc. Fortunately, the ELVIS infatuation doesn't hurt either. (RK)

(WE GOT RECORDS/623 NE 21ST/PORTLAND, OR 97232)



ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN

"Me No Like You" CD

This is a live record that's way better than most of the live stuff they already have out. I think it was recorded right after Steve Miller first got back in the band, which is definitely a good thing. Their set list on this CD is missing



SHITLIST

some of the hits you might expect to find, but this is still a great sampling of their songs. (BAM)

(SONIC SWIRL/PO Box 770303/LAKWOOD, OH 44107)

ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN 2000 "Taking You Down/I Just Can't Kick" 7"

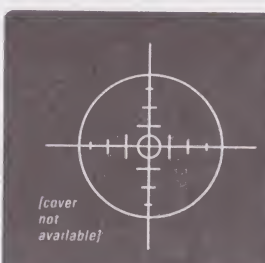
E.F. 2000 is basically E.F. without Jim Foster, who was opposed to E.F. having so many releases. But if they all rock I don't care, and this one does in fact rock. The A-side is your typical E.F. chord-hoppin' rocker, but I find the flipside to be the real winner. If you can imagine this band doing a RICK SPRINGFIELD-type song, that's what you'll find here. (BAM)

(TKO/4104 24TH STREET #103/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114)

EPILEPTIX "Greatest Fits" LP

The only good thing about this record is that it plays from the inside out. It starts off—yuck!—with an audio sample by Divine. Musically, it sounds like they recorded it in a tin shack with one mic, as it consists mainly of screaming, incomprehensible vocals flooded by some raw guitar noise. And is that supposed to be Alfred E. Neuman covered in Swazzees on the cover? I think the EPILEPTIX must be insane. (IR)

(TOM PERKINS/PO Box 970936/YPSILANTI, MI/48197)

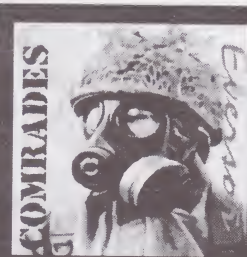


[cover not available]

EVERSOR/COMRADES split 7"

What a weird split. EVERSOR from Italy play very melodic and "soothing" music that at times is almost pretty sounding. The vocals remind me of ALL's Scott Reynolds, and I really like this band. Why can't American bands that make this type of music sound this good? COMRADES, on the other hand, play choppy, grindy, jaded, straightedge stuff. They even apologize in advance on the lyric sheet to Eversor's fans. (AD)

(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)



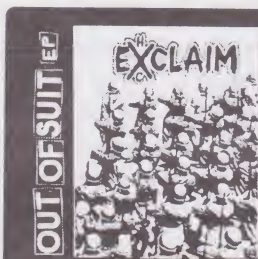
EVICTED "Still Losing" CD

This is definitely retard rock. It's your (notice how I spelled that, fellas?) basic QUEERS-type pop punk with lyrics that make the NOBODYS seem like fucking PhDs. Well, at least this is basically a demo (it's a CDR with a homemade cover), so maybe it won't be forced on the public at large. (Jer)

(NO LABEL OR ADDRESS LISTED)

EXCLAIM "Out of Suit" 7" EP

This is another whacked-out, crazy Japanese hardcore band delivered to us courtesy of Sound Pollution. The daft boys of EXCLAIM play at a demented, super high speed that at times is reminiscent of the old Thrasher magazine "skate rock" compilations. Definitely not a



record to listen to if you have a heart condition. (AD)

(SOUND POLLUTION/PO Box 17742/COVINGTON, KY 41017)

FAIRLANES "Bite Your Tongue" CD EP

Some powerful, speedy pop-punk in the style popularized by the likes of BLINK 182. A fine 8-track offering. It includes MADONNA and WHITE LION covers, but frankly I preferred their 6 originals. (RK)

(SUBURBAN HOME/1750 30TH STREET #365/BOULDER, CO 80301)



FANG/OPPRESSED LOGIC split 7" EP

OPPRESSED LOGIC stumble drunkenly through three songs about beer. That's a big surprise! FANG comes out of the gate with an Oi-influenced song entitled "Last Resort", and finish up with a 1999 version of "Skinheads Smoke Dope". Make what you will of this info, but I myself am going to go and listen to my "Landshark" 12" again. (BAM)

(BEER CITY/PO Box 26035/MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)



FIENDS "Gravedigger" LP

This band reeks of 80's, 80's, 80's garage. Imagine the GRAVEDIGGER FIVE, the CYNICS, the FUZZTONES, the PRIMATES, the VIPERS, THEE



[cover not available]

FOURGIVEN, the CHEEPSKATES, and the UNCLAIMED, and you'll get the basic picture. The fuzz sound is pretty meaty, but I can't take those over the top, exaggerated vocals. It worked as a joke for the GRAVEDIGGER FIVE, but man, this is way too much. They do covers, including the FALLEN ANGELS' "Badwoman", the FIVE CANADIANS' "Writing on the Wall", and the ONE WAY STREETS' "Jack the Ripper", so obviously these guys own some "Pebbles" comps. This band doesn't really do it for me, but then again they wouldn't have done it for me in 1985, either. (TL)

(DIONYSUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)

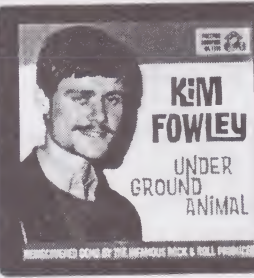
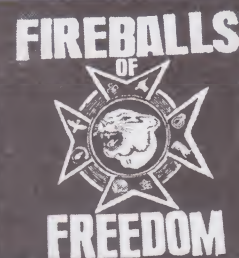
FIREBALLS OF FREEDOM "Viva El Gato" 7" EP

Frenetic, trashy, noisy, garage-y "punk rock". These guys seem to be quite the rage, but I don't quite get it. They've got pretty dissonant, trebly guitars, but basically no song structures. "Viva El Gato" is not really a song, "Fighting With Knives" is a bit more palatable, and "Von Ferno" is clearly the standout track, with its somewhat catchy hooks. I already can't remember what the other songs sound like. (JAW)

(EMPTY/PO Box 19034/SEATTLE, WA 96102)

KIM FOWLEY "Underground Animal" CD

How can one begin to rationally evaluate the long, strange, psychotic musical trip of Svengali-like KIM FOWLEY, one of the eccentric geniuses in the esoteric history of rock 'n' roll? Among numerous other things, he apparently recorded a novelty "mod" song with the ROLLING STONES and manufactured the RUNAWAYS, but on this CD one finds a collection of bizarre and often very cool "redis-



covered gems" he produced or performed on during the late 1950s and 1960s. It's an eclectic mix ranging from doo-wop to girl group to R&B to East LA cholo to novelty (e.g., his own "Astrology") to instrumental to Tex-Mex to bubble gum to the unclassifiable. The only thing that links them is that they are all the products of a true original. (JB)

(DIONYSUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)

FRANTICS "Downer" CD

Snotty, melodic punk. Some fine hooks make this a catchy debut. It'll be interesting to see how they develop. (RK)

(SPIDER CLUB MUSIC/PO Box 11124/WHITTIER, CA 90603)



FULL SPEED AHEAD "Born and Bred" 7" EP

Skate rock for the 90s. This is music for the 3AM ramp jams, and is sort of a cross between mid-80's LA punk and hardcore. People who are into JFA, ILL REPUTE, and CIRCLE JERKS should love FULL SPEED AHEAD. (BAM)

(TEAMWORK/PO Box 4473/WAYNE, NJ 07474)

FUZZ FACTOR "Make Their Move" CD

This is pretty boring pop punk, which surprises me since it's on the cool Amp label. The singer sounds too much like the guy from the SMOK-



REVIEWS

ING POPES, or maybe even a pre-teen MORRISEY. As a result, this didn't really do anything for me. (Jer)

(AMP/92 KENILWORTH AVE S./HAMILTON, ONTARIO L8K-2S9/CANADA)

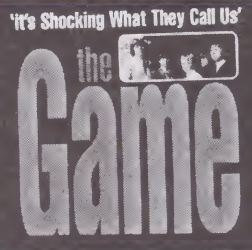
GAME "It's Shocking What They Call Us" CD

The GAME were an outstanding mid-60's British band that offer astute listeners a sonic excursion through each successive phase in the evolution of beat music between 1965 and 1967. Their songs range from melodic BEATLESque numbers ("But I Do") through heavier WHO-influenced modbeat rockers ("Gotta Wait") and blistering freakbeat pounders (the title track) up to guitar-heavy psychedelia ("When I Was Young") in their later LAVENDER GROVE incarnation. But what's amazing about the GAME is that they produced great cuts in every single sub-genre they tried their hand at. Multiple versions of their banned drug song "The Addicted Man" are included. (JB)

(DIG IT, NO ADDRESS)

GIDGET GEIN & THE DALI GAGGERS "Confessions of a Spooky Kid" CD

Gidget Gein is a former MARYLIN MANSON bass player, and this DALI GAGGERS record contains some fairly heavy rockin' trash. "Pickled Punk" and "9-11-69" (song #6) are the standout tracks, thanks to their drive and pummeling beats, while "Rotten People" has a vague early 70's ALICE COOPER vibe. The rest is in



SHITLIST

the slightly arty glam metal category and hence is of less interest. (JB)

(G. GEIN/PO Box 323/DOBBS FERRY, NY 10522)

GLUECIFER

"Head To Head Boredom" CD

A fantastic slab of raging rock 'n' roll excitement. They kick it off in high gear and never look back, tearing down the highway to hell like ZEKE or the HELLACOPTERS. It's always fun to try and figure out the lyrics of bands originating in places like Norway, but I'd like to find out exactly what the song "Dogburner" is about. (JC)

(DEVIL DOLL/PO Box 30727/LONG BEACH, CA 90853)

GLUECIFER

"Soaring with the Eagles at Night..." CD

These guys kick my monkey ass so hard I gotta hurl turds every time I see them, and that's no small feat, hipsters. The KINGS OF ROCK's patented blizzard of super-sonic rifforama remains unchallenged, though there's MUCH more seventies hardrock thrown in this time, the kind that owes EVERYTHING to THE NUGE / BLUE OYSTER CULT and NOTHING to icons in the heavy "stoner rock" camp. GLUECIFER are the cream of the crop on the current Euro-rock front today, hands down. (TS)

(WHITE JAZZ/Box 2140/10314 STOCKHOLM/SWEDEN)



[cover not available]

GORDEN SOLIE MOTHERFUCKERS

"Chairshot Politics"

Absolutely frantic skate rock/hardcore with screaming vocals. The energy level is so high they sound like they're bouncing off the walls!

They generally have strong political lyrics, although I'm not sure about the reference to "hermaphraditic polar bears". (JC)

(RIVER ON FIRE/PO Box 771296/LAKEWOOD, OH 44107)



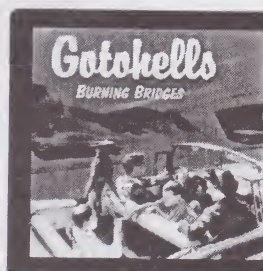
GOTOHELLS

"Burning Bridges" CD

The third full-length from these Florida rockers, and they've finally fine-tuned the patent to that DEAD BOYS "Young, Loud &

Snotty" sound and songbook. And boy, do they get their money's worth, since this is a kick-ass release. A true high-octane powerhouse that blows away the lo-fi garbage that masquerades as garage these days. (RK)

(VAGRANT/2118 WILSHIRE BLVD. #361/SANTA MONICA, CA 90403)



GRAND PRICKS

"Even Hitler Had A Girlfriend" 7" EP

This band sounds like they're straight outta 1977. They don't play Oi-ish streetpunk, but rather punky stuff like the DEAD KENNEDYS and CRIME once did. It's a bit different stylistically, which is a rarity these days, and is limited to 300 copies. Don't miss out. (BAM)

(HOLLOW BUNNY/PO Box 32364/RALEIGH, NC 27636)

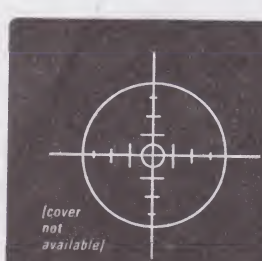


GRIEVANCE

"Miranda" 12" EP

Scream-y, growl-y, metal-y...I don't know how else to describe it. The band is from Italy and all of their lyrics are in Italian, so I can't tell you about those, either. There are so many bands playing this style now that I don't know how else to describe it. It's really heavy "modern" hardcore. (AD)

(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69, 00146 ROMA/ITALY)



[cover not available]

GROWING CONCERN

"Never Fades Away" CD

This style of music, which is similar to that of early DAG NASTY and H2O, seemed to fade away by the late 80s. These Italians are doing

their best to recapture those heady days of unity, brotherhood, and staying straight. (And did I mention that they sounded like H2O?) I'm sure that they'll never give in, never give up, and will be there to help their brothers, unless of course they sink into a cycle of drug and alcohol abuse. (RK)

(SOA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67-69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)



GUTTERMOUTH

"Gorgeous" CD

Now listen carefully, kids. This isn't funny and it isn't clever. To call it infantile would concede that the originators had a modicum of intelligence afforded to at least an animate object. The sad reality is that this can only



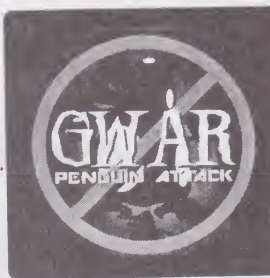
be described as the creation of someone (or other) with the collective mind of a pebble. The music (to stretch the boundaries of accepted word association) might accurately be termed a bucket of shite. The only sad irony is that I might get a good trade-in price for this, since someone out there might dig this atonal, whiny bollocks. (RK)

(NITRO/7071 WARNER AVE, SUITE F-736/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647)

GWAR

"Penguin Attack/Hate Love Songs" 7"

A brand new chunk of insanity from these shock rockers, and it seems like it's been a while. Both songs are great. There are no surprises with "Penguin Attack", which sticks close to their usual punk/metal fare, but "Hate Love Songs" is a much more straightforward and upbeat punk cut that reminds me of FEAR. (JC)



(SESSIONS/5 JANIS WAY/SCOTTS VALLEY, CA 95066)

H2O

"F.T.T.W" CD

I'm sure that the converted will lap this thing up, although I don't think a horrible, weedy production has done them any favors. Hardcore for the hardcore, if that's your thing. (RK)



(EPITAPH/2798 SUNSET BLVD./LOS ANGELES, CA 90026)

HARD-ONS

"You Disappointed Me/Say Goodbye" 7"

I wonder if the label provided the A-side with its title after hearing the record. This

is a surprisingly weak effort from a once great band, since they've made an unwelcome transition from classic punk to boring indie rock. Very sad indeed. (BAM)

(RADIO BLAST/PO Box 1603081/40566 DUSSELDORF/GERMANY)

HARKONEN

"Hung Out to Dry" 7" EP

This is arty "post-hardcore" hardcore stuff. The songwriting is boring, but if you feel the need to check out a bad version of SNAPCASE, have a listen to HARKONEN. (BAM)

(EXCURSION/PO Box 20224/SEATTLE, WA 98102)



CHARLIE HARPER

"New Barbarians: The Best Of Charlie Harper & The Urban Dogs" CD

A collection, as the title suggests, of CHARLIE HARPER's finest non-U.K. SUBS moments. In the early 80s, he actually released a couple of solo 7"s, a solo LP and two LPs with the URBAN DOGS. Pretty much what one would expect, with a leaning towards the more blues/rock end of Britpunk. A lot of the tracks are actually reworkings of U.K. SUBS and VIBRATORS (Knox played guitar for the URBAN DOGS) songs. There are some real standouts here, including a great reworking of 'Warhead', together with some fairly pedestrian material. (RK)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



REVIEWS

HEFNERS

"Lay Off, This Is The Old Man's Private Poison" CD

60's-styled garage rock in the vein of the MUMMIES, but way less exciting. These guys seem to be lacking in energy, and their keyboards sound out of tune. Tim Kerr produced, but even so it doesn't sound all that impressive. Nice artwork, though. (Jer)

(MIDDLE CLASS PIG/ERLENWEG 4/72076 TUBINGEN/GERMANY)

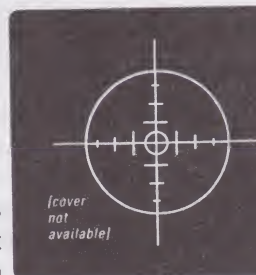


HELLACOPTERS

"Disappointment Blues" 10" EP

A collection of hard-to-find tracks and B-sides by the early 'COPTERS in that annoying 10" format that always seems to get lost in the Bermuda Triangle section of my record collection. This Australian-only release was intended to support their shows down under, so it's not too surprising that they took the Detroit-via-Australia route by covering RADIO BIRDMAN and SONICS RENDEZVOUS BAND songs. But it's the originals, particularly the title track (which rips off "City Slang" quite nicely) and "Long Gone Losers", which explain why the 'COPTERS are the biggest name in Euro Rock today. (TS)

(AuGoGo/GPO Box 542D/MELBOURNE, VICTORIA 3001/AUSTRALIA)



HELLACOPTERS

"Down Right Blue / Thanks For Nothing" 7"

The two-chord MC5 "Looking At You" riff still kicks major butt. On this 'COPTERS

SHITLIST

release there's a guest appearance by SONIC'S RENDEZVOUS BAND's Scott Morgan. An awesome release by one of the crappiest labels around, adorned with cool cover art by P. Bagge. (TS)

(SUB POP/1932 FIRST AVENUE #1103/SEATTLE, WA 98102)

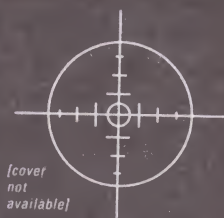
HELLACOPTERS "Grande Rock" CD

This sounds totally like KISS in their Ace Frehley days, and there's even a song here called "Paul Stanley". The greater part of the 7" releases these insanely prolific Swedes put out every month were somewhat...ummm, underwhelming, but instead of blowing their wads on 45s they saved the good stuff for their third consecutive ass-kicking album. If you were raised on KISS, as I was, you'll love this. (TS)

(WHITE JAZZ/BOX 2140/10314 STOCKHOLM/SWEDEN)

HELLDORADO "I Can Quit Anytime" LP

Stylistically, this is alright. It's got two guitarists, a drummer, a singer, and no bass player, which makes it somewhat interesting. But overall this is pretty damned boring. Every song blends indistinguishably into the next, except for the NINE POUND HAMMER cover, "Run Fat Boy Run". (JAW)



(EMPTY/PO Box 19034/SEATTLE, WA 96102)

HOLLYWOOD BRATS "Chez Maximes" LP

A terrific collection of material by mid-70's British glam rockers the HOLLYWOOD BRATS. Most of their songs are raunchy and memorable (especially "Zurich 17", "Chez Maximes", and "Another School Day"), but what makes this band of even greater interest is the fact that future BOYS keyboardist Casino Steele was a member. Hence one can hear killer glam versions of two later BOYS classics, versions which are slower but every bit as vitriolic—if not more so—than those of the BOYS themselves. This is particularly true of "Sick on You", which is really ahead of its time. (JB)

(GET BACK/

HOMEWRECKERS "I Want More/Built To Last" 7"

I guess that Todd Youth has gone the way of Mike Judge, having finally figured out that playing rock 'n' roll in bars is way cooler than reciting clichés to straight edge dorks. But the HOMEWRECKERS are better than Mike Judge's OLD SMOKE, since they do some great HEARTBREAKERS-style rockers with hooks. (BAM)

(007/534 E. 14TH STREET #15/NEW YORK, NY 10009)

HOT WATER MUSIC "Live at the Hardback" CD

This might be the best band going right now. They simulate the songwriting of JAWBREAKER, and then rock the material out like AVAIL would. I would rank "Fuel For The Hate Game" and "No Division" as two of

the greatest records ever. But this new live record, in contrast to AVAIL's, is definitely not one of their best releases. The songs are good, but the playing is not as tight as it should be and the lack of volume between songs is rather off-putting. Buy their studio LPs first. (BAM)

(NO IDEA/PO Box 14636/GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)

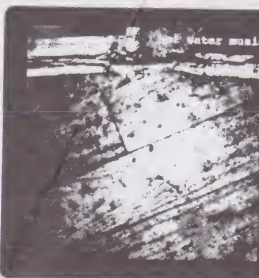
HOT WATER MUSIC "Moonpies For Misfits" CD EP

If you haven't heard HOT WATER MUSIC yet, you're missing out. Some people call them "emo", but they don't know what they're talking about. The band's sound is a perfect marriage between that of AVAIL and that of JAWBREAKER, so you can't really go wrong. The four songs on this CD have also been released on two 7" records, so you can get them in either format. (BAM)

(NO IDEA/PO Box 14636/GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)

HOT WATER MUSIC "No Division" CD

HOT WATER MUSIC deliver their first full-length since 1997's "Forever and Counting," and it's stunner. Produced by GORILLA BISCUITS/QUICKSAND honcho Walter Schreifels (who also provides backing vox), HWM add some youth crew backing tracks, give Tim Barry of AVAIL some lead vocal time, and add a little steel guitar to their strongest collection of songwriting to date, coming away with a disc that edges out 1996's fantastic "Fuel For the Hate Game" as



their best work so far. "It's Hard to Know" reworks JAWBREAKER's "Outpatient" and comes out a winner, the title track simply smokes, "Hit and Miss" wins the coveted Track of the Disc award, and "In Song" ends the record on the redemptive note that it builds toward all along. HWM have re-fashioned hardcore for the turn of the millenium; stripping away the tough-guy posturing while honing the confrontational nature of the music into a beautifully ragged blade that cuts poetically through the bullshit. Undoubtedly one of the finest hardcore/post-harcore documents of 1999. (DGJ)

(SOME/122 W. 29TH ST./NEW YORK, NY 10001)

HUDSON FALCONS "26+6=1" 7" EP

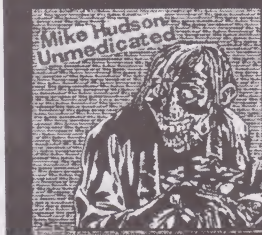
It's about fucking time that we've heard from Headache, which has long been one of the best US punk labels. This great HUDSON FALCONS 7" sounds like top of the line SWINGIN' UTTERS material, as it's catchy singalong 77-style punk with an Irish influence. (BAM)

(HEADACHE/PO Box 204/MIDLAND PARK, NJ 07432)

MIKE HUDSON UNMEDICATED "Anything/Downtown Beirut" 7"

The return of ex-PAGANS front-man Mike Hudson is always something to be welcomed, however transitory it may be. As always, his mighty snarl sounds terrific, and in this case it graces two hauntingly down-and-out and abrasive mid-tempo punkers (including a new, louder version of the great "Downtown Beirut"). This is what younger punks would use as inspiration if they had any fuckin' sense. (JB)

(SONIC SWIRL/PO Box 770330/LAKEWOOD, OH 44107)



HUNTINGTONS "File Under Ramones" CD

The RAMONES finally called it quits a couple of years ago, and pretty much every RAMONES record (aside from their "Acid Eaters" cover album) has already been covered in their entirety—some of them twice—by a string of cool younger bands. So why on earth do we need the HUNTINGTONS to add their not particularly interesting take on the RAMONES with a full album of assorted RAMONES hits? The versions are relatively dead on, but why not just listen to an actual RAMONES album and relish in the beauty of the real thing? (JC)

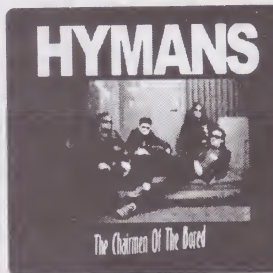
(TOOTH & NAIL/PO Box 2699/SEATTLE, WA 98111)



HYMANS "The Chairmen of the Bored" CD

One of the many cool punk releases on the relatively obscure Amp label. The HYMANS are a bunch of Swedes (or is it Finns?) who look to the RAMONES for inspiration, but like Seattle's HEAD (and unlike so many other Queens wannabes) they manage to do their mentors proud. The songs are exceptionally catchy, the guitars are plenty loud, the overall sound is powerful, the vocalist is frighteningly reminiscent of JOEY R, and the lyrics have just the right combination of humor, cynicism, and pathos. As they say, "play fast 'n loud, be Hymen proud." I second that emotion. (JB)

(AMP/92 KENILWORTH AVENUE S./HAMILTON, ONTARIO L8K 2S9/CANADA)



ILL REPUTE "And Now..." CD

These guys are still putting Oxnard on the map after all these years. And they are actually sounding better and better. Big

REVIEWS

beefy production, some excellent songmanship, and a more mature, melodic hardcore sound is showcased on this latest offering. A pretty decent version of CHEAP TRICK's "Surrender" doesn't appear out of place, which will give a fair indication of where they are at musically these days. I dunno who did it first, but their logo is almost identical to that of PENNYWISE (not that it matters). (RK)

(THE EDGE/PO Box 7111/OXNARD, CA 93031)



IMPORTS "Bitchin K-Car" CD

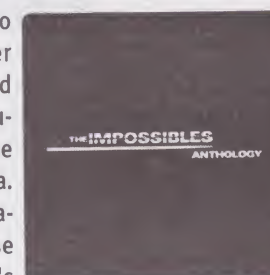
I really try to give bands the benefit of the doubt, since I know it can be a lot of work to even get a CD out. But maybe it should be even harder, since every month we have to wade through a big pile of bad, generic music in order to find the real gems. This is yet another poorly-produced (and I don't mean lo-fi) record with weedy vocals and weak pop punk melodies. Better luck next time. (JC)

(BAD STAIN/PO Box 35254/PHOENIX, AZ 85069)



IMPOSSIBLES "Anthology" CD

I think it's safe to say that over the past year and a half of oversaturation, I've come to truly hate ska. But for some reason, I like these guys. Maybe it's because they sound as much like WEEZER as



SHITLIST

they do like LESS THAN JAKE. This CD is a compilation of everything they've released in their brief career, and from what I've heard on the radio lately, you could do much worse. Then again... (Jer)

(FUELED BY RAMEN/PO Box 12563/GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)

INTENSIVE CARE "The Oi Collection" CD

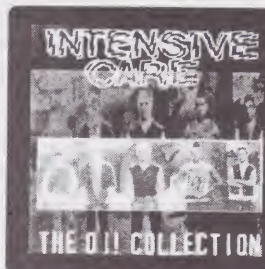
Pretty much every track recorded from the brief career of this mid-80s (what would be termed nowadays) "street-punk" band from England. The tracks are gleaned from the second No Future comp, a couple of Oi compilations, a 7", and a whole host of tracks which never came out before. Pretty standard fare for the genre. It always surprises me, revisiting such music, how slow and even plodding most Britpunk was in those days. (RK)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS, HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

INTERSTATE "Find Your Own Way Home" CD

A very well constructed reconstruction of the LIFETIME or JAWBREAKER hardcore/emo ethic. I suspect that these guys fancy themselves in the TORCHES TO ROME and HOT WATER MUSIC emotional intensity bracket, and if these 8 songs are anything to go by they may yet pull it off. (RK)

(YOUNG@HEART/PO Box 65453/SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84165)



JACK BLACK "Got Jack Black if You Want It..." CD

This is very generic pseudo-rockabilly stuff. It's as if they said, "I think I'm gonna record a live album of 100% mediocre crap that all sounds exactly the same and could actually become an arena-rawk monstrosity." On a more positive note, the sound is really good for a live record. But I hate live records, so who cares? (JAW)

(CACOPHANE/PO Box 6058/ALBANY, NY 12206)

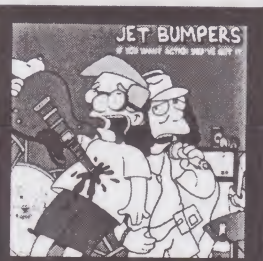
J.F.A. "Only Live Once" CD

Oh dear. Fair enough. One can still, after all this time, be possessed to skate. But what lil' devil with a skewed sense of humor keeps popping up on these guys' collective shoulder and whispering in their ears that they should keep reforming. They used to be really great, odd vocal stylings aside. Now they are, well, not so good. (Perhaps not so) Ironically, the best track on this new offering is the instrumental. (RK)

(HURRICANE/1573 No. MILWAUKEE, Box 422/CHICAGO, IL 60622)

JET BUMPERS "If You Want Action You Got It" 7" EP

Ballsy rock and roll music with almost glam-type vocals. On this record the JET BUMPERS showcase real heavy guitar work, a bad drum



recording, handclaps, and great songs. (BAM)

(RADIO BLAST/PO Box 1603081/40566 DUSSELDORF/GERMANY)

JET PACK "In Charge" 7" EP

Rock 'n' roll of the very best sort — aggressive, without too much thought in the writing, great hooks, lots of choruses, and tons of power.

The very rough recording here only adds to my high opinion of this record. (BAM)

(MORTVILLE/PO Box 4263/AUSTIN, TX 78765)



JONESES OF HOLLYWOOD "Anita Fix" 7" EP

The singer reminds me a lot of Kepi from the GROOVIE GHOOOLIES. The A-side song is a good rocker in the BOYS vein, but the B-side tracks don't really cut the mustard. (JC)

(CABEZA DE TORNADO/203 1/2 ACACIA/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92648)



JUD JUD "The Demos" 7" EP

The band that inspired the straight edge movement. Not MINOR THREAT, but JUD JUD, one of the most thought-provoking bands to ever grace the earth with their presence. From the opening note of "High Hat Song" to the closing riff of "Turn Around Song", you're sure to be entranced by the intelligence of their



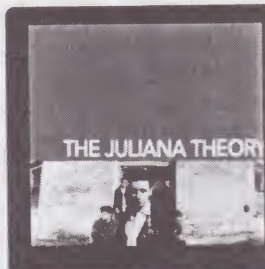
lyrics. Thank God (or Var) that these demos have finally been released, along with the all-important lyric sheet. There are also early flyers from their shows with the GORILLA BISCUITS, MINOR THREAT, UNIFORM CHOICE, and 7 SECONDS. (BAM)

(No IDEA/PO Box 14636/GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)

THE JULIANA THEORY

"Understand This Is A Dream" CD

Oh boy! Over-produced, wussy, Christian alterna-rock, just what the world doesn't need. If you're into bands like LIVE or the GIN BLOSSOMS, you might actually like this one. But if you like those sorts of bands you should put down your copy of *Hit List* and go read *Spin*. (JC)



(TOOTH AND NAIL/PO Box 12698/SEATTLE, WA 98111)

KILL THE MESSENGER

"All The Angels Crash And Burn" CD

For anyone harkening back to the sounds of BLAST and "Loose Nut" era BLACK FLAG, this is where you'll be able to get that fix. Pre-metal hardcore which could basically be that unreleased gem from either of the aforementioned rock combos. Me, I actually liked that era and style. (RK)



(INDECISION/PO Box 578 ONE/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92615)

KING SIZE

"Downtown/Gasoline" 7"

Real slow bluesy rock. KING SIZE sound like JACKOFIRE or the LORD HIGH FIXERS with a cleaner, more rehearsed recording.

Neither song is too memorable, but there is definite potential here. (JC)



(LAST CHANCE/3812B SE DIVISION/PORTLAND, OR 97202)

KLASSE KRIMINALE

"Odiati Fieri" LP

This is a solid 12" from these Italian Oi veterans, which features a collection of songs recorded from the mid-'80's to the early '90's. It contains strong mid-tempo Oi with refreshing female back-up vocals and songs about skinheads growing up in Italy and fighting racism, the mafia, and government oppression. I really liked it, despite the language barrier. (IR)



(VULTURE ROCK/PO Box 40104/ALBUQUERQUE, NM 87196)

KLOPECS

"She's Retarded" 7" EP

This KLOPECS EP is on colored vinyl and, as is typical of the Mutant Pop label's releases, features uptempo pop punk. That's usually a winning combination for me, but this record unfortunately sounds kinda flat. The songs were OK, but not good enough to sink my teeth into. (JC)



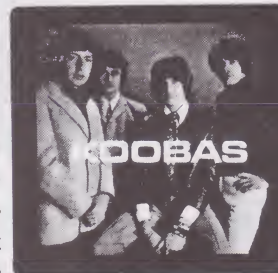
(MUTANT POP/5010 NW SHASTA AVENUE/COVALLIS, OR 97330)

REVIEWS

KOOBAS

"Barricades" CD

Yet another ex-beat band (originally known as the KUBAS) that rapidly made the awful transition to pretentious psychedelic stylings, though in this case without totally wimping out their guitar sound. Their two 1966 songs are--not surprisingly--much better than their 68 material, especially "Face", a minor marvel. Some of the later stuff is OK too (e.g., "Royster Rose", "Walking Out", and the title track), but the rest are overly complex and thus eminently forgettable. (JB)



(ESSEX/PO Box 3535/LONDON E17 7QU/ENGLAND)

KRUPTED PEASANT FARMERZ/LEGITIME DEFONCE

split 7" EP

K.P.F. does their usual melodic punk thing with the amazing leads and gruff vocals, which means that they rule the schoolyard. But LEGITIME DEFONCE are a great French punk band who lay down a similar sound, so steal \$3 out of your mom's purse and order this. (BAM)



(FARMHOUSE/448 MADISON DRIVE/SAN JOSE, CA 95123)

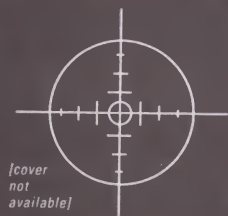
LARRY & THE GONOWHERES

"Short Fuse" LP

This is the shit! It's your basic three chord punk with a set of balls that hang all the way down to the knees. "Seattle Scenester Scum" is a barnburner that urges all the "cool guy know everybodys" to stick it up their elite asses. If you like your punk clean

SHITLIST

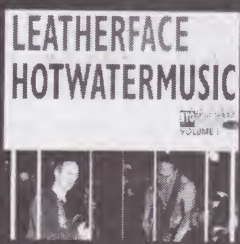
and happy run for the hills, 'cause Larry's pissed off, drunk drivin', and ready to fight. (IR)



(PUKE/BOX1835/SEATTLE, WA 98111)

LEATHERFACE/HOT WATER MUSIC "BYO Split Series #1" CD

Yi k e s .
LEATHERFACE are back! For those of you unlucky enough to have missed this amazing British act the first time around



(like me) you've got another shot at catching Frankie Stubbs and crew. Even better, BYO got them to do a split LP with HOT WATER MUSIC, probably the most obvious Stateside heirs of Stubbs' legacy. What to expect, then? How about lots of passionate guitar work and vocals running either side of the Lemmy Kilmeister gamut, with LEATHERFACE on the more melodic side and HWM running on the more hardcore tip? Track of the Disc Award? LEATHERFACE's "Andy", which Brett maintains is the best song JAWBREAKER never wrote. (DG)

(BYO/PO Box 67A64/LOS ANGELES, CA 90067)

PHOEBE LEGERE

"Last Tango In Bubble Land" CD

Fearlessly eclectic, sensual, pop-mastery by a high-brow, classically-trained NYC cult goddess with a five-octave vocal range. Her great



songs are informed by those appealing East Village avant garde/trashy punk sensibilities. (JDM)

(PHOEBE LEGERE/SUPERIOR COPY SHOP/271 E.10TH STREET/NEW YORK, NY10009)

LEWD

"Kill Yourself" CD

It'd been a couple a decades since I last heard this prime aggro punk combo, which is way too long. It's got "American Wino", "Kill Yourself",



"Cold & Numb", 29 ice-pick rockers in all. Classic tunes, each an' every one. I'm so happy someone finally saw fit to re-release this all-inclusive collection that I could just bust out in tears o' joy, Jack. Singles, LPs, demos, it's all here. An' don't even get me started about Ms. Olga, the proto femme-fatale punkbabe bassplayer, who's still one of the steamiest sights I've ever laid eyes on! Seems like only yesterday. (JD)

(CHUCKIE BOY/2802 E. MADISON STREET #116/SEATTLE, WA 98112)

LICKITY SPLIT

"See You There" CD

Remember the glory days of DC, when there was actually H a R D C O R e . Y'know, the mid-80s, the first LPs by DAG NASTY and SCREAM,



"Boycott Stabb", etc. Well, these DC folks are very mindful of their forebears. And while they don't quite scale the heights of such legendary models, they present a very acceptable foray into that exalted territory. I'm sure having Brian Baker produce the record and provide guitar on half the tracks didn't prove to be too much of a hindrance, either. (RK)

(TORQUE/PO Box 229/ARLINGTON, VA 22210-0229)

LITTER

"Distortions"/"\$100 Fine" CDs

Man, these are fucking killer! Legit reissues of two of my fave '60s punk-psych albums, which replace the K-Tel reissues from the early



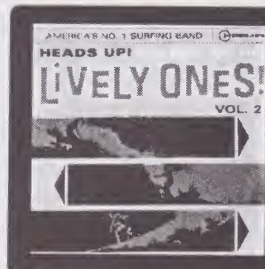
'90s. "Distortions," besides having the incredible "Action Woman" and "Soul Searching," features a bunch of amped-up covers of songs by the WHO, the SMALL FACES, the YARDBIRDS, and others. Added as bonuses is a wild '68 live set that smokes. "\$100 Fine," their second album, had more originals, such as the awesome "Mindbreaker" and "(Under The Screaming Double) Eagle", along with a tripped-out take on the ZOMBIES' "She's Not There." The bonus tracks include a song done with J. Frank Wilson (of "Last Kiss" fame) and a bunch of pre-LITTER stuff involving guitarist "Zippy" Caplan that range from pop to fuzzed-out dementia. Essential for '60's punk fans. (AW)

(ARF!ARF!/PO Box 465/MIDDLEBOROUGH, MA 02346)

LIVELY ONES

"Heads Up: The Best of The Lively Ones, volume 2" CD

Dude, you can't go wrong with an awesome classic surf band like the LIVELY ONES, who are known for their big reverb-drenched guitar sound



along with having a sax player, which adds a little to your typical guitar-only surf bands. This CD is mostly all covers, including alot of old standards like "Pipeline", "Let's Go Trippin'", "Wipeout", "Rumble", "Hot Pastrami", "Wild Weekend", and the list goes on. A must for surf geek collectors. (TL)

(DEL-FI/PO Box 69188/LOS ANGELES, CA 90069)

LOOKERS

"We Killed Rock'n'Roll" 7" EP

Trashed-out garage rock with snotty female vocals and a cool noisy production. All in all, the LOOKERS manage to generate a "real cool time". (BAM)

(TRICK KNEE/PO Box 12714/GREEN BAY, WI 54307)



LOONS

"Love's Dead Leaves" LP/CD

After stints in two bands which paid loving homage to tough R&B (the CRAW-DADDYS) and psychedelized pop (the TELL-TALE HEARTS),

Mike Stax began transcending the confines of older genres and creating something more distinct with the HOODS. This process has been carried further still with the LOONS, as this LP demonstrates. The music here borrows from a wide variety of 60's styles, both lightweight and heavy, but manages to recombine them in novel ways rather than slavishly aping them. Some of the songs are pounding rockers with blistering guitar playing, whereas others are fetching pop or psych numbers with haunting melodies and organs, harpsichords, or even sitars. A good 'un. (JB)

(GET HIP/PO Box 666/CANONSBURG, PA 15317)



LOOSE LIPS

"Two Time Loser" 7" EP

Ex-members of the RIP OFFS and other San Francisco garage luminaries crank out three shots dirty, crunchy, loose rock and roll. Side A is a bit



more upbeat, but the slower groovier songs on side B really make the record for me. (JC)

(TKO/4104 24TH St.#103/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 97114)

INGER LORRE

"Transadental Medication" CD

L's once and future queen of the underground delivers a long-awaited, chilling epic of swirling, psychedelic dirges, lamenting loved

ones lost and characteristically making scathing indictments of former peers turned mainstream cutthroat fame whores. We should all hope for some dirty mischief, but she's in recovery. (JDM)

(TRIPLE XXX/PO Box 862529/LOS ANGELES, CA 90086)



LOS TIGRES GUAPOS

"On Bad Behavior" 7" EP

L.T.G. are a typical "Mortville" band, since they play lo-fi, trashy, garagey rock 'n' roll. "Auto Erotic" is a fairly interesting song with a catchy, cool riff, but that's about it. Overall there's nothing much that really stands out here. Do yourself a favor and pick up the SECRET LOVERS or the new TEEN COOL singles instead. (JAW)

(MORTVILLE/PO Box 4263/AUSTIN, TX 78765)



LURKERS

"Fulham Fallout" CD

The first and greatest LURKERS LP is again available, courtesy of Captain Oi. As everyone with any sense already knows, it's stuffed full of RAMONES-inspired pop punk classics, including "Ain't Got a Clue", "I Don't Need to Tell Her", "Hey You", "Go Go Go", and "Jenny", along with their faux

REVIEWS

sadistic cover, "Then I Kicked Her". This CD also contains their (superior) single versions of "Shadow" and "Be My Prisoner", as well as "Love Story", "Pills", and unreleased demos, so you can't afford to miss out. (JB)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



LURKERS

"God's Lonely Men" CD

A reissue of the fine second LURKERS LP, plus 11 bonus tracks (including demos). Although a bit more eclectic than their heavily RAMONES-influenced debut

album, this CD is filled with brisk, melodic, guitar-heavy punk classics (such as "Cyanide", "She Know", "Just 13", and "Suzie is a Floozie") alongside several mid-tempo numbers (like "Whatever Happened to Mary" and "Take Me Back to Babylon") and a couple of uncharacteristically slow cuts (e.g., "Non-Contender"). Also included is the great "New Guitar in Town", with its cool slide guitar frills. (JB)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)



MANGES

"Clean Cut Kids" 7" EP

I believe that this is the seventh or eighth single from these Italian pop punks. They're not rip-pin' off anyone, just rippin', and this is probably their best release to date. "Dunkin' Donna" is probably my favorite song since it's remi-



SHITLIST

niscient of "The Martian Hop". If there was a phone number on the record, I would call them up and offer them a record deal. (BAM)

(HANG OVER/VIA M. DI CEFALONIA 47/20097 S. DONATO/M. SE(MI)/ITALY)

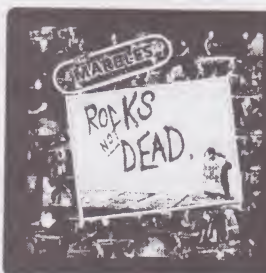
MARILYN MANSON & THE SPOOKY KIDS "Live and Unreleased Studio Demos 1993" CD

This CD documents the earlier recordings of the MARILYN MANSON outfit responsible for "Portrait of an American Family". To these ears it sounds better than MANSON's later ventures, including both the overly metallic "Antichrist Superstar" and the pseudo-glam "Mechanical Animals". Musically, it combines goth, glam, metal, and some treated N.I.N.-like industrial sounds, the lyrics are appropriately decadent, and the sound quality is good. But in the final analysis, it's too slow and it just doesn't rock out enough. (JB)

(NO ADDRESS)

MARBLES "Rock's Not Dead" CD

Don't get this band mixed up with the 70's NY band the MARBLES. The singer of this particular MARBLES sounds alot like ex-GO GO Belinda Carlisle. I listened to this CD over and over again, and although it's OK it's way too over-produced for my liking. The band plays real well and all, but the singer's voice is too squeaky clean and without balls, probably because she's had too many singing lessons. It sounds like they are trying to do an early 80's pop-rock thing in the vein of the GO GOS, BLONDIE, and HOLLY AND THE



ITALIANS, but they're not quite cuttin' it. (TL)

(BREAKUP/PO Box 15372/COLUMBUS, OH 43215)

BRIAN McCARTY "Falls From Grace" CD

Brian O'Blivion, high-energy frontman for Detroit Rock City's premiere live rock'n'roll circus, the underestimated TRASH BRATS, steps outta his caped-crusader, crime-fighting identity, and proves himself to be a prolific, creative, musical force with this thoughtful collection of bouncy rock and pop gems. (JDM)

(BRAZEN OVERTURES/PO Box 80773/St. CLAIR SHORES, MI 48080)

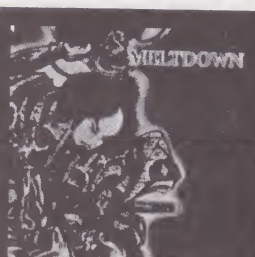
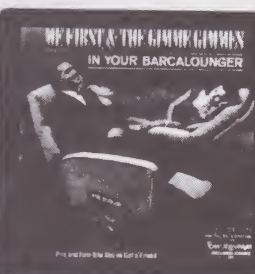
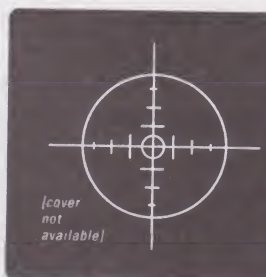
ME FIRST & THE GIMME GIMMES "In Your Barcolounger" CD

For some reason, this joke never seems to get old. A bunch of Fat all-stars walk into a bar...stop me if you've this one before. This time around they cover a pair of JAMES TAYLOR tunes, although one of the songs ("You've Got A Friend") was actually written by CAR-OLE KING. Doesn't that somehow mess up the series? As if they care. (BAM)

(ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES/PO Box 419092/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141)

MELTDOWN 7" EP

This EP is sometimes slow, metallic, and heavy, and at other times consists of basic mid-tempo hardcore



stuff. All in all, pretty standard and undistinctive. (AD)

(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69, 00146 ROMA/ITALY)

MELVINS "The Maggot" CD

This starts off with one of the punkest songs I've heard from the MELVINS in about a decade. Most of the rest of the record sticks with their slow, thick-as-molasses, heavy-as-a-brick aproach to punk/metal. Apparently, "The Maggot" is the first installment of an ambitious three record concept project to be released one every three months. Good stuff so far. Disc two promises honey-dipped pop, and part three will feature a cavalcade of punk/alternative stars. (JC)

(IPECAC/PO Box 1197/ALAMEDA, CA 94501)



MENSEN "Hey You" double 7" EP

Girl Band Geeks take note: three Norwegian ÜBER-BABES and one dude wearing an Indian feathered headdress take six crummy-sounding stabs at the simple, basic punk thing. "Suzy Cottage Cheese" is the standout cut here, with a rudimentary riff that almost rocks, but I admit I'm being diplomatic. (TS)

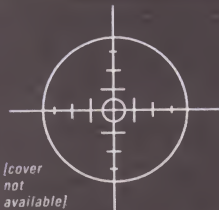
(BANG/APDO. 147/SATURTZI 48980/BASQUE COUNTRY/SPAIN)

MENSEN "Wembley" 7"

These chicks sure look shit-hot. Their singer goes out with my friend Nicke Hellacopter (the lucky guy), but even his guest appearance on "Mr. Tambourine Man"



can't save this record, as it lacks whomp and has no trace of distortion on the guitars. (TS)



(HIT ME, NO ADDRESS)

MISSING 23RD "The Powers That Be" CD

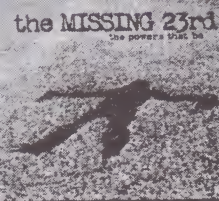
Clean, up-tempo non-metallic hardcore. Nothing stands out musically, but a cut-above the usual "unity" and "my best friend dug himself into a hole" lyrics make this one a keeper. Well played and produced, and worth a listen if you've ever found yourself pointing a finger at a show. (RK)

(MANKIND/PO Box 461/BELLFLOWER, CA 90707)

MONSTER X "To The Positive Youth" CD

MONSTER X are a grind-core band who've decided to pay homage to other hardcore bands that have inspired and influenced them, including YOUTH OF TODAY, UNIT PRIDE, UNIFORM CHOICE, and NO FOR AN ANSWER. Buy this if you're a MONSTER X fan, but not if you like the bands they're covering. The recording leaves a lot to be desired, since the vocals are buried, and they've got a chainsaw metal guitar. (BAM)

(GLOOM/PO Box 14253/ALBANY, NY 12212)



MORNING SHAKES "Lotta Trash, Lotta Action" LP

THE MORNING SHAKES are no more, and I was eager to slam this puppy (as I always am), but these guys fooled me again. This shit is catchy and not too boring, and since they're from New York that's a good thing, although I can't say that I was blown away by it. Maybe it's because the guitar sound could have been more powerful and the songs are kinda "retro nerdo", which equals stupid in my book. They get bonus points for fucking up my favorite song, "Action" by the KNOTS. (GL)

(CACOPHONE/PO Box 6058/ALBANY, NY 12206)

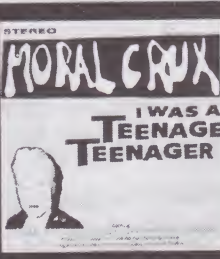
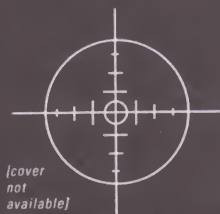
MORAL CRUX "I Was A Teenage Teenager" CD

A criminally underrated band. It's a pleasure to have this back again, along with some assorted comp and EP tracks. MORAL CRUX have always managed to seamlessly blend the best of late 70s/early 80s British punk rock (think "Evacuate" period CHelsea) with a more "modern" pop-punk sensibility. Hunt this one down, you won't be disappointed. (RK)

(COLD FRONT/PO Box 8345/BERKELEY, CA 94707)

MORNING SHAKES "Switchblades & Sideburns" LP

This LP has some OK stuff on it. The muffled vocals and crunchy guitars have a BILLY CHILDISH quality to them, probably because it's



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produced by Steve Baise of DEVIL DOGS fame. Most of the songs are originals, my fave being "Hook in Me", but they also do a couple of covers like the HOLLYWOOD SQUARES' "Hillside Strangler" and a version of SATANS RATS' "Louise", which is alright. All in all, though, nothing on here really blows me away. (TL)

(STIFF POLE/PO Box 2072/ST. PETERSBURG, FL 33742)

MOTHERLOAD "From Hillyard" CD

More pseudo-hardcore metallic dudester crap! Smoke some weed if you want to, maaan, but please don't play any music afterwards. This is very annoying, with brittle, tinny guitar tones and songs that start-and-stop with lots of time changes. These guys unfortunately maximize their 72 allotted minutes on a CD, since it contains almost 30 songs. Another one for the shit-chute. (JAW)

(WE GOT/623 NE 21ST/PORTLAND, OR 97232)

MOTORMUSCHI "Fischeuge/Hallo Nachbar" 7"

I know this is on the "unofficial" Empty label from Germany, and I'm not supposed to like it, but this release is pretty awesome. Featuring ex-members of G.B.H. and BLUMEN AM ARSCHE DER HOLLE, MOTORMUSCH offer up a 2-song, one-sided single that's limited to 400 copies. The first song is a catchy yet aggressive punker,



SHITLIST

whereas the second is a great HOSTAGES OF AYATOLLAH cover. (BAM)

(EMPTY GERMANY/SPITZWRESENSTR. 50/90765 FURTH/GERMANY)

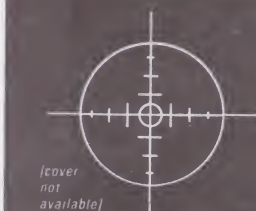
MOUNT MCKINLEYS "Stacked Up" CD

Another solid slab from Pittsburgh, PA's premiere garage rockers. This lineup of the band features ex-CYNICS Dave V. on bass and screaming. Take that fine band, add a little LYRES and a healthy dose of pre-Epiphany HUMPHERS, and you might end up with this band. A good fuzzy record to freak out to. (JC)

(GET HIP/PO Box 666/CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

MOURNING NOISE "Death Trip Delivery, 1981-1985" CD

A retrospective collection of studio and live material by MOURNING NOISE, a MISFITS-inspired horror punk outfit from (you guessed it) Lodi, NJ. Given the connection of various band members to Bobby Steele (who played guest guitar) and Danzig himself (who drew the cover pic for their 7"), it's perhaps not surprising that they were sometimes written off as MISFITS clones. But the band also had some distinctive qualities of their own, which were especially displayed on their keyboard- and effects-laden EP (tracks 13-17 on here). I myself prefer those particular songs, but rabid MISFITS fans and Gothic punks should be pretty damned impressed by the entire



record. (JB)

(GRAND THEFT AUDIO/501 W. GLENDALE BLVD, SUITE 313/GLENDALE, CA 91202)

MUD CITY MANGLERS

"I Wanna Kill My Friends/1234 Motherfucker" 7"

An amazingly good but unfortunately obscure 45. The MUD CITY MANGLERS sound kind of like a cross between the NEW BOMB TURKS and the STOOGES, if these two drivin', distorted, and upfront blasts of bad attitude are representative. "1-2-3-4, motherfucker here I come", indeed. Let's hope so. (JB)

(REPUBLIC OF CHESTERFIELD/232 CHESTERFIELD ROAD/PITTSBURGH, PA 15213)

MUFFS

"Alert Today, Alive Tomorrow" CD

The MUFFS recorded a stuffy major label record, then ended up giving it to an indie label. That's what this is, and that's exactly what it sounds like. Unfortunately, there are no cool growls from Kim, and no out-of-control rave-ups in the middle of their songs. You're better off buying their old stuff before trying "Alert Today..." out. This is an OK record, but it's by no means their best. (BAM)

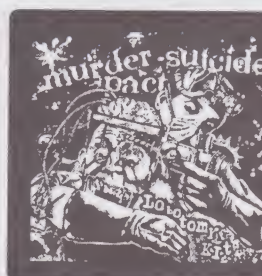
(HONEST DONS/PO Box 192027/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119)

MURDER SUICIDE PACT "Lobotomy Kit" 7"

M.S.P. play fast hardcore with relentless, gut-wrenching vocals rather than the new "rap/metal" crap the kids are calling hardcore these days. At times this record reminds me of DISCHARGE, which is OK. All in all it's a pretty decent release, but there's



a reason why I stopped listening to this type of punk in the first place. (IR)



(BURRITO/Box 3204/BRANDON, FL 33204)

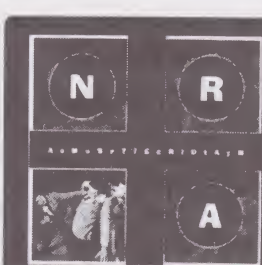
N.R.A.

"Amsterdam Surf City" CD

A 1993 release from these Dutch veterans. It was produced by Vic Bondi, which I'm sure accounts for the "Give Thanks"-era ARTICLES OF

FAITH mid-paced spacey post-hardcore melodic sound. Fortunately, there is only one surf song as such. If only the emo kids would listen to this kind of music in order to learn how it should be done. (RK)

(BITZCORE/PO Box 304107/D-20324 HAMBURG/GERMANY)



N.V. LE ANDEREN

"The Sound of the Streets" CD

N.V. LE ANDEREN were a Dutch "skunk" band from the early to mid-1980s who were heavily influenced by various (mainly British) punk and Oi bands, and all their recorded material has been collected on this CD. I'd forgotten how good many of their tracks really were until I listened anew. The songs here alternate between mid-tempo Oi anthems (which I definitely favor) and much faster, semi-hardcore numbers, while their lyrics take on Nazi skins, religious cults, Israeli dispossession of the Arabs, and eastern European prisons, amongst other worthy topics. (JB)



(GRAND THEFT AUDIO/501 W. GLENDALE BLVD., SUITE 313/GLENDALE, CA 91202)

NEW YORK DOLLS "The Glam Rock Hits" CD

I'm not sure exactly what the relationship is between these particular recording sessions and those from which the original DOLLS' LPs

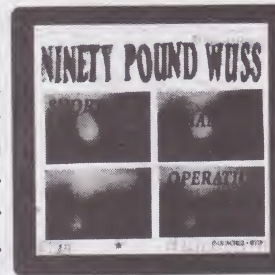
emanated, but I can say that these versions of classic DOLLS songs (including two live numbers) sound different and a helluva lot better than the ones we've all come to know and love. What makes these newly-remastered ones stand out is their much rawer sound and their amp-up, paint-stripping guitar screech. One listen to "Personality Crisis", and you'll know this is as crucial a purchase as the recently-remastered versions of the STOOGES' "Raw Power" and RADIO BIRDMAN's "Radios Appear". Hot, hot, hot. (JB)

(CLEOPATRA/13428 MAXELLA AVENUE #251/MARINA DEL RAY, CA 90292)

NINETY POUND WUSS "Short Hand Operation" CD

NINETY POUND WUSS are the opposite of what their name suggests, like when big football players are nicknamed "Tiny". They have a big, fierce sound that at times gets moody and plodding, then breaks out into straight 4/4 punk or chunkier R.F.T.C.-type rock 'n' roll. Solid. (JC)

(TOOTH AND NAIL/PO Box 12698/SEATTLE, WA 98111)



NEUROSIS "Times Of Grace" CD

A huge dense slab of sonic mayhem. Personally I think NEUROSIS are one of the most original and important bands of the last decade, and "Times Of Grace" seems to take the band to an even higher level. It's as hard-hitting and intense as ever, although it contains unexpected moments of eerie calm. These subtle touches allow it to burrow into your brain and linger with you all day. I hear tell of a TRIBES OF NEUROT companion CD that you can play with this to create an even larger piece, and can't wait to try it out. (JC)

(RELAPSE/PO Box 251/MILLERSVILLE, PA 17551)

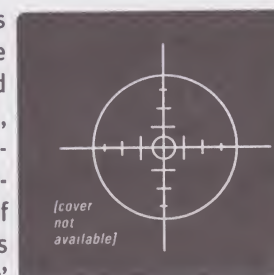
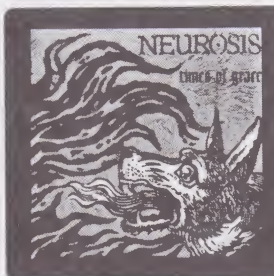
NO MOTIV "And The Sadness Prevails" CD

Flawlessly executed SoCal melodic pop-punk, in the vein of GAMEFACE. Enough hooks, melody and harmony to make even the most saturated fan of this genre perk up. A winner. (RK)

(VAGRANT/2118 WILSHIRE BLVD, #361/SANTA MONICA, CA 90403)

NOMADS "Big Sound 2000" CD

Sweden's NOMADS have been around since the 1980s, cranking out hi-energy garage-rock. Some of their later albums were a little hit 'n' miss, but with this one they really return to form. This is dirty, raw, and really rockin' shit. It's better than their last studio album



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on Sympathy, and I think it's actually some of the best stuff they've done in years. It ranks up there with that one they did containing Canadian '60's and '70's punk covers a while ago. Check this one out. (AW)

(ESTRUS/PO Box 2125/BELLINGHAM, WA 98227)

NORMALS "Your Punk Heritage" CD

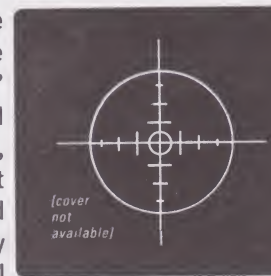
I knew these guys from the "Killed By Death" series, so I ordered this CD, which was put out by the band themselves. They play really cool stuff that bridges the gap between punk and power pop, and remind me a little of LA PESTE. This release contains their 45 tracks, demos, and live stuff, all of which was recorded between 1978 and 1984. A cool CD design and booklet, with lotsa energetic, hummable tunes and the best (only?) cover of "Henry The Eighth" by a punk band that I've ever heard! (AW)

(AIRLINE 61/PO Box 1265/METAIRIE, LA 70004)

N.Y.M.B. "Y.S.D.W.Y.W.W.Y.G.E." CD EP

Indie pop-rock with cutesy female vocals and lots of acoustic guitars. I really hate this kind of stuff and I'm not really in touch with my "female side", so I'm probably not the best person to review this. Maybe a sensitive guy like Brett should've reviewed it instead. At least it was short. (Jer)

(HARMLESS/1437 W. WOOD/CHICAGO, IL 60660)



(cover not available)

SHITLIST

ODD NUMBERS

"Thrift Shoppin/Dee Major Tom" 7"

The fact that the ODD NUMBERS aren't much bigger than they are is an atrocity. They are sort of a JAM rip off, but there are far worse bands to emulate. This 7" features two solid mod rockers on one slab, and is definitely worth hearing. (BAM)

(SESSIONS/15 JANIS WAY/SCOTTS VALLEY, CA 95066)



OFF DAY

"Abducted By Crustaceans" CD

This record is crap, but at least it's honest and heartfelt crap. I'm sure their girlfriends who sit in the corner of thier practice space and write in their journal while the band plays think that they are geniuses. This is wacky grunge music, though it does get bonus points for the song "OLGIE", which is an ode to the film "Slapshot". (JC)

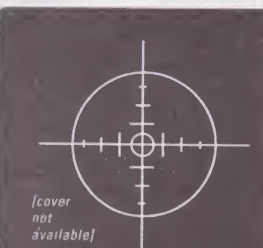
(CRUSTY/307-151-10090 152ND STREET/SURRY, B.C. V3R 8X8/CANADA)



OI SCOUTS

"Strength in Numbers" 7" EP

A drunk punk outfit influenced by the EXPLOITED, probably by way of BLANKS 77. Their music is fun and catchy, and their name itself is clever, but--even granting that they're still pretty young--their lyrics have to be among the most ridiculous ever to appear on a punk



record, as in "Oi Punx...with their boots and braces/Skinheads...stompin' on your faces", not to mention "Anarchy People, Oi Oi Oi". Entertaining for both the right and the wrong reasons. (JB)

(CHARGED/PO Box 157/HIGH BRIDGE, NJ 08829)

ONE CAR PILE UP

"Police Academy" 7" EP

Fast and furious hi-jinx music that marries a certain Fat Wreck Chords wannabe style with a strong TOY DOLLS influence. The tunes got my head bopping while they were on, but left me with nothing afterward. They need to spend a little less time perfecting thier chops and learn how to write more memorable songs. (JC)

(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/OTLEY LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)



OUTA ELAMA

"Oi Maamme Suomi" CD

According to the English liner notes, this is a Finnish band from the late 70s. This is a collection of their entire recorded output, including the 7". Again, according to the liner notes (the only stuff that is in English), they were a working class left-wing protest band, which is a triumph in and of itself in late 70s Finland. The music is slow mid-tempo punk, which is pretty typical of the times. It's a little like the ADVERTS on 33rpm. More important for collectors and completists and as a document of the times than an essential musical purchase. (RK)

(ALTERNATIVE ACTION/PO Box 174/11101 RIIHIMAKI/FINLAND)

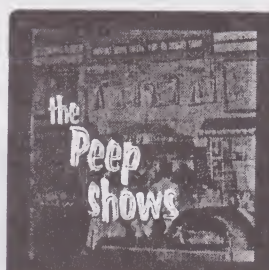


PEEPSHOWS

"Go to Hell/Thy Will" 7"

Blistering Euro-punk from Sweden that's not unlike a lower-fi version of TURBONEGRO. Both of these songs totally rock the house, so if this platter doesn't make you pogo madly while playing "air guitar" you should probably just go fuck off and die. (JB)

(007/534 E. 14TH STREET #15/NEW YORK, NY 10009)



PENNYWISE

"Straight Ahead" CD

With every release PENNYWISE speed further away from their "original BAD RELIGION copyist" tag, and end up sounding more and more, well, like PENNYWISE. Patented melodic hardcore, with enough of whatever it takes to make a band stand out amongst the hundreds of also-rans. (RK)

(EPITAPH/2798 SUNSET BLVD./LOS ANGELES, CA 90026)

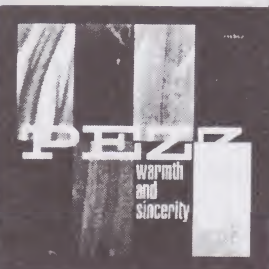


PEZZ

"Warmth And Sincerity" CD

I guess you could call this "emo pop punk", but they seem to be influenced as much by BAD RELIGION as they are by JAW-BREAKER. They do the whole tired "emo-breakdown" thing, but they're far from being overprivileged crybabies. Since there are some good tunes on here, I think I'll keep it around awhile. (Jer)

(BYO/PO Box 67A64/LOS ANGELES, CA 90067)



PHIL & THE FRANTICS
"Theme" CD

PHIL and the boys were rock 'n' rollers in mid-60's Arizona, and this CD showcases their eclectic mix of 60's styles. They did instrumental sides, old R&B standards, and rootsy countrified numbers, but didn't really hit their stride until penning organ-based ZOMBIES-inspired tracks like their cool local hit "I Must Run" and "Pain", the moody quasi-psych "Till You Get What You Want", and the haunting "Where Am I Running To". Only the aforementioned songs (some of which appear here in more than one version) are really worth hearing, but they're pretty damn appealing. (JB)

(DIONYSUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)



PHYSICALS
"Skullduggery" CD

A compilation of singles, live, and unreleased stuff from this classic 70's sleazy punk 'n' roll band. They're kinda like the less fey, bar-fight-in' older brothers of the ONLY ONES' cool cat crooner Peter Perrett, and singer Alan Lee Shaw (ex-RINGS) went on to have a long series of collaborations with the DAMNED's Bryan James, who all you kids must know of by now. But not before penning some stellar, crucial tunes like "Sex Beat" and especially "Be Like Me". (JDM)

(OVERGROUND/PO Box 1NW/NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE NE99 1NW/ENGLAND)



PINHEAD CIRCUS
"Everything Else Is A Far Gone Conclusion" CD

Their second, snotty, melodic full-length. Throw DILLINGER 4 and JAWBREAKER together, pour malt liquor on them, apply

just one match, and stand back to appreciate the resulting blaze. These guys rock, especially when they take the time to slow down from the usual break-neck speed. (RK)



(BYO/PO Box 67A64/LOS ANGELES, CA 90067)

PINHEAD GUNPOWDER
"Shoot the Moon" EP

Billie Joe, Aaron Cometbus and posse are back with a new EP of excellently executed, lyrically heartfelt pop-punk. For the uninitiated, it basically sounds like earlier GREEN DAY material with a slightly more ragged edge and better drumming. The real scorchers on here are "Cabot Gal" and "Asheville", two of 1999's greatest punk rock love songs — "Piss on the angel, tear down the statue of Vance/Shove the hippies' didjeridoo up their ass/Take away their hackysacks, that's what I'm gonna do/Poison the reservoir and then, I'm gonna kiss you." The sound of summer romance lives on... (DGJ)

(ADELINE/PO Box 11470/OAKLAND, CA 94611)



PINK FAIRIES
"Do It!" CD

Subversive rock 'n' roll wildman Twink, whose long career has spanned decades and included stints with psychedelic, prog rock, and punk bands alike, was the drug-crazed genius behind the "fin de 1960s" PINK FAIRIES. Their music ranged from raw hard rock to swirly psych noodlings, and the entire spectrum is displayed on this CD, which contains



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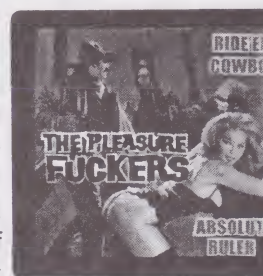
rare studio and live tracks. I especially like the MC5-style "Do It" and the haunting psych number "10,000 Words in a Cardboard Box", with its "S.F. Sorrow" vibe, but overall one would have to be on mind-altering drugs and/or have a vivid recollection of communal late 60s/early 70s concerts to fully appreciate this. (JB)

(ALIVE/PO Box 7112/BURBANK, CA 91510)

PLEASURE FUCKERS
"Ride 'Em Cowboy/Absolute Ruler" 7"

Aposthumous release from those wild Spaniards, the PLEASURE FUCKERS. "Ride 'Em Cowboy" is a classic slice of hook-laden yet primitive FUCKERS-style punk with a super chorus. The flip is an old RUDE KIDS cover, and is undeniably a balls-out rocker. This platter is dedicated to Tim Yo, which is a nice touch since I know he'd love it. (JB)

(INTENSIVE SCARE/PO Box 640338/SAN JOSE, CA 95164)



PLUNGERS
"Lets Get Twisted" LP

I kept waiting to hear the PLUNGERS, as Akiko kept promising me a tape of her band, and as luck would have it this LP ended up in my review stack. I was ready to be disappointed due to the fact that one band member has facial hair, which is a punk rock sin in my book. Plus they do a SUPERCHARGER song, and since they were my first band I usually hate it when other bands cover SUPERCHARGER songs. Well fuck me, because the PLUNGERS do it and do it well. Overall they remind me of a faster, punked-up 5.6.7.8.'s, which is a



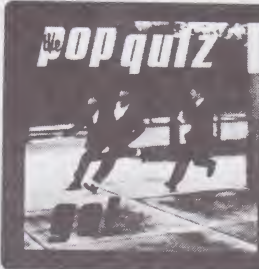
SHITLIST

great thing. (GL)

(INTENSIVE SCARE/PO Box 640338/SAN JOSE, CA 95164)

POP QUIZ "60" 7" EP

Four amazing pop gems in full lo-fi glory. POP QUIZ write wonderful pop punk songs about — what else? — girls and life's hard times. This may not sound earth-shattering, but they're very good at what they do. (BAM)



(BREAK UP/PO Box 15372/COLUMBUS, OH 43215)

POP RIVETS "Fun in the U.K." CD

Before the HEADCOATS and the MIGHTY CAESARS, Billy Childish was cranking out raw garage punk in the POP RIVETS. Get Hip has rescued some of their funnypunk material from oblivion with this reissue, a compilation drawn from their EPs and two LPs. As per usual with Mr. Childish, the quality of the actual songs varies considerably, but the title track, "Dream of '88", "Pins & Needles", "Skip Off School", and "(I'm So) Happy Tonight" alone make it worth your attention. HEADCOATS devotees will definitely eat it up. (JB)

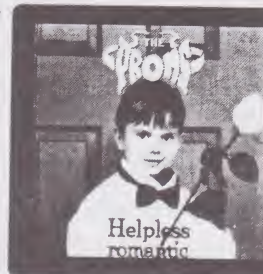


(GET HIP/PO Box 666/CANONSBURG, PA 15317)

PROMS "Helpless Romantic" CD

More great pop punk songs about girls from Mutant Pop. This PROMS CD contains 14 songs to tap your feet and sing

along to. But I wish that the booklet enclosed was bigger; why stop at a mere 20 pages? (BAM)



(MUTANT POP/5010 NW SHASTA/CORVALLIS, OR 97330)

RACER TEN "The World Of Tomorrow" CD

These guys have that whole GOOD RID-DANCE/NO USE FOR A NAME Fat sound going on, although they're actually not half bad at what they do. They're probably all super-talented, wear baggy shorts, and jump around a lot on stage. That's not really my bag, but if it's yours I suppose they're pretty good. (Jer)



(TRIPLE THREAT/PO Box 74007 STRATHCON RPO/CALGARY, ALBERTA T3H 3B6/CANADA)

RADICAL NOISE "14 More Reasons to Burn Us Down" CD

This CD is a merciless onslaught of brutal hardcore from the country of Turkey. Only one of the songs is in their native language; the rest are in English and are excellent. Most of the band's lyrical content covers how the politics within Turkey affect their lives, but other topics include what seem to be more personal trials and tribulations. (AD)



(SOA/c/o PAOLO PETRALIA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67-69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)

(RADIO) CRAMPS "The Purple KNIF Show" LP

Munster records delivers another great reissue. This time, it's the CRAMPS hosting the Purple KNIF radio show. Essentially what



you have here are two records chock full of absurdly obscure and not-so-obscure 60's garagepunk/stomp/lounge/surf/rock-a-billy/fuzzed-out rock 'n' roll, everything from the absolutely savage SWAMP RATS version of "Louie, Louie" to the truly unique SAM SPACE & THE CADETS' "Take Me To Your Leader, chachacha", to the bump and grind of the FRANTICS' "The Whip". Plus, you get Lux's crazy comments and sci-fi sound effects in between songs, making this absolutely worth the import price. (JAW)

(MUNSTER/PO Box 18107/28080 MADRID/SPAIN)

RATBOY "A Gift From Mister Ratboy" CD

A self-indulgent Asolo disc from the central creative force behind PILLBOX and MOTORCYCLE BOY, complete with LOU REED cover and synth noodlings, as well as his inimitable flash-punk guitar stylings. RATBOY remains one of the most vital and dynamic guitar-slingers on this street called rock'n'roll, and I'm looking forward to hearing his new group, SOUR JAZZ. (JDM)



(FERALETTE/WEST VILLAGE POST OFFICE/PO Box 20129/NEW YORK, NY 10014)

RAW POWER "Reptile House" CD

Back in the day (well, mid-80s), RAW POWER were one of those bands who redefined hardcore with their blistering intensity, then rapidly degenerated into the whole metal morass. This new offering is

mercifully stripped of the metallic nonsense, and is much more akin to the piledriving hardcore of their original "Screams From The Gutter" sonic assault. (RK)



(WESTWORLD/BOX 2091/TUCSON, AZ 85702)

RAZZLES

"Suck My First Impression" CD

I've got a single by this Pitt-City band someplace. I was looking for it the other day when this suddenly showed up in the ol' PO box. Just when I needed a good solid fix of powerpop with a DICTATOR twist and a RAMONE chaser! The purrfect crunch and melody cocktail. (JD)

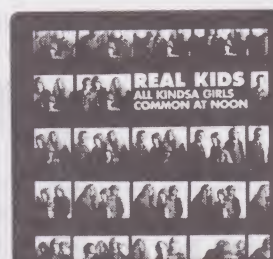


(GET HIP/PO Box 666/CANONSBURG, PA 15233)

REAL KIDS

"All Kinds of Girls/Common At Noon" 7"

This is a reissue that is long overdue. It's a reissue of the first REAL KIDS single, the one that actually got them signed to Red Star. This includes the first and undoubtedly the best version of "All Kindsa Girls", which I feel is one of the greatest rock songs ever written, along with "Common At Noon". The latter is more of a ballad, but it's almost impossible to find elsewhere. (BAM)



(NORTON/PO Box 646, COOPER STATION/NEW YORK, NY 10276)

RED FLAG 77

"Drunk Again/Change In You" 7"

A decent Britrock/streetpunk record that's nothing to write home about. I suspect that TKO would reject a demo of this quality, if that tells you anything. (BAM)

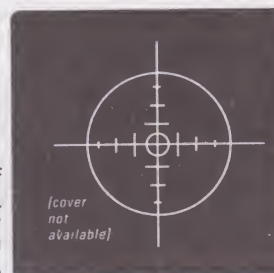


(EMPTY GERMANY/SPITZWRESENSTR. 50/90765 FURTH/GERMANY)

REO SPEEDDEALER

"Turkeyneck" LP

These guys want to be ZEKE — who in turn want to be the DWARVES — and have some of the funniest song titles I've seen in a while. With a chorus like "Turkeyneck", you really can't go wrong. Unfortunately, the guitarist is unable to keep the STEVE VAI fretboard masturbation in check, which bugs me so much that the record becomes unlistenable after the third song. If superfast in-your-face aggro punk with metal breaks are your can't worms, this will make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. (TS)



(COLDFRONT/PO Box 8345/BERKELEY, CA 94707)

RIFFS

"The Lucky Ones are Dead/Johnny Won't Get to Heaven" 7"

Pelado-style punk 'n' roll from Portland. It's got that nice primitive drunk punk sound a la the HUMBERS, but the delivery has a sort of laid



back quality that doesn't quite do justice to the punchy material. The B-side is a classic old KILLJOYS song, and there's potential

REVIEWS

aplenty. (JB)

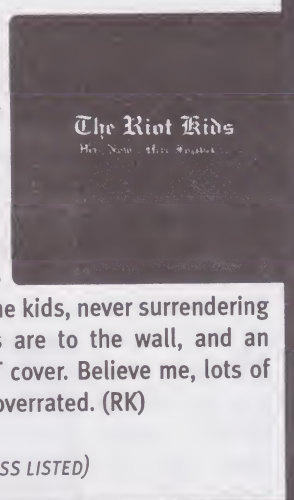
(PELADO/521 W. WILSON #C103/COSTA MESA, CA 92627)

RIOT KIDS

"Here Now...Here Forever" CD

Mid-tempo punk. It sounds like they listened to a lot of the early 80s No Future bands. It includes songs about struggle, staying true to your mates and the kids, never surrendering when your backs are to the wall, and an AGNOSTIC FRONT cover. Believe me, lots of that stuff is very overrated. (RK)

(NO LABEL OR ADDRESS LISTED)



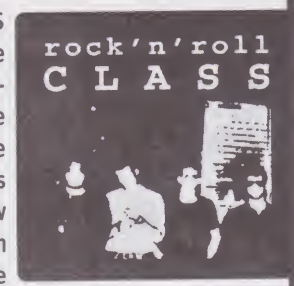
ROCK 'N' ROLL CLASS

"Rock 'n' Roll Class" 7" EP

R'n' R CLASS Rplay 77-style punk with a primitive flair. Mike Hudson-esque vocal stylings merge with raw guitars and an aggressive

rhythm section to produce a chaotic, appealing record that's guaranteed to appear on a good "KBD" compilation in 15-20 years. I mean that as a compliment. (JB)

(HATE/CIRC. GIANICOLENSE 112/00152 ROMA/ITALY)



ROSWELLS

"Rock N Roll UFO" CD

A hard-rockin' punk CD filled with rough vocals, bad attitude, and cynical humor. Perhaps the closest comparison would be the present-day DICTATORS, which is nothing to sneeze at given the fact that Handsome Dick and company can fairly be

SHITLIST

said to rule. In short, if you like your punk loud, powerful, snotty, and irresistibly catchy, Baltimore's ROSWELLS should be near the top of your must-see and must-hear list. This baby smokes. (JB)

(AMP/92 KENILWORTH AVENUE S./HAMILTON, ONTARIO L8K 2S9/CANADA)

RUMBLESEAT

"Saturn In Crosshairs/Cursing Concrete" 7"

Aside acoustic project from the HOT WATER MUSIC fellas. They do two tunes that sound like a cross between BILLY BRAGG and SEBADOH, and it's on cool looking vinyl with extensive packaging for the collector scum to eat up. I personally don't think that all the hype on this band is warranted, as in general their stuff is pretty dull. (JC)

(NO IDEA/PO Box 1463/GAINESVILLE, FL 32604)

SATAN'S PILGRIMS

"Badge Of Honer" CD

Still more retro instrumental guitar rock in the MAN OR ASTROMAN/MEREMEN mold. SATAN'S PILGRIMS have been around for a while, and have developed a really tasteful flavor that sets them apart from the masses of bands that play in this style. (JC)

(MUSICK/202 WEST ESSEX AVENUE/LANDSDOWNE, PA 19050)

SCARED OF CHAKA

"Tired Of You" CD

Once again, SCARED OF CHAKA gleefully plunder the garage for all those rough-edged, beer-driven pop gems, twist 'em round, fire them up, and crank them out. Even the MC5 doesn't escape their joyous treatment on this one. One great new label, one class band. (RK)

(SUB CITY/PO Box 7495/VAN NUYS, CA 91409)

SCREECHING WEASEL

"Emo" CD

SW is back with their second record in less than a year, and unfortunately this is the far weaker of the two releases. In the liner notes Ben writes a defense of the record, saying it's the best thing he's ever played on. These are strong words from a man who made two of my all-time favorite pop-punk records—"My Brain Hurts" and 1996's "Bark Like a Dog." "Emo" definitely tries to harken back to that "plug in and go" spontaneity that made records like "Boogadaboogadaboogada" and "Wiggle" such great fun, but the hooks and sheer snottiness that spawned a thousand lesser imitators are sorely missing. I "get" it, Ben; it just wasn't as much as I'd hoped to get. Nice artwork by Yates, tho...(DG)

(PANIC BUTTON/PO Box 148010/CHICAGO, IL 60614)

SECRET HATE

"Vegetable Dancing + live" CD

A great fucking band that plays classic Long Beach-style punk rock. I'm glad these veteran punks are back together making music, and that their old stuff is being reissued. Stylistically, they fall somewhere between the BIG BOYS and BAD BRAINS,

and this is a reissue of their 1983 album, plus some choice live tracks. Highly entertaining. (JC)

(SKUNK/16572 BURKE LANE/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92647)

SERVO

"Everything's Difficult" CD

In case you didn't know, Crackle Records is one of the best pop punk labels of all time. This CD is no exception. Musically, SERVO sound exactly like early LEATHERFACE, which is never a bad thing. On top of that angelic female voices, buttressed by amazing backing vocals, pipe in. I usually hate female vocals, but these sound like those of the FASTBACKS or early MUFFS, and they manage to pull it off. (BAM)

(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/OTLEY LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)

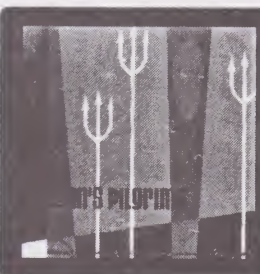
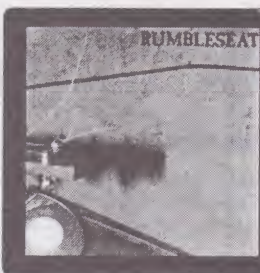
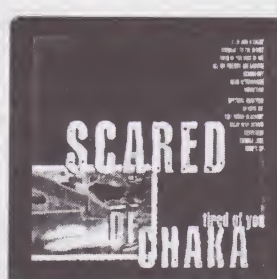
77

"Revolution Rock" CD

With a name like 77, you'd better be able to play some kick-ass 77-style punk, and this Portuguese band fortunately manages to deliver the

goods. Vocalist Paolo Eno is also an artist, a poet, and an experimental/jazz musician, which is not normally conducive to producing driving, tuneful punk, but here the results speak for themselves. This is a damn good old-school punk record infused with somewhat archaic leftist politics. (JB)

(ELEVATOR/PO Box 1502/NEW HAVEN, CT 06511)



SHAKE APPEAL

"Mean Machine" 10" EP

This is fucked-up trashy rock & roll, straight outta Denmark. It was recorded by Robert (ex-STIP-JES), and is obviously a 4-track special. You know what that means: lo-fi, washed out, and raunchy. The songs could have been a lot more powerful if they would have recorded them on at least an 8-track, but I guess you can't have everything. (GL)

(SADDLE TRAMP/PO Box 5412/NOTTINGHAM NG1 6HT/ENGLAND)

SHE'S A GUY

"Music to Fuck To" 7" EP

Great snotty pop punk in the early SCREECHING WEASEL vein. The song titles and lyrics are clever, and the packaging is sharp. I'm looking forward to this band's future releases. (BAM)

(SHE'S A GUY/PO Box 543/PORTSMOUTH, NH 03802)

SHE MOB

"Cancel The Wedding" CD

Kitch-filled, kjangly indie-rock, which is not my cup of tea at all. The vocals alternate between the "timid little girl" and the "screaming banshee" approaches, with no middle ground at all, and the recording itself sounds tinny and distant. SLEATER KINNEY meet the SHAGGS. (JC)

(SPINSTER PLAYTIME/PO Box 170694/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94117)



SICK

"Hardcore" CD

The band name and the record title say it all. The SICK have been tearin' shit up in the Bay Area for a while now, and if my label wasn't so wussy we would have signed them long ago. Instead they're on Edge Records, which is owned by one of the guys from ILL REPUTE, and their record is produced by Henry Rollins. They borrow a lot from the GORILLA BISCUITS, but also throw in a lot of groove and rhythm. (BAM)

(EDGE/1007 MONTANA AVENUE #701/SANTA MONICA, CA 90403)

SILVER TONGUED DEVIL

10" EP

I'm pleasantly surprised by these lard-assed monkey pumpers from PA, 'cause etched in these here grooves are some fine rockin'-ass tuneage reminiscent of a beefier HUMBERS (or JONESES, if anyone remembers them), with all the JOHNNY THUNDERS guitars and double the balls. Kudos for the title "You Broke my Heart (So I Broke your Face)" and the tasteful STOOGES-like one note piano. Highly recommended. (TS)

(SAFETY PIN/PO Box 51241/MADRID 28080/SPAIN)

SKIMMER

"Vexed" CD

It's on Crackle, so what else do you need to know? That means SKIMMER have tons of great hooks, melodies, and a wonderful production which is not real slick or professional, just rockin'.



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This is a great find, so go and find it. (BAM)

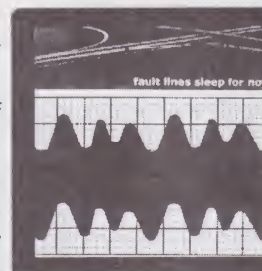
(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/OTLEY LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)

SLINGSHOT EPISODE

"Fault Lines For Sleep Now" CD

Somewhat meandering melodic punk, with a dash of that newer hardcore sound. Female vocals unfortunately don't help elevate the music from the pleasant but wandering morass they now flounder in. It's as if they can't decide whether they are really the progeny of FUGAZI or HOT WATER MUSIC, and hence end up being the unwanted bastard child of no one in particular. (RK)

(WHAT ELSE?/PO Box 1211/COLUMBUS, IN 47202)

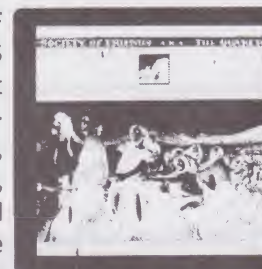


SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

"A.K.A. The Quakers" 7" EP

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS show us that everything is bigger in Texas, including anger, resentment, and fury. Man, the singer in this band sounds livid! Full throttle screaming and yelling that grates over irate Texas hardcore. Excellent record. (AD)

(MORTVILLE/PO Box 4263/AUSTIN, TX 78765)



SPACE COSSACKS/HYPNOMEN

"From The Shadows of The Evil Empire" split 7" EP

A very cool instrumental record, as both bands have that secret agent/spy movie sound. The SPACE COSSACKS are a bit more upbeat and remind me of SHADOWY MEN FROM A SHADOWY PLANET. But the HYP-

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NOMEN from Finland are my favorite of the two, since they offer a darker, moodier take on the MAN OR ASTROMAN style. Clear vinyl and a cool cover. (JC)

(MUSIK/202 WEST ESSIX AVENUE/LANDSDOWNE, PA 19050)

SPIDER BABIES "Thinkin' Bout You" LP

Uber-trash-meisters the SPIDER BABIES spew forth 13 raw and sleazy tracks of total lo-fi, pornographic "garbage". Since their last few albums have been real uneven (unlike their great first LP, "All Fucked Up", and several cool singles), my expectations were low. Happily, this new record is filled with hilarious garage punkers all about fucking and sucking, belted out in the tradition of "Eat My Fuck"-era GG. One might say that these songs are retarded yet endearing, totally repugnant yet intriguing. If you like r'n'r sleaze, this is your "bag". (JAW)

(SACK O' SHIT/PO Box 308/KANKAKEE, IL 60901)

SONIC'S RENDEZVOUS BAND "Sweet Nothing" CD

This white-hot little baby stands like a monument—or a really good JERRY LEE LEWIS or POISON IDEA record—to when rock 'n' roll meant sumthin' more to muthas than it seems to nowadays. I mean both to the performers and their audience. These cats emoted, not just by makin' scrunched-up faces but by actually expressing emotions through music! If you're aware of some other undiscovered comet that knows how to rock this hard, please put me in touch with 'em. (JDM)



(MACK ABORN RHYTHMIC ARTS/PO Box 441915/DETROIT, MI 48244)

SPASTARDS "Manic Panic 7" EP

The SPASTARDS combine all of the the best aspects of CRIMPSHRINE in their own distinctive package. This EP contains five great songs by people who obviously don't give a fuck about what you think. And why should they? (BAM)

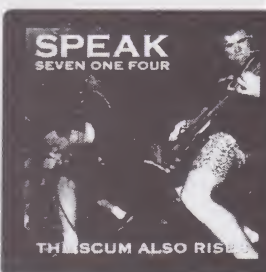
(NASAL DEFECT/227 5TH STREET/LEEDS, AL 35094)



SPEAK 714 "The Scum Also Rises" CD EP

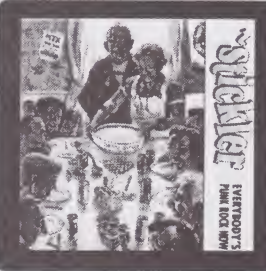
4 new tracks from Dan O and the boys. It's solid hardcore with those trademark vocals and intelligent lyrical concerns. These new tracks further explore the later BLACK FLAG terrain hinted at on their debut, and two guitars certainly help. An auspicious offering. (RK)

(REVELATION/PO Box 5232/HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA 92615)



STICKLER "Everybody's Punk Rock Now" CD

STICKLER aren't very good, but they're kind of interesting. I can't decide if their problem is that they combine bad songwriting with a cool delivery, or vice versa. Either way, this is a bad version of the MR. T EXPERIENCE trying to do rock 'n' roll songs, which is not a good thing. (BAM)

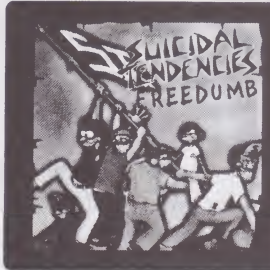


(HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER/PO Box 89224/SIOUX FALLS, SD 57109)

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES "Freedumb" CD

Not as dire as some of their previous releases. Gone is virtually all of the metal wanking, hip-hop, and house rubbish they have flirted with over the years. Yup, it's back to good ol' frenetic hardcore, and it's actually pretty good. Lyrically ambiguous/ridiculous as ever, with lots of tough guy posturing. After all, these guys (well, Mr. Muir at least) are the original cycos. Ho hum. (RK)

(SIDE ONE DUMMY/6201 SUNSET BLVD., SUITE 211/HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028)



SUPERSUCKERS/HAI KARATE split 7"

The SUPERSUCKERS burn some serious rubber on "That Is Rock And Roll", while HAI KARATE do "When My Baby Wants Good Lovin". Both of these songs were originally done by the COASTERS, and these are both great renditions. (BAM)

(SESSIONS/15 JANIS WAY/SCOTTS VALLEY, CA 95066)



STEPPIN' RAZORS "Stereotypes" CD

Bleedin' English and a dandy-wrecked-elegance from former members of GUNFIRE DANCE, who humiliate legions of contemporary purveyors of glam, garage,



and that whole gimmicky Motor City Madams movement. They flaunt all the usual influences with style-to-burn, but put their own twist on them and let the songs breathe, kinda like the ANIMALS. They're currently lookin' for an American label. (JDM)

(STEPPIN' RAZORS/40 SELSDON ROAD/BLOXWICH, WALSALL WS3 3UE/EN GLAND)

STEPSISTER

"Straight Up, No Chaser" CD

This is way heavy, maaan. At times it sounds like ANTISEEN in their finer moments (as in "All of Summer's Lies"), but more often it has that bluesy hard rock feel that I don't like at all (as in "Shoeshine"). Then again, sometimes the two styles are combined (as in "Chinatown"). Live, STEPSISTER may be the sonic equivalent of getting pimp-slapped, but very few of these songs imprinted themselves in my memory banks, and as such I can't imagine listening to this CD again. Don't forget the tuneage, dudes. (JB)

(RED HOUR/PO Box 44302/CLEVELAND, OH 44144)

STEWART HOME

"...Comes in Your Face" CD

Minimalist 77-style punk rock with smarty-pants lyrics from astute political polemicist and acerbic cultural critic Stewart Home, together with diverse assemblages of guest musicians. The music has that appealingly chaotic and amateurish sound which I've always liked, and not surprisingly the guitars are ultra raw and the beats are willfully primitive. The satirical lyrics had me in stitches, as they include faux paeans to necrophilia, Libya, mindless rioting, 60's hypocrites, VD, love, bullshit rock 'n' roll, politicians, etc. Altogether too clever and rude to have a broad appeal, even to most of today's "punks", but who'd really want it any other way? (JB)

(DIST. BY OVERGROUND/PO Box 148/HOVE, EAST SUSSEX BN3 3DQ/ENGLAND)

STOOL SAMPLE

"4 Life" 7" EP

STOOL SAMPLE offer up one he-man semi-streetpunk song and three macho NY-style hardcore blasts on this EP. If that's your pint of bitters, check it out, but I've

never liked this jock-type sound and if I never, ever had to hear it again that would suit me fine. (JB)

(DEFECATION NATION/4290 BELLS FERRY ROAD #106-82/KENNESAW, GA 30144)

SURF TEENS

"Surf Mania" CD

Sparkling, crisp, and squeaky-clean instrumental surf music in the "pipeline" of the VENTURES or the ASTRONAUTS. It's a reissue of an old 60's album, plus extra tracks. The extensive (if overly convoluted) liner notes explain how the SURF TEENS were teen prodigies, which seems cool to me. (JC)

(BACCHUS ARCHIVES/DIONYSUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)

SURF TRIO

"Forbidden Sounds" CD

The SURF TRIO play a brand of surf music that is fun, familiar, and easy to listen to. It's heavy on the DICK DALE influence, but most of these tracks — though played perfectly — sound overly familiar and therefore don't really hold my attention. When you add the insipid fratboy lyrics of "Party In My Dorm", you end up with a record that I have trouble recommending. It's a shame, too, 'cause the guitarist wails and it's one of the coolest looking records I've seen all this year. (JC)

(DIONYSUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)

SWELL MAPS

"International Rescue" CD

An excellent CD. This is the stuff that I review records hoping to get a copy of, and contains 19 of their best tracks of great

REVIEWS

late '70s English minimalist punk. It can be compared to the BUZZCOCKS or the FALL, though it's definitely not as annoying as the latter. The SWELL

MAPS never seemed to take themselves too seriously or get caught up in their own hype — they just stuck to writing great tunes. (JC)

(ALIVE/TOTAL ENERGY/PO Box 7112/BURBANK, CA 91510)

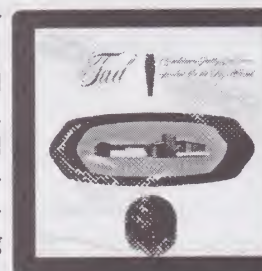


TAD

"Oppenheimer's Nightmare/Accident on the Way to Church" 7"

OK, I was never into TAD, and this record reveals why. They're described as "skull-crushing grungemasters delivering the finest disillusional metal for over a decade". Gee whiz, that sounds like something I'd really like. Ultra-low end, brooding sludge-rock with screaming/growling vocals that aim to make my chones wet. This stinks. (JAW)

(UP/PO Box 21328/SEATTLE, WA 98111)



TEEN COOL

"Skips Skool" 7" EP

A fine punk rockin' debut by a bunch of jokers from Austin. "That's Why" is destined for future "Killed by Death" status due to its ab fab chorus, and it's in darn good company. "Wear Black" should become a post-Columbine anthem, and "Fuck Skool" is



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about as snotty as anyone could ask for. Ironically, even overeducated assholes like myself can relate to that sentiment. (JB)

(MORTVILLE/PO Box 4263/AUSTIN, TX 78765)

TEN YARD FIGHT "Demo 1995" 7" EP

Yet another bunch of macho hardcore bone heads who've completely misinterpreted what Ian MacKaye's whole straight edge idea was originally about. Lyrics like "If you're not high, then you won't go home with a black eye" fully reveal their embarrassingly moronic mentality. TEN YARD FIGHT are so stupid that they even give jocks a bad name, and that's pretty damn hard to do. (BAM)

(SOA/VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67/69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)

TEXAS TERRI & THE STIFF ONES "Eat Shit" CD

Anthemic, lunatic-fringe punk fun, with shades of heroic characters you've half-forgotten from the age when rock'n'roll was still a little dangerous (Texacala Jones, Wendy O, Stiv, Gary Jacoby). Bitchy, easy-to-relate-to lyrics, filthy guitars, and singalong choruses emanate from this reputedly phenomenal live performer! (JDM)

(BURNING TREE/10938 MAGNOLIA #227/NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA 91601)



30 LINCOLN "Avanti" CD

This is a straight-up rock album, so much so that I read another review of this which compared 30 LINCOLN to bands like THIRD EYE BLIND and MATCHBOX 20. Although they are definitely polished, they aren't nearly that heinous. I would describe them as a poppier ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT, and wouldn't be at all surprised if they got big pretty soon. (JC)

(JOHAN'S FACE/PO Box 479164/CHICAGO, IL 60647)



THROWAWAY GENERATION "Alive In The Streets Of American Decay" CD

A pretty damn enjoyable evocation of the boyish delights of CRIMP SHINE. This is basic yet stirring punk with some nice guitar lines and suitably gruff, snotty vocals. They win no prizes for originality, but they definitely keep the flame of the old East Bay sound burning brightly. (RK)

(UNITY SQUAD/354 WEST 100 NORTH/LOGAN, UT 84321)



TOAST "Come Dance With Toast" 7" EP

Imagine JELLO BIAFRA singing "My Brain Hurts" - era SCREECHING WEASEL songs [Ed. - I prefer not to], and you've got the A-side of this TOAST EP. If that same band covered two classic BAD RELIGION tunes, you'd have the B-side. If that sounds good to you, you know



what to do. (BAM)

(CRACKLE/PO Box 7/DITLEY LS21 1YB/ENGLAND)

TOMORROW "Have Your Own Little Revolution, Now" CD

A remastered Areissue of the famed 1968 LP by British psychedelic band TOMORROW. The sound itself is excellent, "My White Bicycle" is an undeniable classic, and "Revolution", "Hallucinations", and their BYRDS cover "Why" all have some exciting moments, but most of the songs here are wimpy, swirly hippie-dippy numbers that don't stand the test of time. Guitarist Steve Howe (later to be found in horrible prog rock group YES) should have turned up the volume and fuzzed out, but then a lack of crunch and primitive power is typical of such "serious" musicians. (JB)

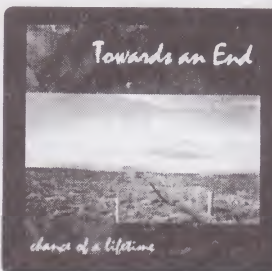
(EMI)



TOWARDS AN END "Chance of A Lifetime" CD EP

These kids got moxie. This record is a good solid offering from a young S.F. Bay Area band, and features energetic music in the vein of GOOD RIDDANCE, with a little JAWBREAKER thrown in for spice. The songwriting still needs a bit of work. They have a 7" due out on Lookout, so we'll see how they progress. (JC)

(GIVE ME STRENGTH/7349 STARWOOD DRIVE/DUBLIN, CA 94568)



TOXIC BONKERS

"If the Dead Could Talk" CD

Cookie Monster vocals layered over driving metallic hardcore. About half of the lyrics are in English, and they cover all the hardcore basics, such as anti racism, government control, violence in society, and victimization. (AD)

(POP NOISE/PO Box 9008/90-964 Lodz 9/POLAND)

TOXIC BONKERS



TRASH BRATS

"Don't Wanna Dance" CD

Early 80's bubblegum glamsters CANDY once asked the important musical question, "Whatever Happened To Fun", and these noble holdouts have spent the last 13-odd years answering it. When the current crop of "Sid Lives" Kids were still in bibs, these underappreciated vets were bleatin' out hot pink and leopard-printed anthems of bubblicious 70's AM radio/arena pop 'n' roll! An institution in the Motor City, the TRASH BRATS remain committed to keepin' rock 'n' roll FUN, oblivious to all the fads, skeptics, and musical trends. Their essential debut LP is now on CD for the first time. (JDM)

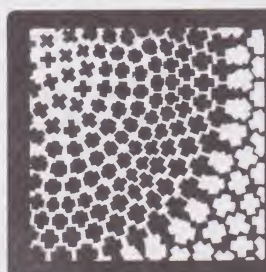
(I-94/PO Box 44763/DETROIT, MI 48244)



TRISTEZA

"Spine and Sensory" CD

Slow, churning, smoochy indie guitar rock. Their mostly dreamy instrumental noodling does next to nothing for me. These guys are all the hype in San Diego right now, and I have a lot of friends that like them, but I just don't get



it. Listening to this just makes me sleepy. Maybe I'm just too high strung to get into it. (JC)

(MANKATO/PO Box 50402/KALAMAZOO, MI 49005)

TUNNEL RATS/HELLSTOMPER

"Divided By History, United By Hatred" split 7" EP

Although not an "official" COS band, the TUNNEL RATS rise to the occasion with "Beat You With Your Birkenstock". Gruff vocals, abrasive guitars, and songs about beating up phony hippies. What more can you ask for? On the flip, HELLSTOMPER kick you in the teeth with the toe-tapping, shit-kicking "Prison Tan" and their rendition of Randy Owens' "Tennessee River". Admittedly, my threshold for "southern rock" is very limited, but few do it better than ANTISEEN and the outlaw rednecks in HELLSTOMPER. So crack open a bottle and get ready to rock out, southern-style. (JAW)

(WOUNDUP/PO Box 3695/KANSAS CITY, KS 66103)



TURBO A.C.'S

"Winner Take All" CD

A strong dose of Rockabilly-laced punk, as opposed to pure punk or psychobilly. These guys don't really remind me of anyone else, but nevertheless manage to generate a tough sound with evocative lead vocals and very tasteful guitar playing. The shimmering lead guitar in great songs like "Fired Up" is a wonder to hear, and really sets the TURBO A.C.'S apart from other bands. Both rockin' and tuneful in a "greaser" or gearhead way. (JB)

(CACOPHONE/PO Box 6058/ALBANY, NY 12206)



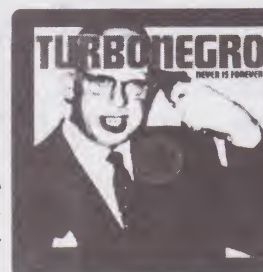
REVIEWS

TURBONEGRO

"Never Is Forever" CD

Bands rarely, and understandably, live up to all the hype and expectation. This one does. A very welcome re-release of their stunning '94 effort. Of course this rocks. But it's the space, clarity, and driving forcefulness of the layered guitar-driven sound which truly makes this a standout. A bandwagon veritably worth hitching a ride on. (RK)

(BITZCORE/PO Box 30 41 07/D-20324 HAMBURG/GERMANY)

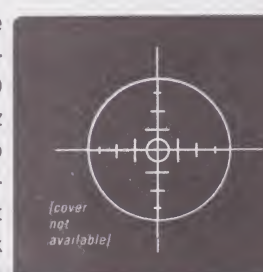


TV JONES

"Eskimo Pies/Scamp the Pimp" 7"

TV JONES was the band that featured a pre-RADIO BIRDMAN Deniz Tek, and "Eskimo Pies" was later re-recorded by that great Aussie punk outfit as "I-94" on their "Burn My Eye" EP. However, the boogied-out "Skimp The Pimp" has never made it all the way to BIRDMAN-land, at least as far as I know. Either way, this is definitely not as raw, distorted, or rocking as RADIO BIRDMAN (especially on "Radios Appear"), but it's a definite must-have for fans of theirs or of Deniz Tek. (JAW)

(NOMAD/PO Box 34829/WEST BETHESDA, MD 20817)



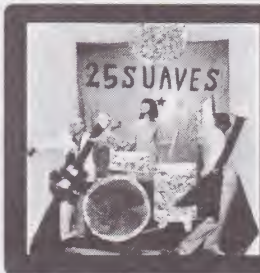
25 SUAVES

"Phoney Eye" CD

Holy shit, how do I start? If the psychotic sons of Drayton Sawyer formed a band, their #1 influence would be 25 SUAVES. It's got crazy loud screaming guitars with an almost tribal drum beat that just keeps droning on and on. They took that whole low-fi

SHITLIST

sound one step further and descended into No-Fi! I think this would be classified as art, and I'd pass if I were you. (IR)



(BULB/323 SOMERVILLE AVENUE/SOMERVILLE, MA 01243)

TWINKLES

"Dancing With The Pogo Kids" 7" EP

This is great 77-sounding pop in the vein of the BOYS. The TWINKLES have a musical approach that today's kids who are into the MR. T EXPERIENCE should freak out over. (BAM)



(SODA PRESSING/VIA SAN PIETRO17/31030 CASTELLO DI GODEGO(TV)/ITALY)

2 BO'S-MANIACS

"Bo Saves" 10"

Whatcha got where is two guitars, no bass, drums, and something produced by Tim Kerr, so you know exactly what it's going to sound like. Yup, it's noisy and sloppy bluesy punk rock which sounds nothing like the blues or even BO DIDDLEY, for that matter. Is that what they're supposed to be doin'? What do you expect, they're Italian! Somebody please help the young rock and rollers of today and steer them in the right direction. (TL)

(HATE/C.NE GIANICOLENSE 112/00152 ROMA/ITALY)



U.K. SUBS "A.W.O.L." CD

A useful compendium of U.K. SUBS odds and sods from their glory years. It includes the "AWOL" Ep, the "Shake Up The City" 7", an inter-

esting keyboard-heavy remix of the glorious "Keep on Running", and a few other tracks recorded by Garratt and Harper in the early 90s. While most such compilations tend to be stuffed with material that was never released at the time for good reason, this is a tantalizing reminder of what a truly awesome band the SUBS were, and what might have been if the Garratt/Harper/Gibbs lineup had kept it together. An essential purchase for anyone wanting to know what punk rock was really like in the early 80s. And how good it still sounds today. (RK)

(NEW RED ARCHIVES/PO BOX 210501/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94121)



U.K. SUBS

"Endangered Species" CD

Finally, the first domestic release of the fifth and undoubtedly finest U.K. SUBS release, and the last to feature Nicky Garratt (the two excellent 20th anniversary

reunion records notwithstanding). As with many other truly groundbreaking punk bands, there is now a plethora of sub-standard rubbish floating around. This welcome rerelease (plus a couple of extra bonus tracks recorded with the same lineup) means that one can cut through all the live LPs and endless rehashes with new line-ups and go straight for the quality. Originally released in 1981, to say this stands the test of time is a staggering understatement. A standard-bearer that, unfortunately, has rarely been surpassed. Mandatory. (RK)

(NEW RED ARCHIVES/PO BOX 210501/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94121)



UNBORN S.F.

"Pearls For The Swines" 7" EP

Someone has finally figured out how to lose more money on one 7" than one of my good friends, who I thought was the reigning champion in this area (don't worry, Mel, I won't tell them I'm talking about you). This is a hand-numbered, limited edition, thick vinyl, picture 7" with a poster, but UNBORN S.F. are worth all that fuss. Their best songs are great SKREWDRIVER-sounding pub anthems, although I could do without the B-side ballad. (BAM)

(ALTERNATIVE ACTION/PO BOX 174/11101 RIIHIMAKI/FINLAND)



UNDISPUTED CHAMPIONS

HEAVYWEIGHT

"How-To Manual" CD

Along the lines of Canada's much-missed NO MIND or the mighty STRAW DOGS. Some hard driving riffs and lots of wanky

solos, very reminiscent of the ENGLISH DOGS' crossover days, but precious little to make this release anything but competent, well played assembly-line fare. They do list two bass players, but as far as I can tell there aren't two basses actually playing in the songs, which might have added a little spice. (RK)

(BEER CITY/PO BOX 26035/MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Alright, This Time...Just the Girls" double CD

Long Gone John obviously likes "girl groups" of all types, as do I, and on this new comp he showcases many who've appeared on Sympathy over the years. If your idea of "women's music" is the sappy,

earnest pabulum associated with Lillith Fair, boy are you in for a surprise! On these discs you'll find amped-up pop punk (the MUFFS), garage punk (the great FUR), pop (CANDY PANTS), 77 punk (the BAGS), hard rockin' stuff (the TRIP), 60's pop (the BARBARELLAS), ballads (the REVILLOS), surf (the NEPTUNAS), haunting atmospheric mood music (APRIL MARCH), abrasive noise (HOLE), and arty crap (LO-FI). "Just the Girls" may be too eclectic for anyone to like all of it, but there's plenty of way cool r'n'r to be found herein. (JB)

(SYMPATHY/4450 CALIFORNIA PLACE #303/LONG BEACH, CA 90807)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Back To Rockaway Beach, volume 1" CD

A fuckin' great collection of bands from all over the world, most of which play in the uptempo pop punk style. Song after song on this comp sounds fresh and exciting, and have big fat hooks that get stuck in your brain. The standout bands include BETTY BLUE, the ROSWELLS, CARDS IN SPOKES, the RECEIVERS, the CHEATING HEARTS, and the YETI GIRLS. This is a cool sampler for the beginning punk who is still wet behind the ears, as well as for the old and jaded. (JC)

(AMP/92 KENILWORTH AVENUE S./HAMILTON, ONTARIO L8K 2S9/CANADA)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Biet-Het is Prop, vol. 2" CD

The first album of this "Biet-Het" series was filled with annoyingly goofy novelty tracks, many of which were frankly unlistenable. This volume unfortunately continues in the same silly tradition, as exemplified by outfits like ERIK, TINUS PLOTSELINS, and



BABS et al. There are a few decent songs here, including at least one track by the SOFTS, the SYMP-TOMES, 12345, and MET & ZONDER, but most of them could only be fully appreciated if one understands spoken Dutch and can grasp the humor involved. Since I can't, I'd advise everyone other than obsessive collectors to forget about this and get the same label's fabulous "Dutch Beat Explosion" compilation instead. (JB)

(DISTORTION-WATERPIPE/PO BOX 1122/BALACYNWYD, PA 19004)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Bite The Bullet" CD

Yet another from amongst the plethora of cheap samplers now clogging up the racks in your favorite record emporium. As seems to be the trend, the vast majority—from the likes of ALL DAY, UK SUBS, DAS KLOWN, GOONS, INSULT, et al—are previously released. But at least there are a few exclusive tracks from ALL DAY, DOUG, CIRIL, NOISE POLLUTION, INSULT, and ELECTRIC FRANKENSTEIN, which might be enough incentive to get collector nerds to snap this up. (RK)

(KNOW/PO BOX 90579/LONG BEACH, CA 90809)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Black Eyes and Broken Bottles" LP

The world is currently being inundated with scores of new "punk" compilations, most of which are lame attempts to promote utterly generic crap aimed



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at backwards baseball cap-, baggy pants-, and Nike-wearing "rock" jocks. Fortunately this isn't one of them. Herein lie "fuck shit up" drunk punks, as one would expect from Beer City. There's way too much thrash on this LP for my taste, but choice punk and Oi cuts by the mighty WRETCHED ONES, BRASS TACKS, the WHITE TRASH DEBUTANTES, the U.S. BOMBS, WANDA CHROME & company, the PINKERTON THUGS, and the BRISTLES compensate for that drawback. (JB)

(BEER CITY/PO BOX 26035/MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Bootprints Across Italy" CD

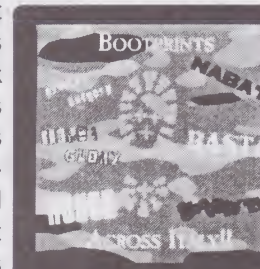
When I first got this Italian streetpunk compilation I was really excited, as it contained several classic and long out-of-print Oi and punk 7"ers on it, including the two amazing NABAT EPs. But after hearing it I realized that it should have been called "Bootlegs Across Italy", since the sound quality was often so poor--scratches and all--that it seriously interfered with my enjoyment of the music. It's too bad someone didn't try to get the master tapes from NABAT, BASTA, HOPE & GLORY, PLASTIC SURGERY, the ROUGH, and SHOCKIN' TV before putting this record out. (JB)

(NO LABEL OR ADDRESS)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Born To Lose" CD

The soundtrack to a movie about a struggling band. The movie looks to be pretty cool and the soundtrack is chock full of good tunes, starting with "Tight Pants" by the STOOGES (a song I always knew as "Shake Appeal") and then



SHITLIST

tearing off like a rollercoaster ride through great bands like the LAZY COWGIRLS, the ZEROS, WHITE FLAG, the STREETWALKIN' CHEETAHS, and TEXAS TERRI AND THE STIFF ONES, to name only a few. (JC)

(BOMP/PO Box 7112/BURBANK, CA 91505)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Break the Rules, volume 8" LP/CD

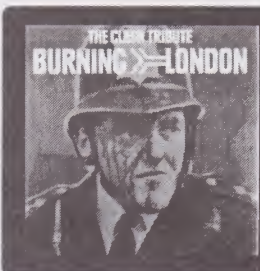
A superior new entry in the "Break the Rules" old school punk series, successor to the equally fine "Back to Front" series. Things start off strong with two amazing punk blasts from Sweden's P.F. COMMANDO, then continue on with other insanely rare and equally killer tracks from the likes of San Fran's own SNUKY TATE, Switzerland's JACK & THE RIPPERS, Canada's DAYGLOW ABORTIONS, Germany's T.V.-WAR, Italy's HITLER S.S., Australia's JUST URBAIN, Finland's EPPU NORMAALI, and Holland's MIRANDAS, among other worthies. An unusually strong punk reissue compilation. (JB)

(PETER PARZINGER/PO Box 41 1107/12121 BERLIN/GERMANY)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Burning London: The Clash Tribute" CD

If there was ever a punk band that made a lasting impression on listeners and musicians outside the confines of what punk has become in the last 20 years, it's the CLASH. This record attempts to address that fact and completely misses the point in the process. Imagine your favorite CLASH tunes rendered soulless by the likes of THIRD EYE BLIND ("Train in Vain"), NO DOUBT ("Hateful"), SILVER-



CHAIR ("London's Burning"), and 311 ("White Man in Hammersmith Palais"), but the worst massacre of a Strummer/Jones classic would have to be MACK 10, ICE CUBE, and guys from KORN warping "Should I Stay or Should I Go" into a gangsta bitch-slap fest. Although RANCID and the MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES offer up adequate but fairly uninspired covers, the only truly interesting moments on this record are the URGE's take on "(This is) Radio Clash," which updates the original for the turn of the millennium, and the extra-haunting version of "Straight to Hell" by MOBY and HEATHER NOVA. (DGJ)

(EPIC)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Bust!: A Compilation Of Original Early Worldwide Punk Rock" 10" LP

This is a great little gem. It's the first bootleg 10" late '70s/early '80s punk compilation I've seen. Most of the bands are quite obscure, and all 12 tunes rip! Represented are bands from the U.S., England, Switzerland and Finland. The standouts include "Deranged, Demented and Free" by PVC2, "Sinnlos" by SPERMA, "Success" by ANTI-BAND, "Stamp Out Mutants" by TREATMENT, and "The Golden Rocket" by the CREWSY FIXERS. (AW)

(HENRY, NO ADDRESS)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"City Rockers: A Tribute to the Clash" CD

While definitely a better listen all the way through than this month's other CLASH cover album, the ill-executed "Burning London," "City Rockers" leaves me even more convinced that there will probably



never be a definitive CLASH tribute record, if only because there are few bands blessed with the vision and passion of the original Clash City Rockers. The album's high point comes early — HOT WATER MUSIC's deconstruction and reanimation of "Clampdown." They absolutely rip the roof off the fucker; it's seriously the best CLASH cover I've ever heard, and the only song on the record to truly capture the passion and power of the original. KID DYNAMITE turn in a surprisingly faithful version of "Hateful." The DROP-KICK MURPHYS give us a streetpunk/oi! rendition of "The Guns of Brixton," the usually-mighty SAVES THE DAY disappoint with their post-hardcore cover of "Clash City Rockers," and FANG speed up "White Riot." Interesting moments include LADY LUCK's answer to the musical question "What if we played 'Lost In the Supermarket' as if we were late-model JAWBREAKER and then laid some ethereal, haunting vocals on top?", the MOB's ultra-tempo "Tommy Gun" rave-up, and ONE KING DOWN's screaming inversion of "London Calling." (DGJ)

(CHORD/PO Box 14793/PHILADELPHIA, PA 19147)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Crusty Comp, vol. 1: Crusty is As Crusty Does" CD

It's pretty obvious that this landed in my pile of review materials because of the title of the comp. When I think of "crust," I think of bands like NAU-



SEA, not the type of stuff that's on here. This compilation boasts 28 bands from around Canada and the United States, most of whom blow and have a generic NOFX-ish oh-so-cutesy pop punk sound. There are even a couple of really bad ska groups on here. There are, however, a few standouts, like OFF DAY, who have a hilarious song about the glory of being on welfare and drinking beer. Other stalwart units include RANDOM CONFLICT, who are one of the only bands on this compilation who know what they're doing, and FUZZ 58, who have a snotty punk rock sound. (AD)

(CRUSTY/PO Box 59/VANCOUVER, BC V5N 4A6/CANADA)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Delphonic Sounds Today" CD

Music for the Martsy-fartsy hipster set. This CD offers up a retrospective tribute to Del-Fi's 50's and 60's record catalog, as performed by modern indie and alternative artists. The few standout tracks are MAN OR ASTROMAN (usually a safe bet) doing "Yo Yo's Pad" from obscure artist YO YO HASHI, the JIGSAW SEEN doing a spaced-out, creepy version of the AMERICAN FOUR's (pre-LOVE Arthur Lee) castoff single "Luci Bains", and the DEKES OF HAZZARD (Deke Dickerson) rockin' version of a very early and obscure FRANK ZAPPA tune..(JC)

(DEL-FI/PO Box 69188/LOS ANGELES, CA 90069)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Der FC St. Pauli ist Schuld...." CD

St. Pauli are a really bad soccer team from Hamburg. Despite their lack of class on the field, they've always had a solidly working class and suitably rabid fanbase. In the last 15 years, this has been augmented by the addition of a legion of virulently anti-fascist punks, squatters, and Autonomen. This musical tribute is a class act as well, since it features exclusive songs from the likes of TURBONEGRO, LEATHERFACE, ...BUT ALIVE, PROLLHEAD, NO RESPECT, and more. The tracks from GURKENTRUPPE and the KICK JONESES (a cover of a fine DIE WALTER ELF song) are alone worth the price of admission. (RK)

(BITZCORE/Box 30 41 07/D-20324 HAMBURG/GERMANY)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Destination: Bomp!" double CD

This terrific compilation is subtitled "The Best of Bomp Records' First 20 Years", and that's exactly what it is. Hence its historical importance can't be gainsaid, as Bomp was the key indie label that paved the way for American DIY punk. On top of that, this collection contains 48 classic songs by the likes of the STOOGES, the FLAMIN' GROOVIES, D.M.Z., the ZEROS, the PANDORAS, the DWARVES, STIV BATORS, the MIRACLE WORKERS, and the BARRACUDAS, most of which are from long out-of-print singles. Not many records are truly essential, but this is one of them. (JB)

(BOMP/PO Box 7112/BURBANK, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"First Italian Punk Contest" LP

This record is an awesome compilation of new Italian "old school" punk bands, and I can't stop fucking playing it. It features many great groups that not enough people outside of Italy have heard of, including BINGO, the S.T.P., and VARGIU & THE HATERS. Pierre Luigi at Hate Records knows his punk rock, and this record is the real deal, since there isn't a single loser in the bunch. Keep up the good work! (GL)

(HATE/CIRC. GIANICOLENSE 112/00152 ROMA/ITALY)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Holland Sux" CD

A fine compilation of mainly older (though, with the exception of DEADSTOOLPIGEON, still soldiering on) Dutch bands. A variety of styles are included, including raging hardcore, more melodic SoCal-type stuff, straight ahead punk, etc., but all of it is of a consistently high quality. Well worth checking out if you're seeking to internationalize your consumption of fine punk rock. The

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names you might recognise include SEEIN' RED, N.R.A., FUNERAL ORATION, BREZHNEV, ABSCONDED, and HUMAN ALERT. (RK)

(BITZCORE/POSTFACH 30 41 07/D-20324 HAMBURG/GERMANY)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"Incompatible 2: A CD Compilation & CD-ROM Zine"

If you have a computer with a CD-ROM drive, you really can't go wrong with this. It's a compilation with (mainly previously-released) tracks from the likes of H2O, ANN BERETTA, ANTI-FLAG, etc. The audio/visual zine part includes videos, columns, interviews, art stuff, and more. Definitely something for anyone who isn't of the Luddite persuasion. (RK)

(VICTORY/PO Box 146546/CHICAGO, IL 60614)

VARIOUS ARTISTS
"It's A Hard Life" LP

I'm a sucker for compilations of '60's garage bands. I hadn't heard most of the stuff on this one, which is a rarity in these days of me buying a comp to hear the two or three songs I don't have on another one. But this contains some cool songs, like "You're My Baby" by the PAN-ICKS, "Hard Life" by the WHY FOUR, "Flip Me Over" by SIR LAURENCE & THE CRESCENTS, and a deranged cover of "Alley Oop" by the WYLD. Some of these are flips of A-sides that

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are on other '60's punk comps. (AW)

(LANCE, NO ADDRESS)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Killed By Death # 19" LP

You know these things are getting outta control when they start duplicating each other! For instance, "I Want Sex" by the REACTORS is also on KBD #14. Other

than that, this is a pretty good selection of stuff, though more in the powerpop/new wave vein. There are good tunes from the PANICS, the N.Y. NIGGERS, the KILLER BEES, the K-TELS (also on the legit YOUNG CANADIANS CD), the BRAIN POLICE (who later became the LATIN DOGS) and others. Horribly written sleeve "notes," though. (AW)

(REDRUM, NO ADDRESS)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Letters From Punkville" CD

To be honest, I'm always a little bemused by such compilations. There are lots of big, big-gish, and bigger names here—30 FOOT FALL, PROPAGANDHI, BILLYCLUB, the UNDEAD, ANTI-FLAG, the WEAKERTHANS, GOB, MORAL CRUX, ANN BERETTA, et al—but all the tracks are lifted from currently available releases. I guess it's a cheap way to check out some new bands, and a hassle-free way of getting a mix tape. There are no real hidden gems here, but also not utter shite. And there are previously unreleased tracks from TINKLE and HEFT. (RK)

(REINFORCEMENT/96 EHRET AVENUE/HARRINGTON PARK, NJ 07640)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"New York Rocks" 7" EP

This record, which comes as a free insert with issue 15 of the way cool Carbon 14 magazine, showcases four old and new NYC bands, including the DICTATORS, the TOILET BOYS, JAYNE COUNTY, and the MASTER PLAN. The first three perform live tracks, the most powerful of which is the DICTATORS' "Faster & Louder", but the real surprise for me was the MASTER PLAN, whose "What's Up with That?" kicks metaphoric butt. (JB)

(C14/PO Box 29247/PHILADELPHIA, PA 19125)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"No Time To Kill" CD

If this is the debut release from Checkmate, I would say that they have a bright future ahead of them. This compilation contains unreleased or rare tracks from KID DYNAMITE, A.F.I., AT THE DRIVE IN, GOOD RIDDANCE, and eight other powerhouses. This is as solid as a collection gets. (BAM)

(CHECKMATE/PO Box 4099/BERKELEY, CA 94704)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Not So Quiet On The Western Front" CD

They don't make them like this anymore. This is a reissue of this classic '82 punk compilation, now finally on CD, with 47 pissed off bands from Northern California and Nevada. Almost all of them criticize Ronald Reagan,



which is emblematic of the context. The lineup contains a who's who of Cali punk history, and among the highlights are INTENSIFIED CHAOS, SOCIAL UNREST, CAPITOL PUNISHMENT, DEAD KENNEDYS, 7 SECONDS, PARIAS, M.D.C., VICIOUS CIRCLE, etc. Why not smash the state while you skate and slam? (JC)

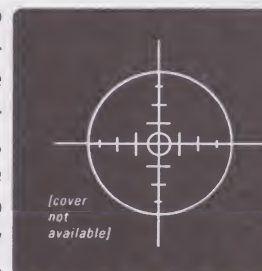
(SONIC REDUCER/ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES/PO Box 419092/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Oi! The Singles Collection, vol. 2" CD

If you wanted to introduce someone to the sublime glories of street-punk and Oi music, this might well be the best place to begin. With an array of classic 7" releases from the likes of SHAM 69, MENACE, the ANGELIC UPSTARTS, the COCKNEY REJECTS, the LAST RESORT, PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES, the BLOOD, and the EJECTED, there's scarcely a single duff track on this comp (although the mix is a bit too trebly). Bottoms up, lads. (JB)

(CAPTAIN Oi/PO Box 501/HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS HP10 8QA/ENGLAND)

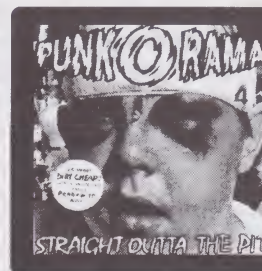


VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Punk-O-Rama 4" CD

The latest label sampler from Epitaph, including an unreleased PENNYWISE track. These comps are always a good introduction to the current roster of bands on the label, and there's consistently one or two surprises to contradict the predictability of the supposed "Epitaph Sound". This one features PULLEY, RANCID, the BOUNCING SOULS, the DWARVES, STRAIGHT-FACED, AGNOSTIC FRONT, REFUSED, 59 TIMES THE PAIN, UNION 13, OSKER, 98 MUTE, ZEKE, and TOM WAITS. (RK)

(EPITAPH/2798 SUNSET BLVD/LOS ANGELES, CA 90026)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Relapse Records Sampler Spring 1999" CD

I was initially disappointed in this CD because at first glance I thought it was going to be various Relapse bands doing SLAYER covers, but instead it's a sampling of original material from Relapse bands. Overall, this is a good representation of what Relapse puts out, which is mostly metal of all sorts, from death to sludge to gore, although they'll occasionally put out something more interesting like NEUROSIS or BENUMB, which is cool, too. For the most part, I have to say that most of the bands on this sampler don't do anything for me, but I dig the EXHUMED, DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN, and BENUMB songs. (AD)

(RELAPSE/PO Box 251/MILLERSVILLE, PA 17551)

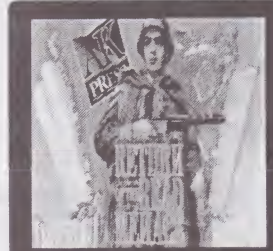


VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Return of the Read Menace" CD

Can you say no Cbrainer? This contains unreleased (or under-released) tracks from SCREECHING WEASEL (by the way, their song here is better than their whole new album), J CHURCH, NO USE FOR A NAME, PROPAGANDHI, HOT WATER MUSIC, AVAIL, MORAL CRUX, and several others. You get 25 tracks in all for around \$8. Find this and buy it, and also check out some of the books AK Press offers on the inside as well — and make sure you write and request a catalog. (BAM)

(HONEST DON'S/PO Box 192027/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119; AK PRESS/PO Box 40682/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94140)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Scene Through My Eyes" LP

This is an awesome compilation "by and for those who believe in D.I.Y. punk." All of the bands on here kick serious butt. The standouts include BROTHER INFERIOR, HICKEY, FUCKFACE, the FANTICS, and GAIA, to name only a few, but among the different styles of punk represented on this slab of vinyl there's not a single weak band, which is amazing in itself. The booklet that comes with the compilation has a separate section for each band's lyrics, etc., but there's also a little piece written by Matt, who does Shapunk and sang in FUCKFACE, about how he met the band and was inspired by them. A really cool concept and an excellent result. (AD)

(SHAPUNK/PO Box 15295/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94115)

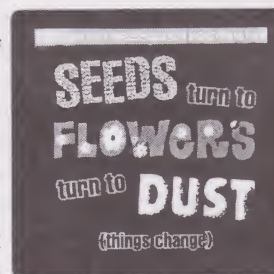


VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Seeds Turn To Flowers, Turn To Dust" CD

A very cool batch of garage/psych rarities. There isn't a single band on this that I have heard of, but I love them all just the same. The highlights for me were THIER EMINENCE doing a fucked-up version of "Mary Had A Little Lamb" set to the music of "House of the Rising Sun"; two tracks by the mighty MOVEMENT, who hold down the middle of the CD and rock out in a 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS/SEEDS fashion; and BUCKWHEAT, who play in a great wussy HERMAN'S HERMITS vein (here I'm declaring my vote in the ongoing *Hit List* poll for the HERMITS over those other posers) with this ultra-bitchin' guitar lead layered over most of the track. Freak out! (JC)

(BACCHUS/PO Box 1975/BURBANK, CA 91507)



REVIEWS

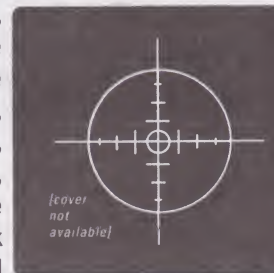
VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Short Music for Short People" CD

Brilliant idea, Mikey. Take 101 bands, some semi-known, some known, some superstars, and a few of the unknowns, ask them all to record

a song in 30 seconds or less, throw in a few old numbers from the likes of BLACK FLAG and the DESCENDENTS, and sell the sucker cheap. No matter what genre of punk you're into, you'll almost assuredly find something you like on here. Choice moments include the AVAIL track, GWAR's truly brilliant "Fishfuck," BIGWIG's dig at PROPAGANDHI, and TILT's ode to everyone's favorite East Bay roadie/scenester, John For The Working Man. And hey, even the worst songs are over quick. (DGJ)

(FAT/PO Box 13690/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94119)

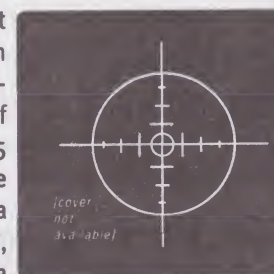


VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Speed Kills" LP

S.O.A. has put out their 50th release, celebrating 10 years of activity. The 35 bands on here proclaim "Pasta Power Violence", and the result is a tornado-like comp filled with Italian ultra-core thrash mayhem. In fact, the title hits the nail right on the head. It's not quite my thing, though, and the picture of a bowl of pasta primavera just made me hungry. (IR)

(S.O.A./VIA ODERISI DA GUBBIO 67-69/00146 ROMA/ITALY)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Take Action: Sub City Sampler" CD

This is a very cool \$4 compilation featuring KID DYNAMITE (whose song is alone

SHITLIST

worth the cover price), DILLINGER FOUR, SCARED OF CHAKA, FIFTEEN (D'oh!), and a bunch of other good bands. That's what I call real value for your money. (BAM)

(SUB CITY/PO Box 7495/VAN NUYS, CA 91409)

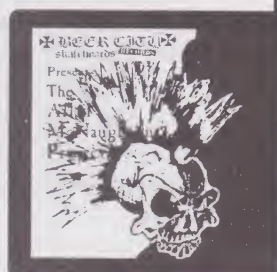


VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The Allan McNaughton Project" 7" EP

Beer City presents a sextuplet of snotty streetpunk mayhem, picked (indirectly) by an MRR reviewer. All the bands prove to be pretty rockin', but the standouts for me were the songs by COJOBA and THROWAWAY GENERATION. The first 500 come on hand-numbered, beer-colored vinyl. (JC)

(BEER CITY/PO Box 26035/MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The Essential Pebbles Collection, vol. 2" double CD

The second essential volume of the "Pebbles" sampler follows the format of the first, in that it contains one CD culled from "the best" of the series with another filled with rare, previously unissued bonus cuts. The "hits" CD includes premium 60's punkers like the MAGIC PLANTS' "I'm a Nothing", NEAL FORD & THE FANATICS' "Shame on You", the RAVIN' BLUE's "It's Not Real", the LIVE WIRE's "Love", LES SINNERS' "Nice Try", and DANNY'S REASONS' "Triangles", amidst lesser tracks. The bonus CD is more uneven, but has a



few high points (such as the SPIRES OF OXFORD's "But You're Gone", DEAN KOHLER's "Gooseberry Pie", the CHILDREN's "I Can Feel It", the SINDERS' "Get Out of My Life", and INNER PRISM's hilarious "Bad Seed"). (JB)

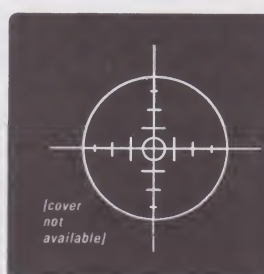
(AIP/PO Box 7112/BURBANK, CA 91510)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"The World Ain't Round, It's Square" LP/CD

As you all know, Tim Warren's "Teenage Shutdown" comps are the cream of the crop as far as 60's garage punk comps go. Some of the stuff here has already appeared in other series or comps, such as "Pebbles", "Back from the Grave", "I was a Teenage Caveman", or "Garage Punk Unknowns", but now you can get all the good stuff without the so-so filler shit, and the sound quality is also way better. He also throws in a couple of new unreleased tracks, like the killer "I Know" by SHEPHERD'S HEARD, so that record nerds like Peepin' John and Russell will go out and buy the entire 10-volume set just to get those extra songs (even if they have all the other 17 songs on something else). I can't forget to mention that this volume has some real gems on it, like the punk rockinist "In and Out" by LARRY & THE BLUE NOTES, "Hate" by the STOICS, "I Need You There" by the CHESSMEN, and "I'm Gonna Go Now" by the WRONG NUMBERS. (TL)

(CRYPT/PO Box 11279/TRUCKEE, CA 96162)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"Surf Monsters, Past, Present & Future Klassics" CD

A compilation of modern and classic surf bands. The best of the new bands are MAN OR ASTROMAN, the BOMBORAS, SATAN'S PILGRAMS, and HUEVOS RANCHEROS doin' a



ripoff of the KINKS' "You Really Got Me" along with their own "Beach Blanket Blackout". The old schoolers whip it on the newcomers with bands like the CENTURI-ANS, the SENTINALS doin' "Exotic", the IMPACTS, and the LIVELY ONES doin' "Miserlou" and "Surf Rider". It's very surfy and very monstrous! (TL)

(DEL-FI/PO Box 69188/LOS ANGELES, CA 90069)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

"This Is Bad Taste" CD

An oddball assortment from Sweden's Bad Taste records, with bands from all over the place. You get surf, hardcore, polished skate rock, and healthy doses of pop punk. There are some pretty cool bands like TRIGGER HAPPY, the LANGHORNS, and the SATANIC SURFERS on here, but most of them are pretty unmemorable. (JC)

(BAD TASTE/STORA SODERGATON 33/22 LUND/SWEDEN)



VARIOUS ARTISTS

"United Kingdom Of Punk: The Hardcore Years" CD

Yet another compilation of early-mid 80s British legends. Actually, the sound quality is fine, and one can't argue with the bands and tracks showcased, such as the ANGELIC UPSTARTS, the BLITZ, BUSINESS, VICE SQUAD, COCK SPARRER, DISCHARGE, and DISORDER. I suspect, however, that anyone interested in this era of music would already have all these tracks. The sleeve notes are some of the most hilarious drivel ever put to paper about punk, and it was never called hardcore in the UK (unless of course you're talking about techno. (RK)

(MCI/72-74 DEAN STREET/LONDON, W1V 5HB/ENGLAND)



SONNY VINCENT
"Parallax In Wonderland"

Apparently this A dude has been around since 1977, playing and recording with the TESTORS and several punk luminaries. He managed to get WAYNE KRAMER and CAPTAIN SENSIBLE to play guitar and bass on this new record, which isn't surprising because this fucking rocks. As a contemporary of the DEAD BOYS and HEARTBREAKERS, Mr. VINCENT obviously soaked up that era's cranked-up and smacked-out rock 'n' roll, and he's been running full tilt with it ever since. Let's hope his legs don't give way for another twenty years. (RK)



(EMPTY/ERLANGERSTRASSE 7/90765 FURTH/GERMANY)

VOMIT PIGS
"Take On" CD

This is actually a CDR burned by former VP member Artie Turner ("R.D.T."), and is a reissue of this legendary Texas band's lone EP from '78, plus songs from the "Are We Too Late For The Trend?" compilation LP, plus some OK-quality live tracks and rehearsal tapes. Raw, obnoxious punk that includes a couple of songs I recognize from '70s punk comps, "Baby's Playing Games" and "Useless Eater." On one of the live cuts, the band does some weird country/punk mutation that sounds like Hasil Adkins! Oh, and they cover "I Wanna Be Your Dog." (AW)

(BAD WRECKORS/6900 SKILLMAN #208/DALLAS, TX 75231)

WALSH ST. COP KILLERS
"We're Still Slaves" CD

Overall, I'd have to say that this is pretty boring. It doesn't completely suck, but it



certainly isn't great, either. Musically, the band plays pretty fast, but I really can't stand the singer's voice. On the first song he was doing more of a "screaming" type of thing which I liked better, but on the rest of the CD his vocals became pretty boring. Also, there is no address for either the group or the label anywhere on this. I'm assuming the band is from Australia since their live tracks were recorded in Sydney, but who knows? (AD)

(NOISE POLLUTION, NO ADDRESS)

WALLYS
"This Is The Savage Young Wallys" CD

The WALLYS play fun, amped-up (pun intended) pop punk on their better tracks, but on their lesser cuts they sound a bit like if someone left a QUEERS record out in the sun too long. This record is a 50/50 proposition, and since they do have personality I think they might be a band with a bright future once they work out some of the bugs. (JC)

(AMP/92 KENNILWORTH AVENUE SOUTH/HAMILTON, ONTARIO L8K 2S9/CANADA)



WANDA CHROME & THE LEATHER PHARAOHS
"Dangerous Times" LP

Beer City has been putting out more and more cool old school p-rock lately (instead of their usual thrash), and this LP may be the best of the bunch. WANDA and her PHARAOHS [sic] churn out pounding, snot-nosed, (mostly) mid-tempo songs with good



REVIEWS

hooks and satirical lyrics. Along with a posse of originals they do covers by LINK WRAY, the RAMONES, and the 13th FLOOR ELEVATORS, thereby proving that they've got the right influences. Next time they tour I hope they come out west rather than going over to Europe again. (JB)

(BEER CITY/PO Box 26035/MILWAUKEE, WI 53226)

WANNA-BES
"Saturday Night" 7"

The WANNA-BES prove that pop punk can be fresh and exciting. Tim from Mutant Pop refers to them as RAMONES-core. I agree that the Queens lads have exerted an influence, but I'm hearing a lot more of a British Invasion sound here. Stellar songs with big fat hooks that leave you humming them all day. (JC)

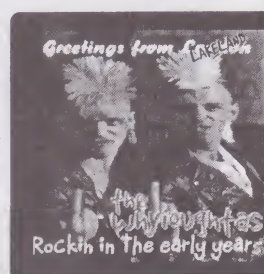
(MUTANT POP/5010 SHASTA AVENUE/CORVALIS, OR 97330)



WHYIOUGHTAS
"Rockin' In The Early Year" CD

Lacklustre cookie-cutter punk. Bargain-bin material, although even if you had to fork out a buck for this you'd end up feeling burnt. They thank God, but I guess divine inspiration was sorely lacking on this showing. Try listening to some good ol' devil music, dudes. (RK)

(CORE-ZIPT/20 SHAWNEE WAY SW/CALGARY, ALBERTA, T2Y 2V4/CANADA)

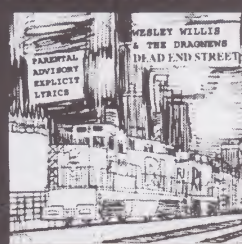


SHITLIST

WESLEY WILLIS & THE DRAG-NEWS

"Dead End Street" CD

Apparently AWESLEY has self-produced or released numerous (over 30?) CDs worth of material. If one is a dedicated fan, you'll want to snap them all up. If not, stick to the greatest hits collections on Alternative Tentacles, since Biafra has lovingly and painstakingly collected the classics. A lot of WESLEY's songs sound the same—casio keyboard composed ditties with songs about sucking bactrian camel's dicks, bands he's seen, bus rides he's taken, etc. Some are pretty fucking funny, some are pretty fucking sad, and alot of them are just pretty fucking pointless for the listener. And who the bloody hell are the DRAGNEWS? (RK)



(NO ADDRESS, NO NOTHING)

WITCH THROTTLE GUSH

"Give My Dead Body To Karen Greenly" CD

Great title. Most of the tracks on this have a big spooky hard rock feel to them, fare that would fit well on a Sup Pop or Amphetimine Reptile roster. As the CD goes on, the songs definitely seem to get punkier, and it's showcases nice artwork taken from an old Vincent Price movie poster. (JC)



(LAST CHANCE/3812-B SE DIVISION/PORTLAND, OR 97202)

YES-MEN

"Fratricide" 7" EP

Pretty alright rawk featuring members of GOD, the GUTTERSNIPEs, ASTEROID

B612, PROTON, and some other bands I couldn't give a shit about. These guys kinda remind me of their Aussie brethren the POWDER MONKEYS, sans the LEMMY-esque vocals. "Fratricide" can be compared to the BACKYARD BABIES, except that it's not as glamorous, which is a good thing. (JAW)

THE YES-MEN

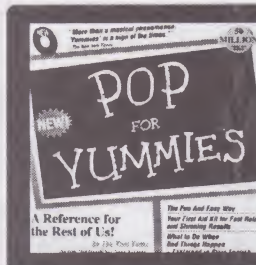


(007 RECORDS/SUBARTON 534 E. 14TH STREET #15/NEW YORK, NY 10009)

YUM YUM'S

"Pop For Yummies/Digging On You" 7"

A lot of people have advised me to check out the YUM YUM'S, and they were all right. The A-side is a mid-tempo 60's pop gem that seems like something the WONDERS could have played in "That Thing You Do", while the B-side is a good cover of a ROMANTICS song. All in all, this 7" is great. (BAM)



(SCREAMING APPLE/DUSTEMICHSTRASSE 14/50939 KOLN/GERMANY)

ZEN GUERRILLA

"Mamma's Little Rocket" CD

After nine years and 99 releases, John Yates' cool Allied Records label is calling it quits. And John has decided to go out in the best way, by pissing away money and pissing people off. This is a one-sided 5" picture disc, which is expensive as hell and just too small to play on any automatic record player. What a champion. By the way, that one song is a rocker. (BAM)



(ALLIED/PO Box 460683/SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146)

AT THE SHOW



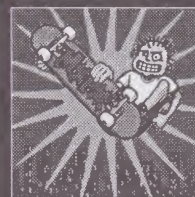
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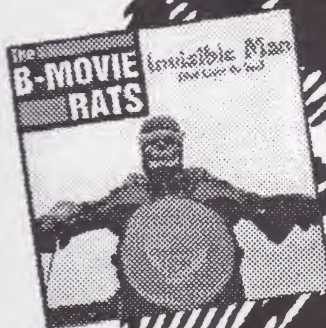


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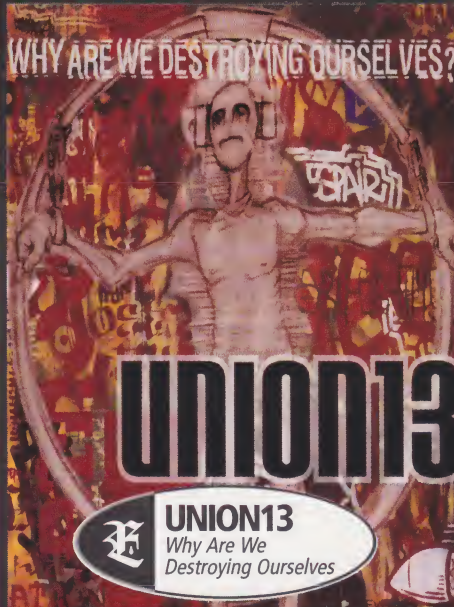
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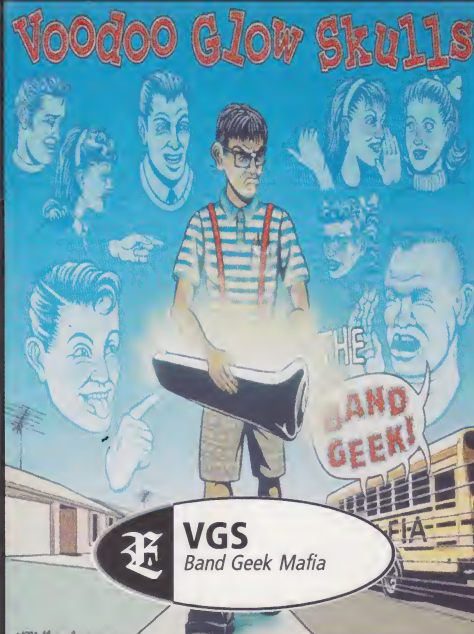
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For The Shoes

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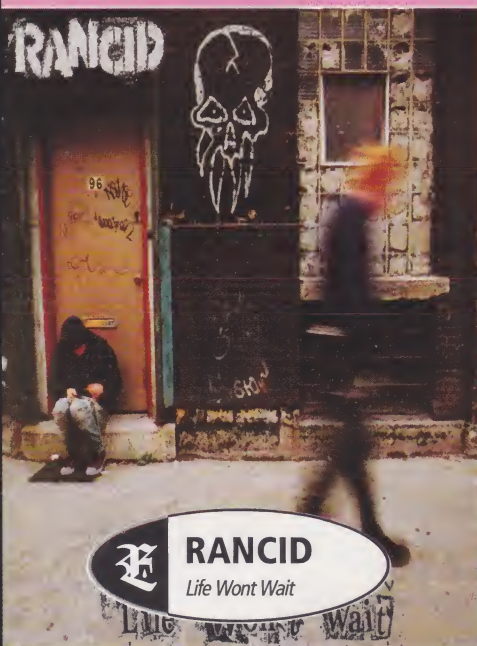
UNION13

Why Are We
Destroying Ourselves



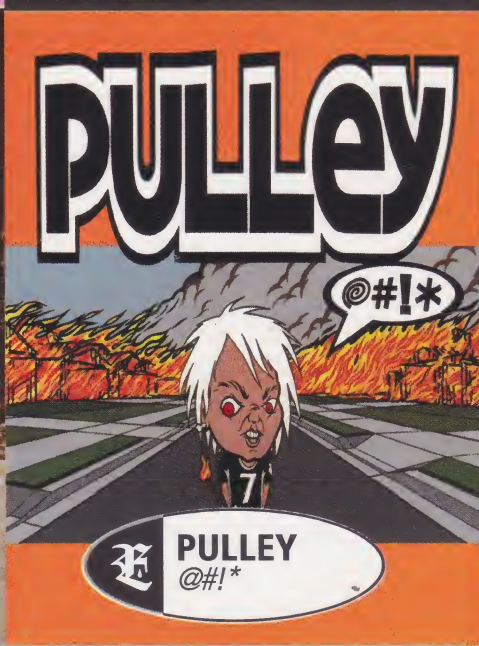
VGS

Band Geek Mafia



RANCID

Life Wont Wait



PULLEY

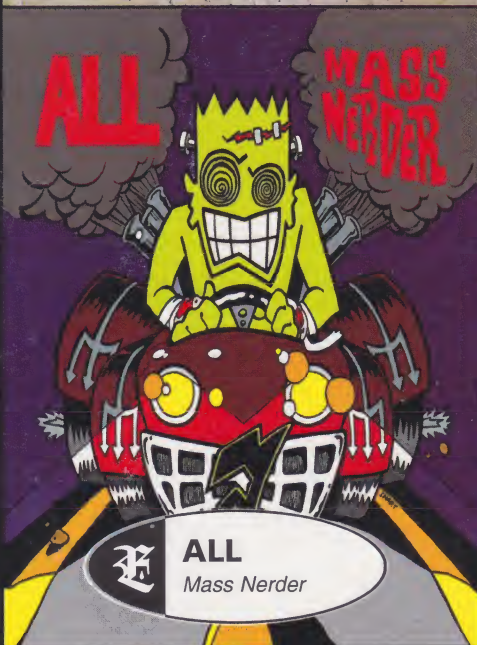
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MILLENCOLIN

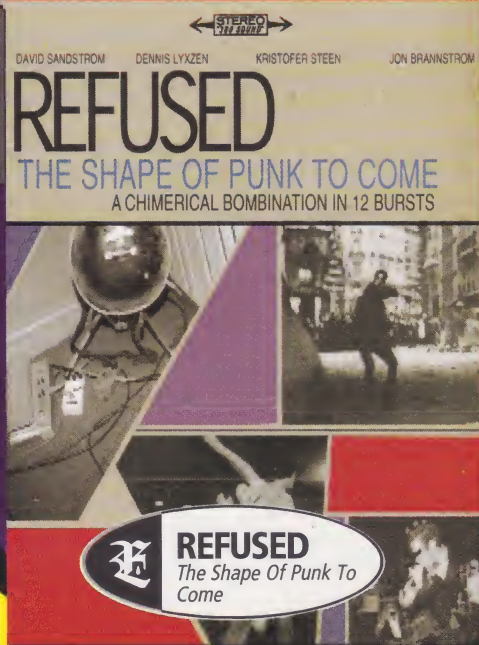
For Monkeys

FOR MONKEYS



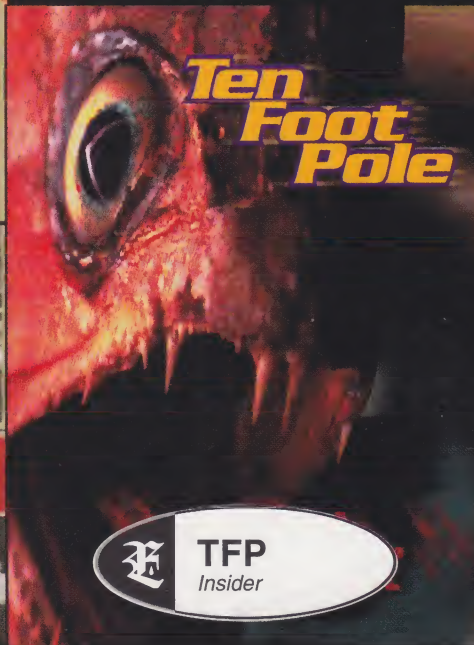
ALL

Mass Nerder



REFUSED

The Shape Of Punk To
Come



TFP

Insider